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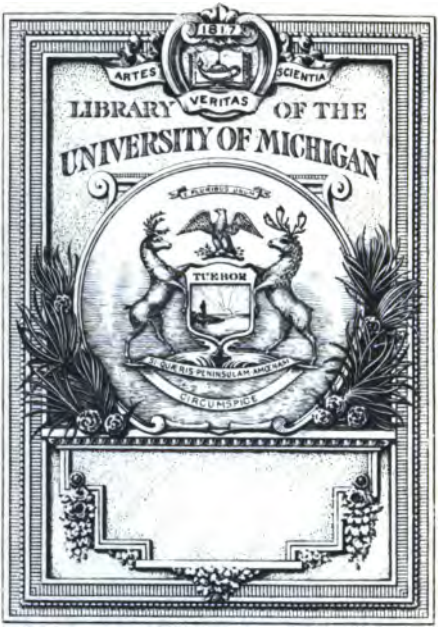
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THE

Dramatick Works

OF

Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

VOL. II.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for B. LINTOT, J. J. and P. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and J. CLARKE; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

VOL. II.

RECRUITING OFFICER.
Sir HARRY WILDAIR.
INCONSTANT.
TWIN RIVALS.

THE Recruiting Officer.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

———*Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*
Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:
Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI

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TO ALL
FRIENDS round the *WREKIN*.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

INSTEAD of the mercenary Expectations that attend Addresses of this Nature, I humbly beg, that this may be received as an Acknowledgment for the Favours you have already conferr'd: I have transgress'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any thing in that Style, without first asking your Leave: But the Entertainment I found in *Shropshire*, commands me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.

'Twas my good Fortune to be order'd some time ago into the Place which is made the Scene of this Comedy; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Salop*, but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its Inhabitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruiting the Army, with their generous and hospitable Reception of Strangers.

This Character I found so amply verify'd in every Particular, that you made Recruiting, which is the greatest Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the greatest Pleasure in the World to me.

The Kingdom cannot shew better Bodies of Men, better Inclinations for the Service, more Generosity, more good Understanding, nor more Politeness than is to be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

Some little Turns of Humour that I met with almost within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the Rise to this Comedy; and People were apprehensive

that, by the Example of some others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country-Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilst I held to Nature, no Person of any Character in your Country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honest, generous Gentleman, hearty in his Country's Cause, and of as good an Understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two of the Adventures of the *Recruiting-Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which those Recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquit him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey*'s third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by these Presents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. *Durfey*'s; for he *wou'd* play his third Night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Fowl in my Play, except one single *Kite:* But I presently made *Plume* a Bird, because of his Name, and *Brazen* another, because of the Feather in his Hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any *in the Sun*.

But to answer his Complaints more gravely, the Season was far advanc'd; the Officers that made the greatest Figures in my Play, were all commanded to their Posts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might possibly turn in less than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey*'s Birds that had Posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Season is over; so that he might put off a Day with less Prejudice than the *Recruiting-Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to say for himself,

himself, that he was posted before the other spake, and could not with Credit recede from his Station.

These and some other Rubs this Comedy met with before it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had powerful Helps to set it forward: The Duke of *Ormond* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* approv'd the Play. My *Recruits* were *review'd* by my *General* and my *Colonel*, and could not fail to *pass muster*; and still to add to my Success, they were rais'd among my *Friends round the* Wrekin.

This Health has the Advantage over our other celebrated Toasts, never to grow worse for the wearing: 'Tis a lasting Beauty, old without Age, and common without Scandal. That you may live long to set it chearfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Pleasures of your fair and plentiful Country, is the hearty Wish of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE

PROLOGUE.

IN ancient Times when Hellen's *fatal Charms*
Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
The Grecian *Council happily deputes*
The sly Ulysses *forth to raise Recruits.*
The artful Captain found, without delay,
Where Great Achilles, *a Deserter lay.*
Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan *Blows:*
Him Greece *requir'd——against their* Trojan *Foes.*
All the Recruiting Arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
Ulysses *well could talk——He stirs, he warms*
The Warlike Youth——He listens to the Charms
Of Plunder, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
Ulysses *caught the Young aspiring Boy,*
And lifted him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector *slain:*
Recruiting thus fair Hellen *did regain.*
If for one Hellen *such prodigious things*
Were acted, that they even lifted Kings;
If for one Hellen's *artful, vicious Charms,*
Half the transported World was found in Arms:

What

PROLOGUE.

What for so many Hellens *may We dare,*
Whose Minds *as well as* Faces *are so* Fair?
If by one Hellen's *Eyes, old* Greece *cou'd find*
Its Homer *fir'd to write*——*ev'n* Homer *blind;*
The Britons *sure beyond compare may write,*
That view so many Hellens *ev'ry Night.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Mr. *Ballance*, Mr. *Scale*, Mr. *Scruple*,	Three Juſtices.	Mr. *Keen*. Mr. *Philips*. Mr. *Kent*.
Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of *Shropſhire*.		Mr. *Williams*.
Capt. *Plume*, Capt. *Brazen*,	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. *Wilks*. Mr *Cibber*.
Kite, Serjeant to *Plume*.		Mr. *Eſtcourt*.
Bullock, a Country Clown.		Mr. *Bullock*.
Coſtar Pear-main, *Tho. Apple-Tree*,	Two Recruits.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Fairbank*.

WOMEN.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia, Daughter to *Ballance*, in love with *Plume*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lucy, *Melinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Sapsford*.
Roſe, a Country Wench.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.

Conſtable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.

THE
Recruiting Officer.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place—Drum beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite, *follow'd by the Mob.*

Kite *making a Speech.* IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the *French* King: If any Prentices have severe Masters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven* in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present Relief and Entertainment———Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to insnare or inveigle any Man! for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Besides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I list only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen——— Pray, Gentlemen, observe this Cap———This is the

Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born six Foot high, was born to be a great Man——Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap lift me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can——Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you sure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My Mind misgives me plaguily——Let me see it—— [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of Sweat and Brimstone. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that same Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! A mighty large Bed! Bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*——ten thousand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——But do Folk sleep sound in this same Bed of Honour!

Kite. Sound! Ay, so sound that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wish again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? Then, I find, Brother——

Mob. Brother! Hold there, Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet——Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye see——If I have a mind to list, why so——If not, why 'tis not so——therefore take your Cap and your Brothership back again, for I am not dispos'd at this present Writing——No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have serv'd twenty Campaigns——But, Sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young sprightly Fellow——I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis base: 'Tho' I must say, that never in my Life have I seen a

Man

Man better built! How firm and strong he treads! He steps like a Castle; but I scorn to wheedle any Man—Come, honest Lad, will you take share of a Pot?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my Penny with the best He that wears a Head; that is, begging your Pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this——Here's a Purse of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale at my Quarters——'Tis the Queen's Money, and the Queen's Drink——She's a generous Queen, and loves her Subjects——I hope, Gentlemen, you won't refuse the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the Honour of *Shropshire.*

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [Exeunt, *Drum beating a Granadeer's March.*

Enter Plume *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that shou'd be my Drum, and by that Shout, it shou'd beat with Success——Let me see——Four a Clock——[*Looking on his Watch.*] At ten Yesterday Morning I left *London*——A Hundred and Twenty Miles in Thirty Hours is pretty smart Riding, but nothing to the Fatigue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shrewsbury*, noble Captain: From the Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* side, noble Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very Elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite.* I find you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain——Pray what Success?

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruited Five.

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have listed the strong Man of *Kent*, the King of the *Gipsers*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundrel Attorney, and a *Welch* Parson.

Plume.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Lift a Lawyer! Discharge him, discharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Because I will have no body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions——I say this Minute discharge him.

Kite. And what shall I do with the Parson?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means——But how stands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are so pleas'd with your Honour, and the Justices and better sort of People are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your Business—But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here, that you little think of.

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Castle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,———she was brought to Bed yesterday.

Plume. Kite, you must father the Child.

Kite. And so her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they shou'd, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a Bed upon occasion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily——I have set them down here upon the back of the Muster-Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me see,——*Imprimis,* Mrs. *Sheely Snikereses,* she sells Potatoes upon *Ormond Key* in *Dublin*——*Peggy Guzzle,* the Brandy Woman, at the Horse-Guard at *Whitehall*——*Dolly Waggon,* the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—Madamoiselle *Van-bottom-flat* at the *Buss*——Then *Jenny Oakham,* the Ship-Carpenter's Widow,

at

at *Portsmouth*; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company — You have nam'd five — Come, make 'em half a dozen: ——*Kite*,——is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then let the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller, that ever told a Lye —— I was obliged to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men, and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at present.——But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*——Has your Honour any further Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit* Kite.] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-cross, *Worthy!* Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near.—— The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must expel this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.
[*Slaps* Worthy *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. *Plume!* my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd?

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope, from *London*; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm,

Arm, nor Nose; then for my Inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay roving Friend, is dwindled into an obsequious thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake Hands, Brother, if thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment——But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen!*

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Year's Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda?*

Plume. *Melinda!* Why, she began to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advised you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor.

Wor. I did, and she hearken'd to it, desiring only one Week to consider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintshire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! what a delicate Woman was there spoil'd! But by the Rules of War now——*Worthy*, Blockade was foolish——After such a Convoy of Provisions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you should have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by Storm, or have died upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Assault, and push'd it with all my Forces; but I was so vigorously repuls'd, that despairing of ever gaining her for a Mistress, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approach'd her as a Goddess, she us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of them all.——Come, *Worthy*, your obsequious and distant Airs will never bring you together; you must not think to surmount her Pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, she must be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with Child——Suppose we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the uglieſt.

Wor. These wou'd be Mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull Place, that we can have

have no Balls, no Lampoons, no——

Plume. What! no Bastards! and so many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carried out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in serving your Country with your best Blood, witness our Friend *Molly* at the Castle; there have been Tears in Town about that Business, Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Wor. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor *Sylvia*.

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjusted Preliminaries; but she wou'd have the Wedding before Consummation, and I was for Consummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obstinate Fool, and wou'd lose her Maidenhead her own way, so she may keep it for *Plume*.

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.——If I shou'd, I am resolv'd never to bind my self to a Woman for my whole Life, 'till I know whether I shall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppose I married a Woman that wanted a Leg——such a thing might be, unless I examin'd the Goods beforehand —— if People wou'd but try one another's Constitutions before they engag'd, it wou'd prevent all these Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not stick to say, that——

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reason——if your Town has a dishonourable Thought of *Sylvia*, it deserves to be burnt to the Ground.——I love *Sylvia*, I admire her frank, generous Disposition——There's something in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her. The Ingratitude, Dissimulation,

mulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason—for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you—But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow she sees—I'll lay Fifty Pound she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay Fifty Pound that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*—my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well! I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worship very well may—for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour—But as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*,—my Wife I mean—But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby-clothes.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Sylvia*. [*Whispers.*

Plume. Sylvia! Generous Creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impossible!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir.—I took the Gold as part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent word the Child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand Godmother. The same Footman, as I was coming to you

you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd speak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, she gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Justice *Ballance*, her Father, who is just come out of the Country, wou'd be glad to see you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*——Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendship; shew me another Woman that wou'd lose an Inch of her Prerogative——that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common Jealousy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice and Pleasure, she despises; and can part with the Lover, tho' she dies for the Man—Come *Worthy*—Where's the best Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a fresh-Pipe of choice *Barcelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, because I reserv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then——Mr. *Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*,——have you seen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable Fellow——but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda *and* Sylvia *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to Town, Cousin *Sylvia*, [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the most irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noise, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretension; in short, every thing to give the Spleen——and nothing to divert it——then the Air is intolerable.

Syl.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't consider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in't! for I can assure you, that to a Lady, the least nice in her Constitution——no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the most agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you say, Cousin *Melinda*, there are several Sorts of Airs.

Mel. Psha! I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vast Difference in the Taste of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Cousin, are not Vapours a Sort of Air? Taste Air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon Air! But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on such an Air to me. Your Education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time, when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the sharp Air from the *Welsh* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Cousin, was the same, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you had the Constitution of an Horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Hart's-horn for my Head, nor Wash for my Complection. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In short, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and shoot flying; and I'm sure, I can do every thing my Mother coo'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he sha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Cousin.

Syl. And there's a Pleasure in being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot!*——Hast thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young sprightly Officer, that

that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice, in an obscure part of the World?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his Thoughts; I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a Narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy Quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to our Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches——O' my Conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy?*

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume*'s Friend, and by all that's sacred if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your self in Breeches in good earnest——But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain; for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of Twenty Thousand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl.

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own House.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I sha'n't desire to have my Visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my Inclinations, so, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy Thing?

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her Fellow?

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arriv'd to occasion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor sha'n't, if I can help it——Let me see——I have it——Bring me Pen and Ink——hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

Luc. An Answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam.

[*Presents a Letter.*

Mel. Who sent it?

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him. Send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an Answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the first ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Justice Ballance *and* Plume.

Ball. LOok'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you sha'n't want Men. I remember that for some Years of the last War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading——Our Army did nothing but play at Prison Bars, and hide and seek with the Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Prisoners——Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marshal of *France*, and I'll go my self for a Soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my Daughter to a Marshal of *France?* We're upon a Nobler Subject, I want to have a particular Description of the Battel of *Hockstet.*

Plume. The Battel, Sir, was a very pretty Battel as any one shou'd desire to see, but we were all so intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battel: all that I know of the matter, is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the Word, we'll do't again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia?*

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia!* For shame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Mistress, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Mistress, I confess; but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope she's not to be debauch'd.

Ball.

Ball. Faith, but ſhe is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your Youth and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was young, and once an Officer as you are; and I can gueſs at your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and I remember very well, that I would have given one of my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old Country Gentleman, as like mine as I was then like you.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your Friend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Compariſon breaks; the Favours, Sir, that——

Ball. Pho, I hate Speeches; if I have done you any Service, Captain, 'twas to pleaſe myſelf; for I love thee, and if I could part with my Girl, you ſhou'd have her as ſoon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope you have more Honour than to quit the Service, and ſhe more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but ſhe's at her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has fifteen Hundred Pound in her Pocket, and ſo, *Sylvia, Sylvia.* [*Calls.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are ſome Letters, Sir, come by the Poſt from *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Cloſet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*, [*Preſents* Plume *to her.*] Captain, you'll excuſe me, I'll go and read my Letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England.*

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, ſince the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, was the principal Cauſe of my ſeeing *England.*

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were ſincere, ſhall I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Inſurance; for I ſwear, Madam, by the Honour of my Profeſſion, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was with the Hope of making my ſelf more worthy of your Eſteem; and if ever I had Thoughts of preſerving my Life, 'twas for the Pleaſure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there's a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that Parchment, which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handsome and substantial Compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I shou'd have been in the Possession of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you should have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father, in hopes that my Friends might support her in Case of Necessity,——That was all, Madam,——My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Master has received some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The Necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[Exeunt *severally*.

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Whilst there is Life, there is Hopes, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ball.

Ball. We have but little Reason to expect it; Doctor *Killman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to my hands, he fears I shall have no Son——Poor *Owen!* —But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death of my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now I am punish'd with the Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; I must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my Family, and I expect that the Augmentation of your Fortune will give you fresh Thoughts, and new Prospects.

Syl. My Desire of being punctual in my Obedience, requires that you would be plain in your Commands, Sir.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you sole Heiress to my Estate, which you know is about twelve hundred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair Claim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just Value upon your self, and in plain Terms, think no more of Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You have often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And I do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but tho' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I don't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and Family; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust in his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a Kindness, but, ——— ods my Life, twelve hundred Pound a Year wou'd ruin him, quite turn his Brain: A Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a Year! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my Estate; Oh! That wou'd make him stark mad: For you must know, that all Captains have a mighty Aversion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees standing. Then I shou'd have some Rogue of a Builder, by the help of his damn'd Magick Art, transform my noble Oaks and Elms into Cornishes, Portals, Sashes, Birds, Beasts and Devils, to adorn some maggotty, new-fashion'd Bauble upon the *Thames*; and then you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardener bring a *Habeas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*; remove it to *Chel-*

sea, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Grass-Plats, and Gravel-Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, shew me the Messenger.

[Exit *with Servant*.

Syl. Make the Dispute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.——If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Sister!. 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again.——Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worse and worse. Suppose I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Estate, a Coach and six, and an Ass——That will never do neither.

Enter Justice Ballance *and* Servant.

Ball. Put four Horses into the Coach. [*To a Servant, who goes out.*] Ho, *Sylvia!*

Syl. Sir!

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you ask'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then, *Sylvia*, I must beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why shou'd you question it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counsel than command; I don't propose this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you wou'd take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd just now?

Ball. No matter, I'll be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reasons——But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn Promise.

Syl.

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir?

Ball. That you will never dispose of yourself to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own Consent: and so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewel. [*Leads her to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

SIR,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy *has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain* Plume; *and my Friendship and Relation to your Family oblige me to give you timely notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin* Sylvia. *Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than amended; and that you would immediately send my Cousin into the Country, is the Advice of,*

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, they are ten times worse than they were in my time: Had he made my Daughter a Whore, and forswore it like a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; but to tell Tales beforehand, is monstrous——Hang it, I can fetch down a Woodcock or a Snipe, and why not a Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and have a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I am sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill News.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir; you have heard that my Son *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letters say he's dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I am satisfied: The Strokes of Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehension of Wrong from any body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you shou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Person that sent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Design upon *Sylvia*, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I must do myself Justice, and endeavour to find out the Author [*Takes up a Bit.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuse to discover the Contents, *Melinda* shall tell me. [*Going.*

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumstance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy*, had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me such a Power over her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: 'Twas the luckiest Accident! [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The Asperfion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you sure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the History of part of the Battel, just now as she over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has suffer'd nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, she's so afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company, she begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuse her, she was so pressing; the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, Sir!—I find her Fortune will give her the same Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are as subject to Pride as we are, and why mayn't great Women as well as

great

Great Men, forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, where's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it would break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal—I'm glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] Where does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton*'s; I am to meet him there two Hours hence, and we should be glad of your Company.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a Day or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of Mourning is what we owe the World, because they pay it to us afterwards. I am yours over a Bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[Exeunt *severally.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Kite, *with a Mob in each Hand drunk* —— Kite *sings.*

Our Prentice Tom *may now refuse*
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

[The Mob sing the Chorus.

We shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day;
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; We live, as one shou'd say —— we live——'tis impossible to tell how we live——We are all Princes——Why——why, you are a King—— You are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince——now—— a'n't we——

1st *Mob.* No, Serjeant, I'll be Emperor.

Kite. No!

1st *Mob.* No, I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite. A Justice of Peace, Man!

1 ſt *Mob.* Ay, wauns will I; for ſince this Preſſing-Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Juſtice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, a'n't I?

2d *Mob.* Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d *Mob.* I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d *Mob.* Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely ſaid, 'faith; Huzza for the Queen. [*Huzza!*] But hark'e, you, Mr. Juſtice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you never ſee the Queen's Picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em ſet in Gold, and as like her Majeſty, God bleſs the Mark. See here, they are ſet in Gold. [*Takes two Broad-Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each Mob.*

1 ſt *Mob.* The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*

2d *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a Poſie, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus*——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus!*——Why *Carolus* is *Latin* for Queen *Anne*; that's all.

2d *Mob.* 'Tis a fine thing to be a Schollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compaſs of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying: 'tis the ſame thing, among Friends, you know; I'll preſent 'em to ye both: you ſhall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills, and far away.

[*They ſing, and put up the Money.*

Enter Plume, *ſinging.*

Plume. *Over the Hills, and o'er the Main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, *or* Spain:
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are theſe hearty Lads?

Kite.

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds off with your Hats: This is the Captain, the Captain.

1st *Mob.* We have seen Captains afore now, Mun.

2d *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too; s'flesh; I'll keep on my Nab.

1st *Mob.* And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any Captain in *England:* My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are these jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave Fellows that are willing to serve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em just now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Command.

Plume. And good Entertainment they shall have: Volunteers are the Men I want, those are the Men fit to make Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

1st *Mob.* Wounds, *Tummas,* what's this! Are you listed?

2d *Mob.* Flesh! not I: Are you, *Costar?*

1st *Mob.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not listed! ha, ha, ha; a very good Jest, i'faith.

1st *Mob.* Come, *Tummas,* we'll go home.

2d *Mob.* Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, Gentlemen, behave your selves better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas,* honest *Costar.*

2d *Mob.* No, no, we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both Centinels in this place, for two Hours, to watch the Motion of St. *Mary*'s Clock, you; and you the Motion of St. *Chad*'s: And he that dares stir from his Post 'till he be reliev'd, shall have my Sword in his Guts the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant! I'm afraid you are too rough with these Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They disobey Command, Sir, and one of 'em shou'd be shot for an Example to the other.

1st *Mob.* Shot, *Tummas!*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen, what's the matter?

1ſt *Mob*. We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Paſſion, Sir,——but——

Kite. They diſobey Command, they deny their being liſted.

2d *Mob*. Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being ſhot: but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worſhip's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's eaſily known; have either of you receiv'd any of the Queen's Money?

1ſt *Mob*. Not a Braſs Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1ſt *Mob*. Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be liſted, and ſhot into the Bargain.

2d *Mob*. And I; look ye here, Sir.

1ſt *Mob*. Ay, here's my Stock too: Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me juſt now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence; t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Caſe is plain, Gentlemen, the Goods are found upon you: Thoſe Pieces of Gold are worth three and twenty and Six-pence each.

1ſt *Mob*. So it ſeems, that *Carolus* is three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence in *Latin*.

2d *Mob*. 'Tis the ſame thing in *Greek*, for we are liſted.

1ſt *Mob*. Fleſh! but we a'n't *Tummas*: I deſire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whiſper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*——your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at laſt——I won't loſe the Fellows tho', if I can help it——Well, Gentlemen, there muſt be ſome Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly liſted.

1ſt *Mob*. Why, Captain, we know that you Soldiers have more Liberty of Conſcience than other Folks;

Folks; but for me, or Neighbour *Costar* here, to take such an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuration.

Plume. Look'e, Rascal, you Villain, if I find that you have impos'd upon these two honest Fellows, I'll trample you to death, you Dog——— Come, how was't?

2d *Mob.* Nay then, we'll speak; your Serjeant, as you say, is a Rogue, begging your Worship's Pardon ——and——

1st *Mob.* Nay, *Tummas*, let me speak; you know I can read———And so, Sir, he gave us those two Pieces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of a Present.

Plume. How! by way of a Present! The Son of a Whore! I'll teach him to abuse honest Fellows, like you! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Mob. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Captain, 'faith.

1st *Mob.* Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beating: This is the bravest Captain I ever saw——'Wounds I have a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuse two such honest Fellows as you.——Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I come among you as an Officer to list Soldiers, not as a Kidnapper to steal Slaves.

1st *Mob.* Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I desire no Man to go with me, but as I went myself: I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; for a little time carried a Musquet, and now I command a Company.

2d *Mob.* Mind that, *Costar*: A sweet Gentleman!

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Advantage of you; the Queen's Money was in your Pockets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing, you are both of you at your liberty.

1st *Mob.* Thank you, noble Captain—I'cod, I can't find in my Heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

2d *Mob.*

2d *Mob*. Ay, *Castar*, wou'd he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make you Men for ever: Every Man has his Lot, and you have yours. What think you now of a Purse of *French* Gold out of a Monsieur's Pocket, after you have dash'd out his Brains with the But-end of your Firelock? eh! ——

1st *Mob*. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain——give me a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

2d *Mob*. Nay, dear *Costar*, do'na; be advis'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas for thee, as Earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d *Mob*. Do'na take it, do'na, dear *Costar*.

[*Cries and pulls back his Arm.*

1st *Mob*. I wull——I wull——Waunds, my Mind gives me, that I shall be a Captain myself——I take your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I will travel the World o'er, and command it wherever we tread—Bring your Friend with you, if you can. [*Aside.*

1st *Mob*. Well *Tummas*, must we part?

2d *Mob*. No, *Costar*, I conno leave thee——Come, Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honester simpler Lads in your Company, than we two been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here my Lad, [*Gives him Money.*] Now your Name?

1st *Mob*. *Tummas Appletree*.

Plume. And yours?

2d *Mob*. *Costar Pearmain*.

Plume. Born where?

1st *Mob*. Both in *Herefordshire*.

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads——Now we'll sing, *Over the Hills and far away*.

Courage, Boys, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride possesses their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madness takes 'em by the Tails; they snort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore ——A couple of poor melancholy Monsters——What shall we do?

Wor. I have a Trick for mine; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a Trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myself above administring to the Pride of any Woman, were she worth twelve thousand a Year; and I han't the Vanity to believe I shall ever gain a Lady worth twelve Hundred ——The generous, good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, scornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I despise——What, sneak out of Town, and not so much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment! ——'Sdeath! how far off does she live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; ay, and the Window-Bars too, to come at her ——Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, she's a coming this way: 'tis the prettiest, cleanest, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to shew you how much I

am

am in love; ——— here she comes; and what is that great Country Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, *and her Brother* Bullock, *and Chickens on her Arms in a Basket, &c.*

Rose. Buy Chickens, young and tender, young and tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market for your self—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'sies.*

Wor. Then I must shift for my self, I find. [*Exit.*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to the bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; feel, Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Market.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir, I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about the Price, they're fine Birds ——Pray what's your Name, pretty Creature?

Rose. *Rose*, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o'the Town; we keep this Market: I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brother *Bullock* there sells Corn.

Bullock. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late home. [*Whistles about the Stage.*

Plume. *Kite!* [*Tips him the Wink, he returns it.* Pretty Mrs. *Rose* ——— you have —— let me see —— how many?

Rose.

Rose. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a Crown.

Bull. Come, *Ruose*, *Ruose*, I sold fifty Strake of Barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a Penny more than the Commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much out of a Groat, as you can out of Four-pence, I'm sure ——The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet with a Chapman, I know how to make the best of him ——And so, Sir, I say, for a Crown Piece the Bargain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Rose. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging is hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, she follows him.*

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these *Hussars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfast, and afterwards pick'd his Teeth with a Pallisado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers see very strange things; but pray, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the Crust is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are somewhat hard of Digestion.

Bull. Then your Pallisado, pray what may he be? Come, *Ruose*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Pallisado is a pretty sort of Bodkin, about the Thickness of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe, [*Aside.*] Eh! where's *Ruose? Ruose! Ruose!* 'sflesh where's *Ruose* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns there's no pressing of Women, sure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain shou'd press *Ruose*, I shou'd be ruin'd——Which way went she? O! the Devil take your Rablins and Pallisadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest *Bullock*, or I shall miss of my Aim.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful Fellow in Nature to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I understand my Business, I will say it——You must know, Sir, I was born a Gipsey, and bred among that Crew 'till I was ten Years old, there I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from my Mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman, for three Pistoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page; there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn'd off for wearing my Lord's Linnen, and drinking my Lady's Ratifia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there I learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at last got into the Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking—— So that if your Worship pleases to cast up the whole Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping, Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Halbard, you will find the Sum total amount to a Recruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition; the Fears of Starving, and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentleman, with a fair Tongue, and fair Perriwig, who loaded me with Promises; but 'gad, it was the lightest Load that ever I felt in my Life ——He promis'd to advance me, and indeed he did so————to a Garret in the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in Prison; he call'd me lying Dog, and said I was in Garrison; and indeed, 'tis a Garrison that may hold out 'till Doom's-day before I should desire to take it again. But here comes Justice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance *and* Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain? Here's a poor foolish Fellow comes clamouring to me with a Complaint, that your Captain has press'd his Sister; do you know any thing of this matter, *Worthy!*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his Sister is gone with *Plume* to his Lodging, to sell him some Chickens.

Ball. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Bull.

Bull. I know that, an' please you; but if your Worship pleases to grant me a Warrant to bring her before you, for fear of the worst.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Sister's safe enough.

Kite. I hope so too. [*Aside.*

Wor. Hast thou no more Sense, Fellow, than to believe that the Captain can list Women?

Bull. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them; but, I am sure, they carry as many Women as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your Sister?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the Day I shall die; but this Gentleman here not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe —— you thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I —— only that, I believe, I shall marry her to-morrow. [*Aside.*

Ball. I begin to smell Powder. Well, Friend, but what did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story of a great Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it was, and the *Irish*; and so, Sir, while we were in the Heat of the Battle —— The Captain carry'd off the Baggage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your Captain, give him my humble Service, and desire him to discharge the Wench, tho' he has listed her.

Bull. Ay, and if he been't free for that, he shall have another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honest Friend, you shall go to my Quarters instead of the Captain's. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Kite *and* Bullock.

Ball. We must get this mad Captain his Complement of Men, and send him packing, else he'll over-run the Country.

Wor. You see, Sir, how little he values your Daughter's Disdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was just such another Fellow at his Age: I never set my Heart upon any Woman

Woman so much as to make my self uneasy at the Disappointment; but what was very surprising both to my self and Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden, from the most fickle Lover, to the most constant Husband in the World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda?*

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, but I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or, I fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulcan* when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go on so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but such a Captain! As I live yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every body at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were not his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won't be alone, and no body will keep him company twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the Women, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with the Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but the most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory, which is the most prodigious and the most trifling in the World.

Ball. I have met with such Men, and I take this good for nothing Memory to proceed from a certain Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted to Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owner having no Thoughts of his own to disturb them. I have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as to the Day and Year of most important Transactions, but be altogether ignorant in the Causes, or Consequences of any one thing of moment; I have known another acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Names of most Places in *Europe*, with their Distances of Miles, Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Post-Boy; but for any thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carries the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller's Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is the Picture, behold the Life. *Enter*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth —Heark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners; and when nobody's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and so forth;——your Name, my Dear.

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. *Laconick!* A very good Name truly; I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battel of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen?*

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, are you a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them on the—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horses kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except six I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise.*

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume*, in *Northamptonshire?*——Honest *Frank!* many, many

a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist; you must have known his Brother *Charles* that was concern'd in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter of old *Tongue-Pad* the Master in *Chancery*, a very pretty Woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in Child-bed of her first Child, but the Child survivd; 'twas a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret* or *Margery*, upon my Soul, I can't remember: [*Looking on his Watch.*] But, Gentlemen, I must meet a Lady, a twenty thousand Pounder, presently, upon the Walk by the Water——*Worthy*, your Servant; *Laconick*, yours. [*Exit.*

Ball. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *Melinda*, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; were there any Credit to be given to his Words, I shou'd believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignation; I must go see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business——But what have we got here?

Enter Rose *singing.*

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady, and ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upon a Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and see the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir, an' please your Worship, I have often seen your Worship ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging your Worship's Pardon——Pray what may this Lace be worth a Yard? [*Shewing some Lace.*

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did you get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by it.

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-Shell Snuff-box, and fine Mangere, see here. [*Takes Snuff affectedly.* The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Air.

Ball. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murther's out, and so the Captain taught you to take it with an Air.

Rose. Yes, and give it with an Air too——Will your Worship please to taste my Snuff?

[*Offers the Box affectedly.*

Ball. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. And pray what did you give the Captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and two or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, they shall all go with the Captain: O he's the finest Man, and the humblest withal; wou'd you believe it, Sir, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber, with as much Familiarity as if I had been the best Lady in the Land.

Ball. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman, as can be.

Enter Plume *singing.*

Plume. *But it is not so*
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
Most a-propo.
My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of* Rose.

How, the Justice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and executed.

Ball. O, my noble Captain!

Rose. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

Plume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?——Mr. *Ballance,* I am so full of Business about my Recruits, that I ha'n't a moment's time to——I have just now three or four People to——

Ball. Nay, Captain, I must speak to you——

Rose. And so must I too, Captain.

Plume. Any other time, Sir——I cannot for my Life, Sir——.

Ball. Pray, Sir——

Plume. Twenty thousand things——I wou'd——but——now, Sir, pray——Devil take me——I cannot——I must——

[*Breaks away.*

Ball.

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. [*Exit.*

Rose. And I too. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Walk by the* Severn *side.*

Enter Melinda, *and her Maid* Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pendants, or Knots? or, in what Shape was the Almighty Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you so much in his favour.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the last Bribe I had was from the Captain, and that was only a small piece of *Flanders* Edging for Pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as constant a Present from Officers to their Women, as something else is from their Women to them. They every Year bring over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Duty, and her Subjects of their Honesty.

Luc. They only barter one sort of prohibited Goods for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any one of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk so like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peevishly to me, as if it were my Fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' I pretend to excuse it: Tho' he shou'd not see you this Week, can I help it? But as I was saying, Madam ——his Friend Captain *Plume*, has so taken him up these two Days.

Mel. Psha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, were ty'd upon his Back; I warrant he has never been sober since that confounded Captain came to Town: The Devil take all Officers, I say——they do the Nation more harm by debauching us at home, than they do good by defending us abroad: No sooner a Captain comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock about him, and we can't keep a Man to our selves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Concern for *Worthy*'s Absence, that you shou'd use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concern'd for his Absence? I'm only vex'd that I've had nothing

thing said to me these two Days: One may like the Love, and despise the Lover, I hope; as one may love the Treason, and hate the Traytor. O! here comes another Captain, and a Rogue that has the Confidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't wonder at that, when he has Assurance to fancy himself a fine Gentleman.

Luc. If he shou'd speak o'th' Assignation, I shou'd be ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Truth to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Madam, I am your humble Seryant, and all that, Madam? A fine River this same *Severn*——Do you love Fishing, Madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lovers.

Braz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently; for you must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flanders* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, and in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so much in Love before; and split me, Madam, in all the Campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a Woman as your Ladyship.

Mel. And from all the Men I ever saw, I never had so fine a Complement; but you Soldiers are the best-bred Men, that we must allow.

Braz. Some of us, Madam——But there are Brutes among us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable——I have had very considerable Offers, Madam——I might have marry'd a *German* Princess, worth fifty thousand Crowns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me. The Daughter of a *Turkish Bashaw* fell in love with me too, when I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offer'd to rob her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape with me; but I don't know how, my Time was not come; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by Destiny: Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady with Twenty thousand Pound——Do you know any such Person, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure, a great many Ladies of that Fortune, wou'd be proud of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen.*

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there are Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Brazen.*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentlemen?——Come, Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are at your Service.——Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant, my Dear. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

Wor. Death and Fire, this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* Beer at the *Raven*; I have been doubly serving the Queen——raising Men, and raising the Excise——Recruiting and Election are rare Friends to the Excise.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimsical only; I cou'd be mighty foolish, and fancy my self mighty witty. Reason still keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as close Pinners for a Punk in the Pit.

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that Vessel from that *Tangerine.*

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is she mann'd?

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to-day; she's call'd the *Melinda*, a First-Rate, I can assure you; she sheer'd off with him just now, on purpose to affront me: but according to your Advice I wou'd take no notice, because I wou'd seem to be above a Concern for her Behaviour; but have a Care of a Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing in my Cups but an Oyster-Wench, or a Cook-Maid; and if they been't civil, I knock 'em down: But hearke, my Friend, I'll make Love, and I must make Love. I'll tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

Wor.

Wor. Platoon! how's that?

Plume. I'll kneel, ſtoop and ſtand, 'faith; moſt Ladies are gain'd by Platooning.

Wor. Here they come; I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*

Plume. Soh! now muſt I look as ſober, and as demure, as a Whore at a Chriſtning.

Enter Brazen *and* Melinda.

Braz. Who's that, Madam?

Mel. A Brother Officer of yours, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Braz. Ay!——my Dear. [*To* Plume.

Plume. My Dear. [*Run and embrace.*

Braz. My dear Boy, how is't? Your Name, my Dear? if I be not miſtaken, I have ſeen your Face.

Plume. I never ſaw yours in my Life, my Dear—— But there's a Face well known, as the Sun's that ſhines on all, and is by all ador'd.

Braz. Have you any Pretenſions, Sir?

Plume. Pretenſions!

Braz. That is, Sir, have you ever ſerv'd abroad?

Plume. I have ſerv'd at home, Sir, for Ages ſerv'd this cruel Fair——And that will ſerve the turn, Sir?

Mel. So between the Fool and the Rake, I ſhall bring a fine Spot of Work upon my hands——I ſee *Worthy* yonder——I cou'd be content to be Friends with him, wou'd he come this way. [*Aſide.*

Braz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

Plume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithſtanding.

Thou Peerleſs Princeſs of Salopian *Plains,*
Envy'd by Nymphs, and worſhipp'd by the Swains.

Braz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

Plume. Prithee be quiet——I ſhall be out——

Behold, how humbly does the Severn *glide,*
To greet thee, Princeſs of the Severn *ſide.*

Braz. Don't mind him, Madam——If he were not ſo well dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take him for a Poet.—But I'll ſhew the Difference preſently——Come, Madam,—— we'll place you between us, and now the longeſt Sword carries her. [*Draws.*

Mel. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh, Mr. *Worthy*, save me from these Madmen.

[*Exit with* Worthy.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir, and fight the bold Ravisher?

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume. I don't like the Wages, and I won't be your Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it cost?

Braz. It cost me twenty Pistoles in *France*, and my Enemies thousands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia *in Man's Apparel*.

Syl. Save ye, save ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will presently.—Your Name, my Dear.

Syl. *Wilful*; *Jack Wilful*, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentish Wilfuls*, or those of *Staffordshire*?

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wilfuls* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at present.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I stand; I have neither Home, House, nor Habitation, beyond this Spot of Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I presume.

Syl. No, but I intend to list immediately—Look'e, Gentlemen, he that bids me fairest, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll prefer you, I'll make you a Corporal this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Companion, you shall eat with me.

Braz. You shall drink with me.

Plume. You shall lie with me, you young Rogue.

[*Kisses*.

Braz.

Braz. You shall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a Field-Officer.

Plume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; I'll make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for Serjeant.

Braz. Can you read and write, Sir?

Syl. Yes.

Braz. Then your Business is done.—I'll make you Chaplain to the Regiment.

Syl. Your Promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to chuse; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commended, in Town; pray, which of you is Captain *Plume?*

Plume. I am Captain *Plume.*

Braz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume.*

Syl. Hey-day!

Plume. Captain *Plume!* I'm your Servant, my Dear.

Braz. Captain *Brazen!* I am yours——the Fellow dares not fight.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Sir, if you please——

[*Goes to whisper* Plume.

Plume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain *Plume*, your Serjeant is got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Braz. He's an incorrigible Sot.—Here, my Hector of *Holborn*, forty Shillings for you.

Plume. I forbid the Banes.—Look'e, Friend, you shall lift with Captain *Brazen.*

Syl. I will see Captain *Brazen* hang'd first; I will lift with Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Englishman*, and will be a Slave my own way——Look'e, Sir, will you stand by me? [*To* Brazen.

Braz. I warrant you, my Lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To* Plume,] that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent Coxcomb.

Braz. Ay, ay, a sad Dog.

Syl. A very sad Dog; give me the Money, noble Captain *Plume.*

Plume. Then you won't lift with Captain *Brazen!*

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dispute presently——Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes* Plume *to one side of the Stage, and entertains him in dumb Shew.*

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plume*, I am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! You are Serjeant *Kite?*

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I would not take your Oath, for a Farthing.

Kite. A very understanding Youth of his Age! Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to say to my Face?

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bullets of the same Caliver were never so like: Sure it must be *Charles, Charles*——

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles?*

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variation in *Effa ut flat.* My dear Brother, for I must call you so, if you should have the Fortune to enter into the most noble Society of the Sword, I bespeak you for a Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if any body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Passion for a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert. Ambition! I see a Commission in his Face already: Pray, noble Captain, give me leave to salute you.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Syl. What, Men kiss one another!

Kite. We Officers do: 'tis our way; we live together like Man and Wife, always either kissing or fighting:——But I see a Storm coming.

Syl. Now, Serjeant, I shall see who is your Captain by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain scorns Assistance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a young Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that,

that, but prithee resign the Man, prithee do; you are a very honest Fellow.

Plume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.

[*Draws, and makes up to* Brazen.

Braz. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the Lady?

Plume. I always do———But for a Man I'll fight Knee deep; so you lye again. [Plume *and* Brazen *fight a Traverse or two about the Stage*; Sylvia *draws, who is held by* Kite, *who sounds to Arms with his Mouth*; *takes* Sylvia *in his Arms, and carries her off the Stage.*

Braz. Hold, where's the Man?

Plume. Gone.

Braz. Then what do we fight for? [*Put's up.* Now let's embrace, my Dear.

Plume. With all my heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*] I suppose *Kite* has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*

Braz. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with a Man before I make him my Friend; and if once I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards. —— And now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend, that Lady we frighted out of the Walk just now, I found in Bed this Morning——So beautiful, so inviting ——I presently lock'd the Door——But I am a Man of Honour——But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless ——Her twenty thousand Pound, you know, will be a pretty Conveniency——I had an Assignation with her here, but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you, my Dear, but don't do so agen.———

Plume. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at present. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Rose *and* Bullock *meeting.*

Rose. WHere have you been, you great Booby? you are always out of the way in the time of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I wou'd prefer you! who shou'd prefer a Man but a Woman? Come, throw away that great Club, hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruose, Ruose,* I fear some body will look big sooner than Folk think of: This genteel Breeding never comes into the Country without a Train of Followers —— Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweetheart, what will become of him?

Rose. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will provide for my Relations: —— I told the Captain how finely he play'd upon the Tabor and Pipe, so he has set him down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Sister, why did not you keep that Place for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a drumming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot.

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commission in my Pocket, I fancy my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ranting Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a rakish Toss, a smart Cock, and an impudent Air, to be the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a Captain ——What's here? *Rose!* my Nurse's Daughter —— I'll go and practice —— Come, Child, kiss me at once, [*Kisses* Rose:] and her Brother too; —— Well honest, *Dungfork,* do you know the difference between a Horse and a Cart, and a Cart-Horse, eh?

Bull. I presume that your Worship is a Captain, by your Clothes and your Courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, wou'd you be contented to list, Friend?

Rose.

Rose. No, no, tho' your Worship be a handsome Man, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is engaged to Captain *Plume?*

Syl. Plume! Do you know Captain *Plume?*

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me——He took the Ribbands out of his Shirt-Sleeves, and put 'em into my Shoes——See there——I can assure you that I can do any thing with the Captain.

Bull. That is in a modest way, Sir.——Have a care what you say, *Ruose*, don't shame your Parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So!——And pray what do you expect from this Captain, Child?

Rose. I expect, Sir,—I expect—But he order'd me to tell no body.—But suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You shou'd have a care, my Dear; Men will promise any thing before-hand.

Rose. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me afterwards.

Bull. Wouns, *Ruose*, what have you said?

Syl. Afterwards? After what?

Rose. After I had sold my Chickens.——I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

Plume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, so close with my Market-Woman!

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aside.*] Close, Sir, ay, and closer yet, Sir,——Come, my pretty Maid, you and I will withdraw a little.

Plume. No, no, Friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her, so I have as good a Right as you have.

Plume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

Syl. Sir, I wou'd qualify my self for the Service.

Plume. Hast thou really a mind to the Service?

Syl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

Rose. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice — Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Unconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child—I'll set thee above Scandal; you shall have a Coach with six before, and six behind, an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy you a Furbeloe Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Ruose*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her; I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not send *Ruose* to the *West-Indies.*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies!* No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. *Rose.*

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my Word.

Plume, Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major——

Plume.

Plume. Ay, that is promis'd———But what think you of Barrack-Master? You are a Person of Understanding, and Barrack-Master you shall be.———But what's become of this same *Cartwheel* you told me of, my Dear?

Rose. We'll go fetch him.——Come Brother Barrack-Master———We shall find you at home, noble Captain? [*Exeunt* Rose *and* Bullock.

Plume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your forty Shillings.

Syl. Captain *Plume*, I despise your lifting Money; if I do serve, 'tis purely for Love——of that Wench, I mean———For you must know, that among my other Sallies, I have spent the best part of my Fortune in search of a Maid, and cou'd never find one hitherto; so you may be assur'd I'd sell my Freedom under a less Purchase than I did my Estate———So before I list, I must be certify'd that this Girl is a Virgin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be certify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Honour she may be a Vestal for aught that I know to the contrary.——I gain'd her Heart indeed by some trifling Presents and Promises, and knowing that the best Security for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have made my self Master of that too, had not the Jealousy of my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accomplishing your Designs upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, which were only the drawing in one or two of her Followers. The Women, you know, are the Loadstones every where; gain the Wives, and you are caress'd by the Husbands; please the Mistress, and you are valu'd by the Gallants; secure an Interest with the finest Women at Court, and you procure the Favour of the greatest Men———So kiss the prettiest Country-Wenches, and you are sure of lifting the lustiest Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, but I term it Stratagem, since it's so main a part of

the Service——Besides, the Fatigue of Recruiting is so intolerable, that unless we cou'd make our selves some Pleasure amidst the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be able to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am satisfy'd as to the Point in Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aside your Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and tell me plainly what Usage I must expect when I am under your Command.

Plume. You must know, in the first place, then, that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company; for they are always troublesome and expensive, sometimes dangerous; and it's a constant Maxim amongst us, that those who know the least, obey the best. Notwithstanding all this, I find something so agreeable about you, that engages me to court your Company; and I can't tell how it is, but I shou'd be uneasy to see you under the Command of any body else——Your Usage will chiefly depend upon your Behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small Fault, I will excuse it; if a great one, I'll discharge you: for something tells me, I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me, that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest Punishment you can inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon the greatest Dangers in your Profession, they wou'd be less terrible to me, than to stay behind you——And now your Hand, this lifts me——And now you are my Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kisses her.*] 'Sdeath! There's something in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I must beg——This affair will make some noise, and I have some Friends that wou'd censure my Conduct, if I threw my self into the Circumstance of a Private Centinel of my own head——I must therefore take care to be impress by the Act of Parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Plume. What you please as to that——Will you lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You shall have part of my Bed.

Syl.

Syl. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd not you rather lie with a common Woman?

Plume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World imagines! I have got an Air of Freedom, which People mistake for Lewdness in me, as they mistake Formality in others for Religion——The World is all a Cheat; only I take mine, which is undesign'd, to be more excusable than theirs which is hypocritical. I hurt no body but my self, and they abuse all Mankind——Will you lie with me?

Syl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Rose*; she's to be my Bedfellow, you know.

Plume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt *severally*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest Misfortune in Nature for a Woman to want a Confident: We are so weak, that we can do nothing without Assistance, and then a Secret racks us worse than the Cholick——I am at this minute so sick of a Secret, that I'm ready to faint away——Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bless me, Madam! What's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Sylvia* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults for the Ease of discovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I worthy to know the Cause?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make you saucy.

Luc. Not unless you shou'd find fault without a Cause, Madam.

Mel. Cause or not Cause, I must not lose the Pleasure of chiding when I please: Women must discharge their Vapours somewhere, and before we get Husbands our Servants must expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raise me to a Degree above a Servant: You know my Family, and that 500*l.* would set me upon the foot of a Gentlewoman, and make me worthy the Confidence of any Lady in the Land; besides, Madam, 'twill extreme y

tremely encourage me in the great Design I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Design can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill please me, indeed; in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me; so I don't much care if I do promise you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my Secret no longer: You must know, that hearing of the famous Fortune-teller in Town, I went disguis'd to satisfy a Curiosity, which has cost me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil, or one of his Bosom-Favourites, he has told me the most surprizing things of my past Life.

Luc. Things past, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd surprizing, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprizing that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprizing; he said I shou'd die a Maid.

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing——Dear Madam, if you shou'd believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare Thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours——And did you ask him any Questions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I pass'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid———But the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid——I have put it out of his power already.

Mel. I do but jest, I wou'd have pass'd for you, and call'd my self *Lucy*; but he presently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole History of my Life——He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and describ'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present Indifference———I fled to him for Refuge here to-day, he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly

coldly told me, that he was sorry for the Accident, because it might give the Town cause to censure my Conduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made me a careless Bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath! I cou'd have stabb'd him, or my self, 'twas the same thing—— Yonder he comes———I will so use him!

Luc: Don't exasperate him, consider what the Fortune-teller told you: Men are scarce, and as Times go, it is not impossible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warm'd, I must strike while the Iron is hot———You have a great deal of Courage, Madam, to venture into the Walks where you were so lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a quantity of Impudence to appear before me, that you have so lately affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, Madam: I left you here, because I had business in another place, and came hither thinking to meet another Person.

Mel. Since you find your self disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They walk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*] Will you please to take Snuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* Brazen *takes her round the Waist, she cuffs him.*

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Insolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you see Mr. *Worthy?* [*To* Brazen.

Braz. No, no, I'm struck blind——*Worthy!* odso! well turn'd———My Mistress has wit at her Fingers ends———Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way abroad———Mr. *Worthy,* you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happiness very much, if the Lady can afford no other sort of Favours but what she has bestow'd upon you.

Mel.

Mel. I am sorry the Favour miscarry'd, for it was design'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be assur'd 'tis the last and only Favour you must expect at my Hands ——Captain, I ask your Pardon——[*Exit with* Lucy.

Braz. I grant it.——You see, Mr. *Worthy*, 'twas only a Random-shot, it might have taken off your Head as well as mine: Courage, my Dear, 'tis the Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Ouns, Sir! what d'ye mean by withdraw.

Braz. I'll shew you.

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and *Plume*'s Advice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why shou'd I, that knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that's a Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle-Royal: Don't frown so, Man, she's your own, I tell you: I saw the Fury of her Love in the Extremity of her Passion: The Wildness of her Anger is a certain Sign that she loves you to Madness. That Rogue *Kite* began the Battel with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you off victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirably, she's to be with him again presently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Brazen*'s Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to draw Consequences from the Actions of Fools: There's no arguing by the Rule of Reason upon a Science without Principles, and such is their Conduct——Whim, unaccountable Whim hurries 'em on like a Man drunk with Brandy before ten a Clock in the Morning ——But we lose our Sport——*Kite* has open'd above an hour ago, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books and Globes.*

Kite *disguis'd in a strange Habit, sitting at a Table.*

Kite. [*Rising.*] By the Position of the Heavens, gain'd

gain'd from my Observation upon these Celestial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tide-waiter, *Sol* a Surveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* an Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant of Granadeers; and this is the System of *Kite* the Conjurer.

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Success?

Kite. I have sent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* already; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the other a Major of Dragoons———I am to manage them at night———Have you seen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy!*

Wor. Ay, but it won't do———Have you shew'd her her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the Letter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reserve that for the last Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you see, for fear that you shou'd break Windows in good earnest.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers to your Posts. Mind the Door.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy. *Servant opens the Door.*

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Master, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the Learned *Copernicus.*

Smith. Well, Master, I'm but a poor Man, and I can't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have something that's good for my Shilling, or I'll have my Money again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you shall have your Shilling forty-fold——Your Hand, Countryman, you're by Trade a *Smith.*

Smith. How the Devil shou'd you know that?

Kite. Because the Devil and you are Brother Tradesmen———You were born under *Forceps.*

Smith. *Forceps,* what's that?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo, Sagittarius, Forceps,*

Forceps, Furnes, Dixmude, Namur, Bruſſels, Charleroy, and ſo forth——Twelve of 'em———Let me ſee——Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will——The Stars have decreed, that you ſhall be——I muſt have more Money, Sir——Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith, Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll truſt you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir——Let me ſee your t'other Hand——I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you: And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars——In two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have Ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil——Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot———Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wiſh the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this fine Place.

Kite. The Stars do——let me ſee——ay, about an Hour hence walk careleſly into the Market-place, and you'll ſee a tall, ſlender Gentleman, cheap'ning a Pennyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button——This Gentleman will aſk you what's a-clock——He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune,———Follow him, follow him———And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children? an Hour hence exactly is your time.

Smith. A tall ſlender Gentleman, you ſay, with a Cane! Pray, what ſort of Head has the Cane?

Kite.

Kite. An Amber Head, with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a Collector of the Excise, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers——I can't tell exactly which——but he'll call you honest——your Name is——

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honest *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil shou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of *Toms*——*Tom o' Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tell-Troth, Tom o' Bedlam,* and *Tom Fool*——Be gone——An Hour hence precisely. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's a-clock.

Kite. Most certainly——And you'll answer, you don't know——And before you look at St. *Mary*'s Dial; for the Sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and prosper. [*Behind.*

Enter a Butcher.

What, my old Friend *Pluck* the Butcher!——I offer'd the surly Bull-dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aside.*

But. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Half a Crown——And now you must understand——

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Business beforehand——

But. You're devilish cunning then, for I don't well know it my self.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend——You have a foolish Saying, that such a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon see all the World?

But. All the World see the Moon, I must confess.

Kite. Then she must see all the World, that's certain

tain——Give me your Hand——You're by Trade, either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employments differ only in the Name——He that can cut up an Ox, may diſſect a Man: and the ſame Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*, the Stars are great Bodies, and move ſlowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worſhip won't have Patience, I muſt beg the Favour of your Worſhip's Abſence.

But. My Worſhip! my Worſhip! but why my Worſhip?

Kite. Nay, then I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor——

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Riſes in a Paſſion*.] Do you think the Stars will be hurried? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordſhips at this Rate?——Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am order'd to let no Dun come near their Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had any Dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny——But ſince you are their Porter, pleaſe to accept of this Half-Crown to drink their Healths, and don't be angry.

Kite. Let me ſee your Hand then once more——Here has been Gold——Five Guineas, my Friend, in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil——Pray, Doctor, were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret——This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handſome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or——

But. *Kite* you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite*.

But.

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carry'd a Halberd. The impudent Rascal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Substance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and so she has; but very few know so much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to list, because he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Discharge.

But. There's a Dog now ——'sflesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half-Crown, and tell me that this same *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee ——but you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Passion. [*Looks on his Books*.] But now they are pacified again. —— Let me see, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I say, no.

Kite. That's strange, wonderful strange; but nothing is strange to me, such wonderful Changes have I seen——The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be shatter'd by a great Shot; you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow: In short, the Operation will be perform'd with so much Dexterity, that with general Applause you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your

your Thoughts; the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Justices can't press me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Business, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and a half hence; that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor, Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, besides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!——An hour and a half hence, you say.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troublesome, here's such a work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pound a Year — But if you must hear it —I'll tell you in short, you'll be standing in your Stall an Hour and a half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the same time stroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there——What I say is true——things that are to come, must come to pass——Get you home, sell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the snivelling of your Mother and your Sister—— Women always hinder Preferment—— make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*,——mind that——There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promis'd Marriage to——she will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What! know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs must go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit.*

Plume.

Plume. The right Pocket, you say.

[*Behind with his Pocket-Book.*

Kite. I hear the rustling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, Sir, 'tis Madam *Melinda*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Kite. *Tycho*, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself, we shan't stay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband——For your part, Madam, you won't stay for a Husband. [*To* Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converse with the Stars, or the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Destinies of Men in search, I consult the Stars; when the Affairs of Women come under my hands, I advise with my t'other Friend.

Mel. And have you rais'd the Devil upon my account?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. Oh Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be gone.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do ye come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that because I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Reason, or frighten'd out of my Senses? Come, shew me this Devil.

Kite. He's a little busy at present; but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or he to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady——the Devil is a very modest Person, he seeks no body, unless they seek him first; he's chain'd up like a Mastiff, and can't stir, unless he be let loose——You come to me to have your Fortune told——Do you think, Madam, that

that I can anſwer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are ſo irregular, that nothing leſs than the Devil can give any account of 'em. Now to convince you of your Incredulity, I'll ſhew you a Trial of my Skill——Here, you *Cacademo del Plumo*——exert your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Word *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her own Hand-writing——do it at three Motions——one——two——three——'tis done——Now, Madam, will you pleaſe to ſend your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do.

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! that wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts up the Carpet.*] Here *Tre, Tre,* poor *Tre,* give me the Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that ſquare Piece of Paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not ſo like your Hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chambermaid now will out-lye the Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they ſha'n't impoſe upon us; People can't remember their Hands, no more than they can their Faces——Come, Madam, let us be certain, write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll compare the two Names.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds it.*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam——here's Pen and Ink.

[Melinda *writes,* Lucy *holds the Paper.*

Luc. Let me ſee it, Madam, 'tis the ſame——the very ſame.——But I'll ſecure one Copy for my own Affairs. [*Aſide.*

Mel. This is Demonſtration.

Kite. 'Tis ſo, Madam——The word Demonſtration comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lyes.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pray, what account can you give of my future Fortune?

Kite.

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round this earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Happiness or Misery.

Mel. What! So near the Crisis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me see——About the Hour of ten to-morrow Morning you will be saluted by a Gentleman, who will come to take his Leave of you, being design'd for Travel; his Intention of going abroad is sudden, and the Occasion a Woman. Your Fortune and his are like the Bullet and the Barrel, one runs plump into the other.——In short, if the Gentleman travels, he will die abroad; and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman and a Lover, that is, a Man of very good Sense, and a very great Fool.

Mel. How is that possible, Doctor?

Kite. Because, Madam——because it is so——A Woman's Reason is the best for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a-clock, you say?

Kite. Ten——about the Hour of Tea-drinking throughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you any Questions to ask?

Luc. Oh Madam! A thousand.

Kite. I must beg your Patience 'till another time; for I expect more Company this Minute; besides, I must discharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, discharge us first!

Kite. *Tycho*, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt* Melinda *and* Lucy.

Enter Worthy *and* Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleased to wish me Joy to-day, I hope to be able to return the Compliment to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the best Compliment to you that ever I made in my Life, if you do; but I must be a Traveller, you say?

Kite.

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey-day! You don't profess Midwifery, Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear; but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gun-powder. Thus I fortify my self; [*Draws a Circle round him,*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of Lines! You have something like a Fishing-Rod there, indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, Man ——What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rat me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name——Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Christendom,* I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands of *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be marry'd——I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune, that loves me to Madness, Fits, Cholick, Spleen, and Vapours——shall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. I must have the Year and Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear of Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Doux are like Bank-Bills?

Kite.

Kite. They are not so good——but if they bear no Date, I must examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you shall, old Boy, here they be both.

Kite. Only the last you receiv'd, if you please. [*Takes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you please to let me consult my Books for a Minute, I'll send this Letter inclos'd to you with the Determination of the Stars upon it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart——I must give him—— [*Puts his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra!* I fancy, Doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nativity——Here:——[*Gives him Money.*] And if I succeed, I'll build a Watch-Tower on the top of the highest Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Astrology, and the Benefit of *Conundrums.* [*Exit.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let me see it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me see it? [*Opening the Letter.*] If she be a Jilt——Damn her, she is one——There's her Name at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good Earnest—— By all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy*'s Hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly——'tis no more like *Melinda*'s Character, than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy*'s Contrivance to draw in *Brazen* for a Husband——But are you sure 'tis not *Melinda*'s Hand?

Wor. You shall see; where's the bit of Paper I gave you just now, that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the same; and is this the malicious Name that was subscribed to the Letter, which made Mr. *Ballance* send his Daughter into the Country?

Wor. The very same, the other Fragments I shew'd you just now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this so long,

and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicious Heresy of believing that Angelick Creature cou'd change: Poor *Sylvia!*

War. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain; ha, ha, ha,——Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true, and shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be yours.

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes —— But for her sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of our Wine.
Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.
But they, secure in their all-conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms;
He magnifies their Conquests who complains,
For none wou'd struggle, were they not in Chains.

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Justice* Ballance's *House.*

Enter Ballance *and* Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale*, for my own part I shall be very tender in what regards the Officers of the Army; they expose their Lives to so many Dangers for us abroad, that we may give them some Grains of Allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father is my Tenant; and if I mistake not, her Mother nurs'd a Child for you ——Shall they debauch our Daughters to our faces?

Ball.

Ball. Consider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the Bravery of these Officers, we should have *French* Dragoons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, Property, Wives nor Daughters——Come, Mr. *Scale*, the Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they continue so; the same Heat that stirs them up to Love, spurs them on to Battel: You never knew a great General in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This I only speak in reference to Captain *Plume*——for the other Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does——Oh, here they come!

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Rose, *Prisoners*; *Constable and Mob.*

Const. May it please your Worships we took them in the very Act, *re infecta*, Sir——The Gentleman, indeed, behav'd himself like a Gentleman; for he drew his Sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again——Wait you without. [*Exit Constable and Watch.*] I'm sorry, Sir, [*To* Sylvia] to know a Gentleman upon such Terms, that the Occasion of our Meeting should prevent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your Warrant, no more than I shall do for my Behaviour——My Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Authority.

Scale. Innocence! Have not you seduc'd that young Maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduc'd me.

Bull. So she did, I'll swear——for she propos'd Marriage first.

Ball. What, then you are marry'd, Child? [*To* Rose.

Rose. Yes, Sir, to my sorrow.

Ball. Who was Witness?

Bull. That was I——I danc'd, threw the Stocking, and spoke Jokes by their Bed-side, I'm sure.

Ball. Who was the Minister?

Bull. Minister! We are Soldiers, and want no Minister—They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool—Your Appearance, Sir, promises some Understanding; pray what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think—but that you know is so odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; some make it a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make it a Jest; but among Soldiers 'tis most sacred—Our Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down—The Hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after—Leap Rogue, follow Whore—The Drum beats a Ruff, and so to Bed; that's all, the Ceremony is concise.

Bull. And the prettiest Ceremony, so full of Pastime and Prodigality—

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your Worship lend me your Cane, and I'll shew you how I can exercise.

Ball. Take it, [*Strikes him over the Head.*] Pray, Sir, what Commission may you bear? [*To* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-men, Drawers, Whores, and Groom-Porters in *London*; for I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien trousée*, a Martial Twist in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button, Picquet in my Head, and Dice in my Pocket.

Scal. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch; I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch: In short, I can do any thing at a Pinch, but fight and fill my Belly.

Ball. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shropshire*?

Syl. A Pinch, Sir; I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and so—

Ball. I understand you, Sir—Here, Constable—

Enter

Enter Constable.

Take this Gentleman into Custody 'till farther Orders.

Rose. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless Man in the World, for all he talks so.

Scale. Come, come, Child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom, and my Wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Ball. Hearkʼe, Constable. [*Whispers him.*

Const. It shall be done, Sir——Come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt Constable,* Bullock *and* Sylvia.

Ball. Come, Mr. *Scale,* we'll manage the Spark presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Melinda *and* Worthy.

Mel. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly, [*Aside.*] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in this travelling Humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, Madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our Quiet.

Mel. Rather the Love of Change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms in Variety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond of it.

Mel. You, mistake, Mr. *Worthy,* I am not so fond of Variety as to travel forʼt; nor do I think it Prudence in you to run yourself into a certain Expence and Danger, in hopes of precarious Pleasure, which at best never answers Expectation, as 'tis evident from the Example of most Travellers, that long more to return to their own Country, than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What Pleasures I may receive abroad, are indeed uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less Cruelty among the most barbarous of Nations, than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a

great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, we shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt — My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promises, Assiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on for a whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy!* What you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven Year's Servitude: How did you use me the Year before? when taking the advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, you wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your Slave —Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, deceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your impudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Letters, rude Visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy.*

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Madam, that——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing——'Tis your Interest that I should forget: You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that together, and let one ballance the other — Now if you will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adventuring Airs, and behave yourself handsomely 'till *Lent* be over: here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentleman shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlewoman shou'd be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her Hand.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance*'s Country-House to see my Cousin *Sylvia*; I have done her an Injury, and can't be easy 'till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the Honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be so gallant as to mount your own Horses, and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring Captain *Plume* with you, we sha'n't have the worse Reception.

Wor.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume *and* Kite.

Plume. A *Baker*, a *Taylor*, a *Smith*, and a *Butcher* ——I believe the first Colony planted in *Virginia* had not more Trades in their Company than I have in mine.

Kite. The *Butcher*, Sir, will have his Hands full; for we have two Sheep-stealers among us——I hear of a Fellow too committed just now for stealing of Horses.

Plume. We'll dispose of him among the Dragoons ——Have we ne'er a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipseys is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Goose or a Turkey——Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir, I must go look after the Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, *reading a Letter.*

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour——Um, um, very well——My dear *Plume!* Give me a Buss.

Plume. Half a score, if you will, my Dear: What hast got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out a thousand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requisite to project first how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want twenty thousand Pound; I have spent twenty times as much in the Service——Now, my Dear, pray advise me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, shall I build a Privateer or a Play-house?

Plume. An odd Question——a Privateer or a Play-house! 'Twill require some Consideration——Faith, I'm for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear——for in the first place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And so may a Play-house.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows.

Plume. Not so often as a Play-house.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may spring a Leak.

Plume. And I know a Play-house may spring a great many.

Braz. But suppose the Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we should never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis just so in a Play-house——So, by my Advice, you shall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed——But if this twenty thousand Pound shou'd not be in Specie——

Plume. What twenty thousand?

Braz. Heak'e. [*Whispers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Presently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-side——and so forth——[*Reads.*] *For fear I shou'd be known by any of* Worthy's *Friends, you must give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever yours*——Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the Letter to* Plume.

Plume. Melinda! And by this Light, her own Hand! Once more, if you please, my Dear——Her Hand exactly——Just now, you say?

Braz. This Minute I must be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I see a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquisitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By sight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes discover Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To Boot and Saddle, Captain, you must mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you won't mount.

Wor. But I shall: *Melinda* and I are agreed, she's gone

gone to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and cou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what might be done for us both?

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has secur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her Hand——*Brazen* and she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water-side, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over to the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such thing in Matrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd me she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *Lucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this ——I tell ye I saw *Melinda*'s Hand, as surely as this is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to Justice *Ballance*'s Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the Water-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need not trouble your self to follow her, because her Journey to Justice *Ballance*'s is put off, and she's gone to take the Air another way. [*To* Worthy.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when is she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at the Water-side.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready——*Jack*, get 'em out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are sitting by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Justice:* Ballance, Scale *and* Scruple *upon the Bench:* Constable, Kite, Mob.

Kite *and* Constable *advance forward.*

Kite. Pray, who are those honourable Gentlemen upon the Bench?

Const. He in the middle is Justice *Ballance,* he on the right is Justice *Scale,* and he on the left is Justice *Scruple,* and I am Mr. *Constable*; four very honest Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your most obedient Servant: [*Saluting the* Constable.] I fancy, Sir, that your Employment and mine are much the same; for my Business is to keep People in order, and if they disobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are both Staff-Officers.

Const. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my self——of the Militia——Come, Brother, you shall see me exercise: Suppose this a Musket now: Now I am shoulder'd.

[*Puts his Staff on's Right Shoulder.*

Kite. Ay, you are shoulder'd pretty well for a Constable's Staff; but for a Musket you must put it on the other Shoulder, my Dear.

Const. Adso! that's true——Come, now give the Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Const. Ay, ay, so we will——We will be silent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence!

[*Strikes him over the Head with his Halberd.*

Const. That's the way to silence a Man with a witness——What d'ye mean, Friend?

Kite. Only to exercise you, Sir?

Const. Your Exercise differs so from ours, that we shall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain had given me such a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honest Captain, sit by me. [*Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*] Now produce your Prisoners

Prisoners——Here that Fellow there——set him up ——Mr. *Constable*, what have you to say against this Man?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an' please you.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Const. I don't know, an' please your Worship.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct you what sort of Men to take up?

Const. I can't tell, an' please ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Constable truly——I find we have no Business here.

Kite. May it please the Worshipful Bench, I desire to be heard in this Case, as being Counsel for the Queen.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you shall be heard, since no body else will speak; we won't come here for nothing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country may spare him, and the Army wants him; besides, he's cut out by Nature for a Granadeer; he's five Foot ten Inches high; he shall box, wrestle, or dance the *Cheshire* Round with any Man in the Country; he gets drunk every Sabbath-Day, and he beats his Wife.

Wife. You lye, Sirrah, you lye; an' please your Worship, he's the best-natur'd, pains-taking Man in the Parish, witness my five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and five Children! You Constable, you Rogue, how durst you impress a Man that has a Wife and five Children?

Scale. Discharge him, discharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen——Hearkʼe, Friend, how do you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-fowl and Venison, Sir; the Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and Partridge within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun! nay, if he be so good at Gunning, he shall have enough on't——He may be of use against the *French*, for he shoots flying, to be sure.

Scru.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd send him away; you know I have a Child every Year, and you are afraid they shou'd come upon the Parish at last.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honest Woman has spoke it at once, the Parish had better maintain five Children this Year, than six or seven the next: That Fellow upon his high Feeding, may get you two or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Parish shall get nothing by sending him away, for I won't lose my Teeming-time if there be a Man left in the Parish.

Ball. Send that Woman to the House of Correction ——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you please.

[*Takes him down.*

Scale. Here, you Constable, the next——Set up that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Look; what can you say against this Man, Constable?

Const. Nothing but that he is a very honest Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one honest Man in my Company, for the Novelty's sake.

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Trade, and the Act of Parliament here expresses, that we are to impress no Man that has any visible Means of a Livelihood.

Kite. May it please your Worships, this Man has no visible Means of a Livelihood, for he works under ground.

Plume. Well said, *Kite*; besides the Army wants Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Government for't, we cou'd raise you in this and the neighbouring County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers that wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and do more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in the Army.

Scru.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to say for your self?

Mob. I am marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, so am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conscience.

Kite. May it please your Worship, she's with Child in Conscience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Mistress?

Wom. My Husband——we agreed that I shou'd call him Husband, to avoid passing for a Whore; and that he should call me Wife, to shun going for a Soldier.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray Captain, will you take 'em both?

Plume. What say you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care of the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, she shall go with us to the Sea-side, and there, if she has a mind to drown her self, we'll take care nobody shall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Constable, bring in my Man. [*Exit* Constable] Now, Captain, I'll sit you with a Man, such as you ne'er listed in your Life. [*Enter* Constable *and* Sylvia.] Oh! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Respect to the Bench?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your Bench neither?

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I say, and very fit for a Soldier.

Canst. A Whore-Master, I say, and therefore fit to go.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he is a very pretty Fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! send your own lazy, lubberly Sons at home; Fellows that hazard their Necks every Day in the pursuit of a Fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Const. May it please your Worships, I have a Woman at the Door to swear a Rape against this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I ravish'd 'em both yesterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War, we'll see him listed immediately.

[Plume *reads Articles of War against Mutiny and Desertion.*

Syl. Hold, Sir,——Once more, Gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *Ballance*, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, say but one Word more, and I'll build a Horse for you as high as the Cieling, and make you ride the most tiresome Journey that ever you rid in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Captain *Huffcap*; but you had better be quiet, I shall find a way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false——I am descended of as good a Family as any in your County; my Father is as good a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am Heir to Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad——Pray, Captain, read the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray Mr. *Ballance*, to you I speak, suppose I were your Child, wou'd you use me at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd send you to *Bedlam* first, and into the Army afterward.

Syl. But consider my Father, Sir, he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a Man as ever serv'd his Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loss of me may break his Heart.

Ball.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if you don't list him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. Kite, do you distribute the Levy-Money to the Men, while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir——Silence, Gentlemen.

[Plume *reads the Articles of War.*

Ball. Very well; now, Captain, let me beg the Favour of you not to discharge this Fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an'a please your Worship.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

Syl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Constable let the rest escape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a Man, because, he said, the Act allow'd him but ten; so the odd Shilling was clear Gains.

All Just. How!

Syl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for two Guineas, but I had not so much about me; this is truth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Kite. And I'll swear it; give me the Book, 'tis for the good of the Service.

Mob. May it please your Worship, I gave him Half a Crown to say that I was an honest Man; but now, since that your Worships have made me a Rogue, I hope I shall have my Money again.

Ball. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Constable be put into the Captain's hands, and if his Friends don't bring four good Men for his Ransom by to-morrow Night——Captain, you shall carry him to *Flanders.*

Scale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

Plume. Mr. *Kite*; take the Constable into Custody.

Kite. Ay, ay,——Sir, [*To the* Constable] will you please to have your Office taken from you? Or will you handsomely lay down your Staff, as your Betters have done before you? [Constable *drops his Staff.*

Ball. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ceremony in adjourning this Court——Captain, you shall dine with me.

Kite.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the Law of me. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Brazen, *leading in* Lucy *mask'd.*

Brazen. The Boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy *with a Case of Pistols under his Arm.*

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering them.*

Braz. What, Pistols! are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and never use Pistols, the Sword is my way——and I won't be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

[*Cocks one Pistol.*

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pistols ——Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bout at Sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these Bullets.

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly full of these, the Swords shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have eaten Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't think I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see: [*Takes one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall we fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve my Shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak?

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon a Cloak, 'tis out way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife.

[*Unmasks.*

Wor. *Lucy!* take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do——Huzza! [*Fires his Pistol*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you plagty Harrydan, how those Bullets whistle; suppose they had been lodg'd in my Gizzard now?

Luc.

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my Money be safe. [*Searching his Pockets*] Yes, yes, I do pardon you, but if I had you in the *Rose* Tavern, *Covent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and three or four smart Napkins, I wou'd tell you another Story, my Dear. [*Exit.*

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, she wrote her Name, upon a piece of Paper at the Fortune-teller's last Night, which I put in my Pocket, and so writ about it to the Captain.

Wor. And how can *Melinda*'s Journey be put off?

Luc. At the Town's end she met Mr. *Ballance*'s Steward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone from her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. *Sylvia* gone from her Father's! This will be News to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how near I was being shot for her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ballance *with a Napkin in his Hand, as risen from Dinner, and* Steward.

Stew. We did not miss her till the Evening, Sir; and then searching for her in the Chamber that was my young Master's, we found her Clothes there; but the Suit that your Son left in the Press, when he went to *London*, was gone.

Ball. The white trim'd with Silver?

Stew. The same.

Ball. You ha'n't told that Circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your Worship.

Ball. And be sure you don't; go into the Dining-Room, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall—— [*Exit.*

Ball. Was ever Man so impos'd upon? I had her Promise indeed, that she wou'd never dispose of herself without my Consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my Act and Deed——

And

And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; no, I shall never pardon him the Villany, first of robbing me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion he must have of me, to think that I cou'd be so wretchedly imposed upon; her extravagant Passion might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Contrivance must be his——I'll know the Truth presently——

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your young Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the common Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith, I offer'd him part of my Bed, ——but the young Rogue fell in love with *Rose*, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to Town.

Ball. So that between you both, *Rose* has been finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no harm from me.

Ball. All's safe, I find ——Now Captain, you must know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in Court was well grounded; he said I should heartily repent his being listed, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! For what Reason?

Ball. Because he is no less than what he said he was, born of as good a Family as any in this County, and he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it——For I wanted but a Man of that Quality to make my Company a perfect Representative of the whole Commons of *England*.

Ball. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You shall have it, for his Father is my intimate Friend.

Plume.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to you much above a hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you sha'n't repent your Generosity——Will you please to write his Discharge in my Pocket-Book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, we'll send for the Gentleman. Who wait there?

Enter Servant.

Go to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wilful*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the door, enquiring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up——Here's the Discharge, Sir.

Ball. Sir, I thank you——'Tis plain, he had no hand in't. [*Aside.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken Crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil, as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have eaten with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of Respect, upon our Ignorance of your Quality——but now you are at liberty——I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to your Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am discover'd——Oh, Sir, [*Kneeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime shall be your Punishment; here, Captain, I deliver her over to the Conjugal Power for her Chastisement; since she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very Husband——when she tells you of her Love, upbraid her with her Folly; be modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than

than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you, *Sylvia*, in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Jest, Sir?

Plume. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

Ball. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arms, and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I am prepar'd for the Gout; farewel Subsistence, and welcome Taxes——Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a General, are much dearer to me than your twelve hundred Pound a Year——But to your Love, Madam, I resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Ambition——greater in obeying at your Feet, than commanding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that your Daughter is lost.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentleman has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of my Cousin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder with your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a Woman should change? But, I hope, you'll excuse a Change that has proceeded from Constancy; I alter'd my out-side, because I was the same within; and only laid by the Woman, to make sure of my Man; that's my History.

Mel. Your History is a little Romantick, Cousin; but since Success has crown'd your Adventures, you will have the World o' your side, and I shall be willing to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an Injury I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plume.

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, and the Reparation I expect shall be made to my Friend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I shall be satisfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way ——when my Cousin is pleas'd to surrender, 'tis probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours——Madam, I am not yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I——You have got a pretty House here, Mr. *Laconick*.

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Mistakes——My Name, Sir, is *Ballance*.

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your most obedient—— I know your whole Generation——had not you an Uncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Islands some Years ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir——He play'd at *Billiards* to a Miracle——You had a Brother too that was a Captain of a Fireship——poor *Dick*——he had the most engaging way with him——of making Punch—— and then his Cabbin was so neat——but his poor Boy *Jack* was the most comical Bastard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickled Dog, I shall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project yet? Are you still for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer just now; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiser under false Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought I know.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I shall furnish you.

Enter Rose *and* Bullock.

Rose. Captain, Captain, I have got loose once more, and have persuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go with

with us; but you must promise not to part with me again.

Syl. I find Mrs. *Rose* has not been pleas'd with her Bedfellow.

Rose. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I had a Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Passion, Child, I was as little pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be with mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Sister, she's something under-bred; but if you please, I'll lie with you in her stead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide for this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her wait upon you? or shall I take care of her?

Syl. She shall be my Charge, Sir; you may find it Business enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if ever you lift your Hand against me, I'll desert———

Plume. Captain *Brazen* shall take care o' that, my Dear: Instead of the twenty thousand Pound you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave Recruits that I have rais'd at the rate they cost me———My Commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and less good Fortune———Whilst I endeavour, by the Example of this worthy Gentleman, to serve my Queen and Country at home.

With some Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endless Plague, Fatigue, and endless Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouse to stay,
And raise Recruits the Matrimonial Way. [Exeunt.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to-morrow Night, by six a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

We scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
Whole Europe *now obeys the Call of Drum.*
The Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
And beats up for a Corps *of Volunteers:*
He finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chuses Musick to invite ye.

Beat the Granadeer March———Row, row, tow, ——Gentlemen, this piece of Musick, call'd, *An Overture to a Battel*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* Master, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, at the great *Operas* of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh* and *Blenheim*: it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, excepting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough for their *Delicatesse*.

Some that have Acted on those glorious Stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding Ages,
That no Musick like the Granadeer's engages.

Ladies,

EPILOGUE.

Ladies, we must own, that this Musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all the *Camilla's* in the World? And you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any *Opera* that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March seems to be a Composure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the present Subscription, We must say, that the Granadeer March has been subscrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance: and we presume to inform the Ladies, that it always has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author is now adapting some Words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the Lady, who is to sing it, shou'd not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.

FINIS.

Vand. Gucht Inc. & Scul.

Sir HARRY WILDAIR:

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By Mr. *GEORGE FARQUHAR.*

LONDON:
Printed for J. J. and P. KNAPTON, in *Ludgate-Street*; and sold by W. FEALES at *Rowe's Head*, over-against St. *Clement's Church*.

MDCCXXXV.

To the Right HONOURABLE the

Earl of ALBEMARLE, &c.

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raiſe it ſelf to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can ſtoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and ſimple Habit of Truth, it may preſume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordſhip's Favour, pleaſe to behold a Stranger, with this difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatneſs.

This Diſtinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and Metaphyſical to the World, who know your Lordſhip's Merit and Place to be inſeparable, that they can only differ as the Cauſe from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Diſpute, as that your Royal Maſter, who has made the noble Choice, is the moſt wiſe, and moſt diſcerning Prince in the Univerſe.

To preſent the World with a lively Draught of your Lordſhip's Perfections, I ſhould enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on thoſe ſhining Qualifications, for which his Majeſty is ſo eminently remarkable himſelf; but this, my Lord, will prove the Buſineſs of a voluminous Hiſtory, and your Lordſhip's Character muſt attend the Fame of your great Maſter in the Memoirs of Futurity, as your faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their Judgments; or sometimes to ease their Cares by imparting them. The great *Augustus*, we read in his Project of settling the unweildy *Roman* Conquests on a fix'd Basis of Government, had the Design laid, not in his Council, but his Closet; there we find him with his two Friends, *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment, and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the Noise of Faction, and constraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that soon recover'd their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and styl'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renown'd than the forementioned *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thraldom; headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success; gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the Favour of your Master without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Deportment between both, has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And

And now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the Encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the Influence of your Favour. The polite *Mecænas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor, and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro*'s Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in most their late Essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for Humour and go down for Wit.
Athenian *Rules must form an* English *Piece,*
And Drury-Lane *comply with ancient* Greece.
Exactness *only, such as* Terence *writ,*
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias *in the Pit.*
Our youthful Author swears he cares not a Pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, *or* Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens such labour'd Lays:
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From musty Books let others take their View,
He hates dull Reading, but he studies You.
First, from your Beaux, his Lesson is Formality;
And in your Footmen there —— most nice Morality;
To pleasure them his Pegasus *must fly,*
Because they judge and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Blush, to make 'em smile;
A Lesson only taught us by the Fair;
A waggish Action ———— but a modest Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modish Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden *Critick's Face,*
The modern Forms of Action, Time, *and* Place,

The

PROLOGUE.

The Action he's asham'd to name, —— d'ye see,
The Time *is* Seven, *the* Place *is* Number Three.
The Masques *he only reads by passant Looks,*
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit *and* Boxes *are his* Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks censure then, and hiss like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's *Beaux, and* Covent-Garden *Rakes.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Col. *Standard*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Fireball, a Sea Captain,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Monſ. *Marquis*, a ſharping Refugee,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Beau Banter,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Clincher, *the* Jubilee-Beau, turn'd Politician,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Dicky, Servant to *Wildair*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Shark, Servant to *Fireball*,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Ghoſt,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Lord *Bellamy*,	Mr. *Simpſon*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Lurewell*,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Angelica,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parly,	Mrs. *Lucas*.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. *JAMES*'s

THE

THE

Second Part of the

CONSTANT COUPLE:

OR, A

Trip to the JUBILEE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball *meeting.*

Standard.

AH! Brother *Fireball!* Welcome a-ſhore, What! Heart-whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate ſafe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wiſh.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick?*

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys i'th' North that have got Globes and Scepters to play with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the

Engliſh

English came in like *Robbin Good-Fellow*, cry'd *Bob*, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next place then, you're to congratulate my Success: You have heard, I suppose, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my first News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell* —— A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady! —— But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian* Canoo, than manage the Vessel you're Master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballast —— Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loss of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cause, and pleas'd without a Reason. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholick all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an understanding Head; yet her Vanity will stoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Fashion's sake, and to the Basset-Table with Devotion; and her Passion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Desire of acting the contrary —— We Seamen speak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then give me thy Hand, honest *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, say you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all —— They only say what's usual upon such Occasions: That your Wife's the greatest Coquet about the Court, and your Worship the greatest Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand.

Stand. She's an Angel in her self, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in her self, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Liar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it shall be so: I'll back again to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Sister, I'll dash his Ratafia in's Face, and call him a Liar. [*Going.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too strong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be throughly reveng'd, we must murder all the Beaux, and poison half the Ladies: Those that have nothing else to say, must tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over Tea, must have something that's sharp to relish their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of such Conversation; and without it, their Entertainment would prove mighty insipid —— Now, Brother, why should we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Because all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst Reason in the World. —— Would you pretend to devour a Lion, because a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I could.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you could! But since you have neither Teeth nor Paws for such an Encounter, lye quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But, I say, that whoever abuses my Brother's Wife, tho' at the back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no such thing as Villany at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a single Person, he might be stil'd Villain with a vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accusers. In short, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now a-days, pleads Liberty of Conscience;

every Man's Conscience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment ——— As for instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be so ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for espousing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cause; —— But, Sir, my Bus'ness is not with the Court, but with you: I desire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at least, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard just now at the Chocolate-House.

Stand. Brother. —

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why should you think it should please me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to your self, sweet Sir: If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pshaw! If they abus'd me, they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were so rally'd, so torn! there was a hundred Ranks of sneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which so mangled your Wife's Reputation, that she can never patch up her Honour while she lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you say.

Fire. Very white; Blood, Sir, I say, they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand.

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand. Not a Syllable. List'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will sting you to Death: Let 'em spit their Venom among themselves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord! Lord! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together! Fye, fye, Sir! consider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Post; distinguish'd by brave Actions, and Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies —— Hell! that a Man who has storm'd *Namur* should become the Jest of a Coffee-Table —— The whole House was clearly taken up with the two important Questions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold, or *Kid* a Pyrate?

Stand. This I can't bear. [*Aside.*

Fire. Ay (says a sneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a witness; he has secur'd himself a good Estate in this Life, and a Reversion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's oblig'd to your Lordship's Bounty for the latter part of the Settlement. There are others (says a third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, besides my Lord; I have capotted her my self two or three times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, assist me.

Fire. Matrimonial Patience! Matrimonial Pestilence! — Shake off these drowzy Chains that fetter your Resentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Person be as publick as her Character: If she be honest, revenge her Quarrel. —— I can stay no longer: This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office*; I'll come and dine with you; in the mean time, Revenge! think on't. [*Exit* Fireball.

Stand. [*Solus.*] How easy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to observe it! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how? The Gospel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work to pieces.—— That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parley, *running cross the Stage.*

Here, here, Mrs. *Parley*, whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master! — Sir, I was running to Madamoiselle *Furbello*, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir, there's the prettiest Fashion lately come over! so airy, so *French*, and all that! —— The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizled all up round the Head, and stands as stiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the Temples with a languishing Lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind. — I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talk with you.

Par. Another time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first: What Wages doth my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pounds a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, considering how I slave from Place to Place upon her Occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then must her new ones cost? —— But what do you get by visiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par.

Par. About a hundred Pounds more.

Stand. A hundred Pounds more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honest, when she gets so much by being a Jade? —— What Religion are you of, Mrs. *Parley*?

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In *Holland*.

Stand. Were you ever christen'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were Anabaptists: they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forsook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the Respect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles? —

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your Maidenhead? ——— [*She puts on her Mask, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw, Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in return; Never to come near my House again. Be gone, Monster, fly, ——— Hell and Furies! never christen'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious. Never christen'd! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. ——— Turn me off! Sir, you shan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Business to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets. —— Be gone, I say. —— My Wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she sha'n't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away: Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistress, not she.

Stand. You the Mistress!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Hmph! —— Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband! —— Very pretty, Faith! Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a *Jew:* Tho' I was never christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian Lie, or a Pagan Truth.

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Interest, Interest! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one —— Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honest to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver since. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Master gives me —— his Linnen to mend —— Faugh! —— I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parley?*

Par.

Par. No, faith not yet; tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you shall be my Pensioner; you shall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You shall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generosity. Take their Money, Child; take all their Bribes; give 'em Hopes; make 'em Assignations; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, she will be kept chaste, you will grow rich, and I shall preserve my Honour.

Par. But what Security shall I have for Performance of Articles?

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earnest.

Stand. Five Guineas. [*Giving her Money.*

Par. Are they right? No *Gray's-Inn* Pieces amongst 'em.—All right as my Leg —— Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earnest of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir *Harry Wildair.*

Stand. Impossible?

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a Year. ——— He appear'd in the Ring last Night with such Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazled the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of six *Flanders* Mares, seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shittlecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promises and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd her self a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par.

Par. She might as safely swear, Sir, that this Day-se'nnight, at four a-Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the knack of Coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every-where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child! But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain; and since I have got you on my side, I have some Hopes, that by constant Disappointment and Crosses in her Designs, I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation; and will tell you farther, that by and by Sir *Harry Wildair* is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Basset-Table; my Lady *Lovecards*, and the usual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Design lies upon Sir *Harry*'s Purse, and the *French* Marquis, you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the *French* Marquis, that's one of your Benefactors, *Parley*; ——— the Persecution of *Basset* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that Refugee; but the Character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real Sufferers for their Religion. ——— But take no notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes. ——— There's more Earnest for you: Be rich and faithful.

[*Exit* Standard.

Par. [*Solus*] I am now not only Woman to the Lady *Lurewell*, but Steward to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purse. A very pretty Office in a Family; *For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing*

revealing it ——— My Comings-in, at this rate, will be worth a Master in *Chancery's* Place, and many a poor Templer will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, *meeting her.*

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purposes.

Par. Bless me! Mr. *Dicky!*

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude! not a bit diminish'd, not a Hair's breadth increas'd. ——— Dear Mrs. *Parley*, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why, I han't tasted a bit this Year and half, Woman? I have been wand'ring about all over the World, following my Master, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me, if I had not rather kiss an *English* pair of Pattins, than the finest Lady in *France.*

Par. Then you're overjoy'd to see *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a Consumption, till the sweet Smoke of *Cheapside*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-Ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair?*

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Master?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off; I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the Loss of your Mistress, Sir *Harry's* Lady? They say, she was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest Woman that ever the Sun shin'd upon. I could almost weep when I think of her. [*Wiping his Eyes.*

Par. How did she die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick.

Dick. Give me a Buſs then, and I'll tell yo.

Par. You ſhall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then —— Courage! —— Now for a doleful Tale —— You know that my Maſter took a Freak to go ſee that foolish *Jubilee* that made ſuch a Noiſe among us here; and no ſooner ſaid than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *Engliſh* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here. —— Well, ſo far, ſo good —— But ſcarce was my Maſter's Back turn'd, when my Lady fell to ſighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in ſhort fell ſick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that ſhe pluck'd up her Spirits at laſt, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far; and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd *Montpelier*, in *France*; a goodly Place truly. —— But, Sir *Harry* was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour loſt. —— But, to be ſhort, my poor Lady, with the Tireſomneſs of Travelling, fell ſick —— and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worſt of the Story. —— Thoſe curſed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, ſhe was a Heretick Woman, and they would not let her Corps be put in their holy Ground —— Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honeſt Pagan, as I am, than ſuch a Chriſtian as one of theſe? —— But how did you diſpoſe the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable Gentlewoman that us'd to viſit my Lady in her Sickneſs; ſhe contriv'd the Matter ſo, that ſhe had her bury'd in her own pri-

vate

vate Chapel. This Lady and my ſelf carried her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Prieſts, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; ſome ſort of a Cannibal, I believe. I know there are ſome Cannibal Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houſes in Maſks; but let them have a care how they go to *France*: (For they are all Hereticks, I believe:) But I'm ſure my good Lady was none of theſe.

Par. But how did Sir *Harry* bear the News?

Dick. Why, you muſt know, that my Lady, after ſhe was bury'd, ſent me ———

Par. How! after ſhe was bury'd!

Dick. 'Pſhaw! Why Lord, Miſtreſs, you know what I mean; I went to Sir *Harry* all the way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick. Why, in the middle of a Monaſtery, among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was ſurpriz'd to ſee honeſt *Dicky*, you may be ſure. But when I told him the ſad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *Engliſh* Oaths upon the Spot, and ſwore that he would ſet Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himſelf up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but inſtead of that, he call'd for his beſt Linnen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, ſwore again he would be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to ſome purpoſe.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick.

Dick. Why, in a matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left them to provide for their Heretick Bastards ——— Ah plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts. ——— So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the Catholick Countries that we passed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parley*, I fancy he has some Designs of Revenge too upon your Lady.

Par. Who could have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper would have been so revengeful?

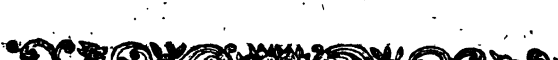
Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Buss you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [*Runs off.*

Dick. Allons. [*Follows.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE, *A Lady's Apartment.*

Enter two Chamber-Maids.

1 *Cham.*

ARE all Things set in order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2. *Cham.* 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our Lecture; I wish for my part that my Time were out.

1 *Cham.* Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may run away before our Time be half expir'd; and she's worse this Morning than ever. —— Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was last Night; a Wrinkle on one side, and a Rumple on t'other; the Pillars awry, and the Quilt askew. —— I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long. —— Oh! — my Bones ake this Morning as if I had lain all Night on a pair of *Dutch* Stairs. —— —— Go, bring Chocolate. —— And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an Hour or two at least. —— Well! These *English* Animals are so unpolish'd! I wish the Persecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of these *French* Refugees among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate. —— And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

Lure. Only an Hour and half by the slowest Clock in Christendom — And such Salvers and Dishes too! The Lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with such Animals? — Where are my new *Japan* Salvers? — Broke, o' my Conscience! All to pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam; but your Husband ——

Lure. How? Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your *Welsh* Breeding? Han't the Coll. a Name of his own.

Cham. Well then, the Coll. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we han't got 'em since.

Lure. How, the Coll. use my Things! How dare the Coll. use any thing of mine? —— But his Campaign Education must be pardon'd. —— And I warrant they were sifted about among his dirty Levee of disbanded Officers? —— Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats, make me sick as Death —— Come, let me see. —— [*Goes to take the Chocolate, and starts back.*] Heav'ns protect me from such a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you wash your Hands last? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fists of yours? [*Runs to the Glass*] —— I must dress all over again —— Go, take it away, I shall swoon else —— Here; Mrs. Monster, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant!* I don't know what ails these Stays you have made me; but something is the matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in short I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps.

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but —— Lard bless me; can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly Madam, I can't tell? —— But your Ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the Fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the Fashion, say you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no such Thing as a good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Wastes are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to the fashionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey —— What d'ye think I wear Cloaths to please my self! Fit me! fit the Fashion, pray; no matter for me —— I thought something was the matter, I wanted Quality-Air. —— Pray Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a spreading Counter. I do remember now, the Ladies in the Apartments, the Birth-Night, were most of 'em two Yards about. —— Indeed, Sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty Chambermaid's Air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your Ladyship for the future. [*Exit.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Master desires ——

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's sake, hold; If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco-Breath of

thine, I shall poison the whole Drawing-Room. Stand at the Door, pray, and speak.

[Serv. *goes to the Door, and speaks.*

Serv. My Master, Madam, desires ———

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Rascal bellows so loud, that he tears my Head to pieces. —— Here, Awkwardness, go take the Booby's Message, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the Door, whispers and returns.*

Cham. My Master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Visit this Morning?

Lure. Ay —— Why this is civil ——! 'Tis an insupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good-morrow, dearest Angel. How have you rested last Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Coll.! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bless me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your slovenly Campaign-Airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a sliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeness upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd kind of Reception this, truly.—— I'm very sorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet should create an Aversion to my Company: But for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jerusalem!* Your Compliment, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no serious Disputes upon Trifles, since you know I never contend with you in Matters of Consequence. You are still Mistress of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more absolute in your Pleasure, by adding one faithful Servant

to

to your Desires. —— Come, clear your Brow of that uneasy Chagrin, and let that pleasing Air take place that first enstar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment show how blest'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality.

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will dash the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I kept such Company; 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends—But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at Leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.

Enter Parly, *and whispers her.*

Sir, I have some Business with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-Monster by your self; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a Bowl of Punch, I suppose; and so, Sir, much good may do you. —— Come, *Parly.* [*Exeunt* Lure. *and* Par.

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart. —— Where's your Wife, Brother? —— H' now Man, what's the Matter? —— Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No —— I don't know —— Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you: —— For you must know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a sudden. —— So that ——

Fire. 'Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or breeding Mischief? Where is she, Man? Prithee let me see her; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word she's very ill, and can't see any Body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any Body! What, she's not in Labour sure! I tell you, I will see her.——— Where is she? [*Looking about.*

Stand. No, no, Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see no body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World!—Ay, you have made your Fortune with a Vengeance!——Then, Brother, you shall dine with me at *Locket's*; I hate these Family-Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to. O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir——'Tis very good indeed, Madam.——For your self, dear Madam.——Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasses in another, a Man can't make two Strides without hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much Noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family-Dinners; come along with me.

[*As they are going out, enter* Banter; *who seeing them, seems to retire.*]

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Business, pray Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as my self.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother; he has some Business with your Wife.

Ban.

Ban. His Wife, Gad so! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him; I would fain see his Forehead tho' —— Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Yours, Sir. —— But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother. [*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable —— But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known.

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir *Harry Wildair*; and I hope to inherit his Estate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told, is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir, I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh, Laird, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was establish'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At *Oxford.*

Stand. } At *Oxford!*
Fire. }

Ban. Ay: There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven Years: Yet in defiance to Legs of Mutton, Small Beer, crabbed Books, and sour-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistress, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any *Wildair* in *Christendom.* In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. —— Colonel, where's your Wife?

Fire.

Fire. [*Mimicking him.*] *In spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman.* —— Then, *Colonel, where is your Wife?* —— Hark ye, young *Plato*, whether wou'd you have your Nose slit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot thro' the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Business upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Months Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come. [*Exit.*

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Wind and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a Beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.—— But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came left over?

Ban.

Ban. I ha'n't seen my Brother these seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon, with a Desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, and came up to *London* to attend him, went to his House, but that was all in Troubles for the Death of Wife; there I was told that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might disturb his Quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the Bus'ness that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thousand Lies in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the Truth my self; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say, my Wife, Sir. —— What!

Ban. Why, look ye Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell*'s Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that's she's call'd Mr. *Standard*'s Wife. 'Tis true, you're a handsome young Fellow; she lik'd you, she marry'd you; and tho' the Priest made you both one Flesh, yet there's no small Distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in all my Life, I take it.

Ban.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a Servant and whispers Banter.

Serv. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot —— Col. your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. You must excuse me for not waiting on you down Stairs. —— An impudent young Dog.

[*Exit another way.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in the same House.*

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, *Mons.* Marquis *and* Fireball, *as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.*

Lure. RUin'd! Undone! Destroy'd!

1 *La.* Oh Fortune! Fortune! Fortune!

2 *La.* What will my Husband say?

Mons. Oh *Malheur! malheur! malheur!*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Mons. A hundred and ten Pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten Pistoles. —— Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card?

Mons. Because me had lose by de Card tree times before. —— Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Marbleu! qui sa?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards; you us'd to *Taillée* with Success.

Mons.

Mons. Morbleu, Madam, me nevre lose before: But dat Monsieur Sir *Avy*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is de Devil. —— Vere is de Chevalier?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder —— Go, go, be gone; and bethink your self of some Revenge. —— Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *Louis d'Ors!* —— Tall dall de rall [*Sings*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any body may dance to this Tune; —— Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pounds, the most elevated Piece of Musick that ever I heard in my Life; they are the prettiest Castagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. *Purslip* —— here's Hoods and Scarfs for you: [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, splendid Equipage, lovely Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me —— Oh the charming Angels! the Losers Sorrow, and the Gainer's Joy: Get ye into my Pocket. —— Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant. —— You'll excuse me, I hope; the small Devotion here that I pay to my good Fortune. —— Ho'now! Mute! Why, Ladies, I know that Losers have Leave to speak; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be dumb. —— *Monsieur!* Ladies! Captain! [*Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.*

Fire. Death and Hell! Why d'ye strike me, Sir? [*Drawing.*

Wild. To comfort you, Sir. —— Your Ear, Capt. —— The King of *Spain* is dead.

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead!

Wild. Dead as *Julius Cæsar*; I had a Letter on't just now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall [*sings.*] Look ye, Sir, pray strike me again, if you please. —— See here, Sir, you have

have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World. [*Puts it in his Mouth.*

Down it goes i'faith. —— Allons for the *Thatch'd House* and the *Mediterranean.* —— Tall dall de rall.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. —— Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry!* I was afraid of a Quarrel. I'm so much concern'd.

Wild. At the loss of your money, Madam. But why, should the Fair be afflicted? Your Eyes, your Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal Power with him, and can transform to Gold whate'er they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Soldier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Merchant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines for you. Your Eyes unty the Miser's knotted Purse. [*To one Lady.*] Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy Chain. —— Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands. [*To another*] —— And Gamesters only win when they can lose to you. [*To* Lurewell.] —— This Luck is the most Rhetorical thing in Nature.

Lure. I have a great mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1. *La.* And I. [*Exit.*

2. *La.* And I [*Crying, and Exit.*

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade, —— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Minister of Fortune's Power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more powerful than a King. —— What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind!

Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Basset! — And then Ombre! who can resist the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze le Va, & Trente le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbidge, and Pam in Lanterloo, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Ay, Madam, these are Charms indeed. —— Then the Pleasure of picking our Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Basset next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Necessity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Pistoles, which a hundred Years Courtship cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir *Harry*, that's foul play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, 'tis nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it so in *France* a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forswear my Visits, Fashions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There spoke the Spirit of true-born *English* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure. Look ye, Sir *Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune; he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam; there's no occasion for that; See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the singing Birds, Sir *Harry*, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few —— But I could wish, *de tout mon ceur, for quelque Commodite*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. Ah! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout sa ——

Wild. Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre service.

[*Pulls her.*

Lure. No, no, Sir *Harry*, not at this time o'day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with some Remarks of my own upon the new way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening.

Lure. [*Opening the Book.*] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new way of making Love! Then Sir *Harry* is turning Author, I find. — What's here? — Hi, hi hi. A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound. — The new way of making Love! — *Pardie cét fort Gallant* — One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair*'s a charming Fellow! — Hi, hi, hi, — He has such an air, and such a turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come, — Madam, I'll give you a hundred Guineas if you'll let me. — Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings. — Here's a hundred Pound now, and he never names the thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Lurewell *and* Monsieur Marquis.

LUREWELL.

WELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Mons. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Personage? Ave I not de Understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence bettre dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset bettre dan I? Den why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why because Fortune is blind.

Mons. Blind! Yes, begar, and dum and deaf too, — Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature give de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monsieur?*

Mons. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Mons. Begar, Madam — Hi, hi, hi. — De Anglis man's dead Vife sall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman Cuckold her Husband!

Monf. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de distinction between de design and de term of de Treaty. — She canno touch his Head, but she can Cuckold his Pocket of ten tousand Livres.

Lure. Pray explain your self, Sir.

Monf. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry*'s Wife in your Pocket!

Monf. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Distinctions, but speak plain.

Monf. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but distinction upon his Tongue. — See here, Madam! I ave de Picture of Sir *Arry*'s Vife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is't possible?

Monf. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn, pray, *Monsieur*, how did you purchase it?

Monf. As me did purchase de Picture, so me did gain de Substance, de dear, dear Substance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tate, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard bless me! How cunningly some Women can play the Rogue! Ah! have I found it out! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than my self. ——— Here was such a work with my Lady *Wildair*'s Piety! my Lady *Wildair*'s Conduct! and my Lady *Wildair*'s Fidelity, forsooth! Now, dear *Monsieur*, you have infallibly told me the best News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and she was but one of us! heh!

Monf. Oh, Madam! me no tell Tale, me no scandalize de Dead; de Picture be dumb, de Picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Distinctions; I'm sure it was so. I wou'd have given the World for such a Story

a Story of her while she was living. She was charitable, forsooth! and she was devout, forsooth! and every body was twitted i'th' Teeth with my Lady *Wildair*'s Reputation: And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Discretion? She goes to Church twice a day. —— Ah! I hate these Congregation-Women. There's such a fuss, and such a clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more noise than all the Bells in the Parish —— Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture?

Monf. De Advantage of ten tousand Livres, parde. —— *Attendez vous*, Madam. Dis Lady she die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she dye in dat City, and dat she send me dis Picture as a Legacy, wid a tousand base mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha, —— Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monf. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick?

Monf. Never to tell a Secret to a Voman.—— Madam, *je sui vôtre serviteur.* [*Runs off.*

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have it. [*Follows.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! Look! Look you there, Brother! See how they Coquet it! Oh! There's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! Ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, may foy, pardie, allons*: Don't you see how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Disorder.*] Where's my Reason? Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir. — Blood! I say, Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why ſtab him, ſtab him now. —— *Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I ſay.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thouſand Heads; and tho' I ſhould cut this one off, the Monſter ſtill wou'd ſprout. Muſt I murder all the Fops in the Nation? and to ſave my Head from Horns, expoſe my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and buff? —— Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Noſe of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Crevats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horſes.

Stand. A noble Plot. — But now it's laid, how ſhall we put it in Execution? for not one of theſe Fellows ſtirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're ſtout as Heroes; for I can aſſure you, that a Beau with ſix Footmen ſhall fight you any Gentleman in Chriſtendom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiſs your Hand

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll ſhew you how to manage a Beau preſently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a ſimple inoffenſive Fellow, that will rather make us Diverſion.

Fire. Diverſion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diverſion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a ſurfeit of Intriguing ſome Months ago, before I was marry'd —— Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a strange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; constantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up some Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions; that proves diverting enough. Some time ago he had got the travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occasions; but lately, since the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has possess'd him, and he runs stark mad after News and Politicks.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Coll. great —— Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a kind of suspicious Air. —— Your Ear, Coll. —— The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whispering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha. —— And why d'ye whisper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true —— But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, just come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odso! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Forecastle. —— Nay, a Kiss o't'other side, pray. —— Now, dear Captain, tell us the News. —— Odso! I'm so pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain —— You sailed a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*. —— Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then —— we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith? —— Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right Sea Captain —— But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? And what Whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coast of *Jutland*.

Clin.

Clin. Jutland! Ay, that's part of *Portugal*, —— Well, and so, —— you enter'd the *Sound*; —— and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith. —— And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty King of *Sweden!* What sort of man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and slender! Much about my pitch? Hah!

Fire. Not so gross; not altogether so low.

Clin. Na! I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed. —— [*Here* Parley *enters, and stands at the Door; Clincher beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the Gentlemen by turns.*] Well, and what more? And so you bombarded *Copenhagen*, —— (Mrs. *Parley*) —— Whiz, flap went the Bombs. (Mrs. *Parley*) —— And so —— Well, not altogether so gross, you say —— (Here's a Letter, you Jade.) —— Very tall, you say? Is the King very tall? —— (Here's a Guinea, you Jade.) —— [*She takes the Letter, and the Coll. observes him.*] Hem! hem! Coll. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptysick of late. —— Hem! hem! A strange Stoppage of my Breast here. Hem! But now it is off again. —— Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the World knows, and still you are stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea-Captain. Odso! And I wonder, Captain, that your Understanding did not split your Ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir?

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's Wit for you, Sir ——

Enter Parley, *who gives the Coll. a Letter.*

Odso! A Letter! Then there's News. —— What, is

is it the Foreign Post? What News, dear Coll. what News? Hark ye, Mr. *Parley*.

[*He talks with* Parley *while the Coll. reads the Letter.*

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it so?

[*Looks at* Clincher.

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I shou'd violate the work of your fair Hands. — [Oh! Fulsome Fop.] *I therefore with the warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it asunder.* [Ay, here's such a turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!] *I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send my Correspondent in* Wales; *but shall waive all Business, and hasten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying Post.*

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. *Toby.* ——— Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locket's*, and invent some way or other to fuddle him. ——, Here Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the *Sound* by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locket's*.

Clin. His own Journal! Odso, let me see it.

Stand. Show it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News ——— [*Reads.*] Thursday, August *the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses* per *Traverse, true Course protracted,*

tracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 *Degrees, West* 60 *Miles, Difference of Latitude* 42 *Miles, Departure West* 40 *Miles, Latitude* per *Judgment* 54 *Degrees* 13 *Minutes, Meridian distance current from the bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is* 88 *Miles.* ——— Odso! Great News Faith. ——— Let me see. *At* [*Noon broke our Main-top-Sail-yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.* ——— Odso! A Whale! Great News, Faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this Proviso, Gentlemen, That I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the ———

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aside.*

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Collonel, a very fine Lady. ——— Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt* Fireball *and* Clincher.

Stand. Well, Mrs. *Parley*, how go the rest of our affairs.

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed Council already. ——— Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guineas for the good News of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune! ——— Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Business be done before you come back?

Stand.

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her Pride will preserve her against the first Assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay. [*Exeunt* Coll. *and* Par.

SCENE *changes to another Room in the same House.*

Enter Wildair *and* Lurewell.

Lure. WELL how, Sir *Harry*, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe I think 'tis the best penn'd Piece I have seen a great while, I don't know any of our Authors have writ in so florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving — Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in expressions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rapsodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their speaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer*'s time, perhaps have passed for Love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble Passion, and by the true, persuasive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Style of *Louis d'Ors*, can raise the ravish'd Female to a Rapture. —— In short, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softness, o'er top *Milton* in Sublime, barter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and Dr. *Swan* in Quibbling, by the help of that most ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*, I begin to hate that old thing call'd Love; they say 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, no body wears it: And here too, Honesty went out with the flash'd Doublets, and Love with the close-body'd Gowns. Love! 'Tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of Fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad — Faugh!

Lure.

Lure. Ha, ha, ha.—The best Emblem in the World.—Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down ——— Love! ——— Ay, methinks I see the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madness, and her Mouth full of Nonsense. ——— Oh! Hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Plaints, the Daggers, the Poysons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man must kneel, and a Man must swear ——— There is a Repose, I see, in the next Room. [*Aside.*

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural thing in the World; as fulsome as a Sack-Posset, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park. [*Pulls her again.*

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. These Poets dress it up so in their Tragedies, that no modest Woman can bear it. Your way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance. [*Pulling her.*

Lure. Truly so it does ——— Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*

Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now ——— Pshaw! ——— Very familiar, Sir. [Banter *takes up* Wildair's *Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*

Ban.

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger! —— What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*] —Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Collonel to write the Superscriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry!* Don't you know that the Collonel can't write *French?* Your time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by way of *Roan* or *Paris?*

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume, 'tis right —— This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam? — Dem him. [*Aside.*

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy! — Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom-Thumb* for ought I know; but if you are my Brother, — I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer. [*Aside.*

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there 'tis. [*Gives a Letter.*

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little. — By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape, [*Walks about and views him*] well dress'd — The Rogue has got a Leg too. — Come kiss me, Child. — Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right Velvet Lip. — Can'st thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too! Why sure, Sir, you cou'd never be bred at *Oxford!*

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *London* — Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you. Sir *Harry*, you'll stay Supper? [*Exit.*

Wild. Assurement, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both! ——— Sir, I'll send you back to your Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better Mutton-Commons by messing with you, Brother — Come, Sir *Harry:* If you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow. ——— Why Sirrah, hast thou any Thoughts of being my Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me; you shou'd keep a pack of Wenches o' purpose to hunt down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye, Sirrah, come along; and for my Disappointment just now, if you don't get me a new Mistress to Night, I'll marry to morrow, and won't leave you a Groat. ——— Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother. [*Pushes him out, and* Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, *hauling in* Clincher.

FIREBALL.

COME, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, Faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir. —— Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spanish* King will —

Clin. [*Returning*] Eh! What's that of the *Spanish* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old *Don Carlos* is dead.

Clin. Dead! —— Nay, then [*Sits down.*] — Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink presently; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* strait — Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succession — not mind the Succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settled upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, settled already! —— The best News that ever came into *England* —— Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fire. Burn the Succession, Sir. I won't drink it —— What, drink Confusion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties.

Clin. Ay, by all means. —— As for Trade, d'ye see? I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. These Tradesmen are the most impudent Fellows we have, and spoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly! —— And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi. —— Religion! —— And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray? —— And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. 'Pshaw! Liberties! That's a Jest. We Beaux shall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for. ——

Enter Standard.

Dear Collonel, the rarest News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Question, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, Bring in the Brandy —— Fill.

Clin. This is a piece of Politicks that I dont so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, ay, this comes o'the Succession; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand.

Stand. Drink, Sir, I say ——— Brother, manage him, I must be gone. [*Aside to* Fireball, *and* Exit.

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land! —— Look ye, Gentlemen, If I must be poyson'd, pray let me chuse my own Dose —— Were I a Lord now, I should have the Privilege of the Block, and as I'm Gentleman, pray stifle me with Claret at least! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy! you Dog, abuse Brandy! Flat Treason against the Navy-Royal. ——— Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the Fleet ——— Here, *Shark.*

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and press this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub.*

Sha. Ay, Master. [*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub!* ——— Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the Devil this way. Here, Sir, your good Health; ——— and my own Confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimstone! and Tobacco! [*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then. —— Take the Glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadside! nay then, I'm sunk downright. ——— Dear Captain give me Quarter, consider the present juncture of Affairs; you'll spoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark.*

Clin. Well, well, I will drink ——— The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks*] Whiz, Buz. Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron. —— Eh! Bless me, how the Ship rouls! ——— I can't stand upon my Legs, Faith. ——— Dear Captain, gives me a Kiss. —— Ay, burn the Succession. — Look ye, Captain, I shall be Sea sick presently.

[*Falls into* Fireball's *Arms.*

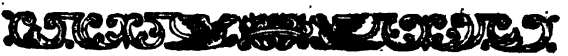
Enter Shark, *and another with a Chair.*

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sha. Ay, ay, Sir, —— Avaſt, avaſt, —— Here, Boy. —— No, *Nants* left. —— [*Tops the Glaſs.*

Fire. Bring him along.

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks.



SCENE *changes to* Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. DID you ever ſee ſuch an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter?* He follow'd his Brother up and down from place to place ſo very cloſe, that we could not ſo much as whiſper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will diſpoſe of him now, Madam, where he may be ſecur'd, —— But I wonder Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! 'tis near the Hour,

Lure. I wiſh, *Parley*, that no harm may befal me to Day; for I had a moſt frightful Dream laſt Night; I dreamt of a Mouſe.

Par. 'Tis ſtrange, Madam, you ſhou'd be ſo much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us ſome darling Fright. —— I now hate a Mouſe; my Lady *Lovecards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fiddlefan* can't bear a Squirril; the Counteſs of *Piquet* abominates a Frog; and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis *running.*

Mar. Madam! Madam? Madam! Pardie voyez. —L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*

Lure.

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it ——— Well, but how? How, dear Monsieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau — Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furnise his Lady wid ten tousan Livres for de Expence of her Travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Husband. Mark ye!

Lure. The best Plot in the World. — You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *France*, when her Bills, I suppose, were delay'd. — You put in that, I presume.

Mar. Ouy, Ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed she gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that she had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother sent over to you, with Commission to receive the Debt!

Mar. Assurement. — Dere was de Politique, de France Politique! — See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make the Anglise Lady Cuckle her Husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, Begar: Ha, ha, ha. — Oh Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ay, But what did Sir *Harry* say?

Mar. Oh! Begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousan Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he say, and order me de Money from his Stewar. — Oh notre Dame? Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monsieur, I long to know one thing, Was the Conquest you made of his Lady so easy? What Assaults did you make? And what Resistance did she shew?

Mar.

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere were tree-deux-yeux, one Serenade, an two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story. — Well, Monsieur! 'tis about a thousand Pounds; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Perdie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Present of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? — Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes, begar, 'tis ver' well. — Considre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugé*, me 'ave noting but de religious Charite, and de France Politique, de Fruit of my own Address, dat is all.

Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh Monsieur; that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below*]. He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in,*] and if I don't be reveng'd on your *France* Politique, then have I no *English* Politique — Hang the Money! I would not for twice a thousand Pound forbear abusing this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parley.

Par. 'Tis Sir *Harry*, Madam.

Lure. As I could wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. *Parley*, in the first place I sacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good-luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child, *French* Money is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, *and runs to Sir* Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick.

Dick. Sir, Sir! shall I order your Chair to the back Door by five a-Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. —[Dicky *runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd of the Collonel, and we'll rail at Love till we han't a Word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry* — Please to sit a little, Sir — You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions. — How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha —— So very well, faith, that for her very sake I'm in love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony please you extremely?

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir *Harry!* This is Raillery. But your serious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by chance, she was virtuous by chance, and I lov'd her by great chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap. — I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, she was my Mistress one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the variety of a Thousand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleasure of Change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous.

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, sparkling Wit in her Forehead, and sprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. 'Pshaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't answer my Question, Sir.

Wild.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Estate gave me a Lustre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden Pleasures! Golden Fiddlesticks. —— What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was she virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to please her, she dress'd to engage me! we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonsense, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Playhouse, and all the Night. — Hem.

Lure. Look ye, Sir, answer my Question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a Pattern of Unity. — Her Wants were still prevented by my Supplies; my own Heart whisper'd me her Desires, 'cause she her self was there; no Contention ever rose, but the dear Strife of who shou'd most oblige; no Noise about Authority: for neither would stoop to command, 'cause both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! stuff! stuff! —— I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoke of Matrimony, because our Inclinations made us one; a Power superior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had lost its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before; Then ——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha. Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; 'tis an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended, and I will resent it. —— In short, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a ——

Wild.

Wild. Buz, Madam, — No Detraction — I'll tell you what she was. — So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I saw another in her Arms, I shou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conscious Reason had given my Eyes the Lie.

Lure. Very well! Then I an't to be believ'd, it seems. — But d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, 'tis not in the power of Malice to cast a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conspir'd both against her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable. [*Stopping his Ears.*

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it. — The Picture, the Picture, the Picture!

[*Bawling aloud.*

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Pistol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had just now from the *French* Marquis for a thousand Pounds; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife send to the Marquis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robbed of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [*Aloud.*

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt; I know it, I'll swear it. — She Virtuous! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen! He won't hear me — I burst with Malice, and now he won't mind me! — Won't you hear me yet?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a crying.* — Sir, I must say that you're an unworthy Person, to use a Woman of Quality at this rate, when she has her Heart full of Malice; I don't know but it may make me miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better

better than one of us, and I know it; I have seen it with my Eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beseech thee. How shall I 'scape?

Lure. Will you hear me yet? Dear, Sir *Harry*, do but hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh! I have it.——Hush, hush, hush.

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A Mouse, a Mouse, a Mouse!

Lure. Where? where? where?

Wild. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam.

[Lure. *shrieks and runs.*

Wild. O my Head! I was never worsted by a Woman before.—But I have heard so much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I must run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*]—The Entry is stopt by a Chair coming in; and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a place to hide my self. [*Goes to the Closet-door*] Fast! I have Keys about me for most Locks about St. *James*'s—Let me see.—[*Tries one Key.*] No, no; this opens my Lady *Planthorn*'s Back-door. [*Tries another*]—Nor this; this is the Key to my, Lady *Stakeall*'s Garden. [*Tries a third*] Ay, ay, this does it, Faith. [*Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.*

Enter Shark *and another, with* Clincher *in a Chair*; Parley.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend; who gave you Order to lug in your dirty Chair into the House?

Sha. My Master, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence?

Sha. Every body, Sauce-box.—And for the present, here's my Master, and if you have any thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs* Clincher *out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, *Tom.*

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. *Jubilee*, is it you?

Par.

Par. Bless me! the Gentleman's dead! Murder! Murder!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me! What's the matter, *Clincher?*

Par. Mr. *Clincher*, are you dead, Sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh! then 'tis well enough.——Are you drunk, Sir?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living: All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues miscarry.—Faugh! the Beast? But, Sir, what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir?

Clin. *Shark!*

Lure. What shall we do with him, *Parley?* If the Collonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! What's here? Who are you, Sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam!—Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as he are all those Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet.—I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Balance, and see whose Merit bears the greater weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Collonel.

Stand. Suppose your self freely disengag'd, unmarry'd, and to make a choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Bute? a Monkey? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man—Yes; take him

to your Bed; there let the Beast disgorge his fulsom Load in your fair, lovely Bosom, snore out his Passion in your soft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his sick Debauch, perfume your sweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauseous! nauseous! Poison!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on my self: But when compar'd to him, there Modesty must stoop, and Indignation give my Words a loose, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemish'd in my Honour, have nobly serv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I should think so too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Person too as fair to outward view; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd distinguish right, and therefore made a choice of you.—— Your Sex have bless'd our Isle with Beauty, by distant Nations priz'd; and could they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes —— He will conquer, unless I relieve her in time; she begins to melt already.

Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n; and by that Heav'n I swear, the constant study of my Days and Nights have been to please my dearest Wife. Your Pleasure never met controul from me, nor your Desires a Frown.—I never mention'd my distrust before, nor will I now wrong your discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man! [*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, then 'tis time for me; I will relieve her.— [*He steals out of the Closet, and coming behind* Standard *claps him on the Shoulder.*] Collonel your humble Servant. —— ——

Stand. Sir *Harry*, how came you hither?

Wild.

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow! Thou hast got thy Load with a witness; but the Wine was humming strong; I have got a touch on't my self. [*Reels a little.*

Stand. Wine, Sir *Harry!* What Wine!

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it seems? Eh!

Wild. Yes, faith, we have been together all this Afternoon; 'tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on pretence of hearing all the News from the Jubilee. The Humour was new to me; so to't we went. — But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb, two or three Bumpers did his Business. — Ah, Madam! What do I deserve for this? [*Aside to* Lurewell.

Lure. Look ye there, Sir; you see how Sir *Harry* has clear'd my Innocence. —— I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir; but I must leave you to make it out, [*To* Wild. *and* Ex.

Stand. Yes, yes; ye has clear'd you wonderfully. —— But pray, Sir. —— I suppose you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my House? Eh!

Wild. Ay: Why, you must know that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum; so I had him tumbl'd into a Chair, and order'd the Fellows to carry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it seems, mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O, yes; sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in *James*-Street for a House in *Covent-Garden.* — Here

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute. [*Servants carry off* Clincher. And you say 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir *Harry*, very strong.

Wild. 'Egad, there is some Trick in this Matter, and I shall be discover'd, [*Aside.*] Ay, Collonel; but I must be gone: I'm engag'd to meet —— Collonel, I'm your humble Servant. [*Going.*

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the ruin of all our Designs. [*Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off? —— Hark ye, Collonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it. ——— You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what thou'd I spy but a great Mouse running across that Closet door, I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frighted, but with all my force (d'ye see) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Closet.

Wild. Ay, ay, that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir *Harry*, I'll bring it out.

[*Goes into the Closet.*

Wild. Now have I told a matter of twenty Lies in a Breath.

Stand. Sir *Harry*! Is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[Standard *comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and bawling in the* Marquis *with the other.*

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your part, I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs, I ave but one Troat,

Enter Parley, *and runs to* Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and, if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Confidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour: But I am bound to guard her Reputation, so that no Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal: Therefore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, 'tis time to desist. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay; so 'tis faith. Come, Monsieur, I must talk with you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Standard' *House.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

STANDARD.

IN short, Brother, a Man may talk till Doomsday of Sin, Hell, and Damnation; But your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's any thing of a Devil in a handsome Fellow with a fine Coat. You must shew the Cloven-foot, expose the Brute, as I have done; and tho' her Virtue sleeps, her Pride will surely take th'Alarm.

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you sent him away.——

Stand. No, no; the Fool has served my turn, without the Scandal of a publick Resentment; and the Effect has shewn that my Design was right; I've touch'd her very Heart, and she relents apace.

Enter Lurewell *running.*

Lure. Oh! My Dear, save me! I'm frighted out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you? [*Draws his Sword, and stands before her.*

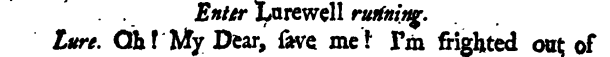
Lure. Oh! Sir, A Ghost! A Ghost! I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghosts; send for the Parson. [*Sheaths his Sword.*

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Collonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frighted to Death; I saw it twice: twice it stalked by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice uttered a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is strange! Ghosts by Day-light! —— Come, my Dear, along with me; don't shrink, we'll see to find this Ghost. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, *and* Dicky.

Wild. DIcky!

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a *French* Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monsieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em cou'd lend a thousand Pence, much less a thousand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild.

Wild. Hold, Sir, pray answer me one Question? What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*; and are a downright Atheist in *England*? A very tender Conscience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monsieur, my Conscience be de ver' tendre; he no suffre his Maître to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monsieur.

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *English*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir *Arry* —Voyez sa—De *France* Marquis scorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vise de Money, and here is my witness. [*Draws.*

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examin'd: But this is no place to try the Cause; we'll cross the Park into the Fields; you shall throw down the Money between us, and the best Title, upon a fair Hearing, shall take it up.——Allons!

Mar. Oh! De tout mon coeur.——Allons! Fient à la tête, begar. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parley.

Lure. 'PShaw! I'm such a frighted Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy.——Come, *Parley*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it Sir *Harry* shall know what

what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. Though he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Leter sure.

[*Sits down to write.*

Ghost. [*From within.* —— Hold.

Lure. Protect me! —— *Parley*, don't leave me. —— But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold.

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold. I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to writ.*

Ghost. Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now 'tis plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins! What is it?

Ghost enters, Lurewell *and* Parley *shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate her Fame.
Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With scandalous Reproach the Grave of Innocence.
Repent, vain Woman!
Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,
And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's Bed,
Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

[*Stalks off.*

[Lurewell *swoons, and* Parley *supports her.*

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard *and* Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par.

Par. Oh, Sir! We're frighted to Death; here has been the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What Ghost?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Wife.

Stand. Angelica!

Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Mistress with mere Morals.

Fire. A good hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parley*.

[Parley *leads out* Lurewell.

What can this mean, Brother?

Fire. The meaning's plain. There's a design of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; so his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneasy in her Grave.——But whatever be the Cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, *the Park*.

Company walking; Wildair *and* Marquis *passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.*

Lord. SIR *Harry*.

Wild. My Lord?——Monsieur, I'll follow you, Sir. [*Exit* Marquis.

La. I must talk with you, Sir,

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more haste in my Life.

Lo.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More Mischief again!——Perhaps, I may not presume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your Face,——But if you must know, your Lady owes me, two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!——'Tis very strange! That some Men, tho' their Education be never so Gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governours, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour: But now that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Bellesprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why shou'd you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troublesome and impertinent thing.——Can't we live together, like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour, That's such an Impertinence!

—Pray,

—— Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation? Making a Jest of his Misfortunes? Cheating him at Cards, debauching his Bed, or the like.

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good Manners, Excess of good Manners. Why, you han't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding, —— As for instance. Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet,* and *Pontack,* were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal, and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound. —— Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for shame; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket. [*Runs off.*

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis *with his Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.*

Mar. SA, sa, sa, sient a la Tate. Sa, Embaracades Odart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha; the Devil! Must I fight with a Tumbler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe.

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.——Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[*Lays down the Bag between 'em.*

Allons!

Enter Dicky, *and gives* Wildair *a Gun.*

Morbleu! que sa?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.——*Dicky*, take up the Money and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: And if my Master be kill'd the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu! de Anglis-man be one Coward.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Where is your *French* Politique, now? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own: but now, we're upon the level; and since you have been at the trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I must requite your pains. So come on, Sir. [*Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.*

Mar.

Mar. Come on! For wat? Wen de Money is gone! De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit! Pardonnez moy, pardie. [*Sits down to pull off his Pumps.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture?

Mar. [*Starting up.*] Wy den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de Money be gone, me vill speak the veritie; —— Pardie, Monsieur, me did make the Cuckle of you, and your Vife send me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd shake Hands immediately, and be Friends: But as I believe you to be a vain scandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat. [*They fight.*

Enter Standard *and* Fireball, *who part 'em.*

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen. —— Brother, secure the Marquis. —— Come, Sir *Harry*, put up; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of Humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[*As they talk,* Marquis *dresses, and* Fireball *helps him.*

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. 'Pshaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it. —— Pray, Collonel, what makes you stay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Collonel, you must know we were a pair of the most happy, toying, foolish People in the World, till she got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealousy in her Head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne'er an angry word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning. —— But pray no more on't. —— Are you hurt Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be serious when I tell you that her Ghost appears.

Wild. Her Ghost! Ha, ha, ha. That's pleasant faith.

Stand. As sure as Fate, it walks in my House.

Wild. In your House! come along, Collonel. By the Lord I'll kiss it. [*Exeunt* Wild. *and* Stand.

Mar. Monsieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat.

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm such a Rogue as to part a couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see 'em make an end on't; I think it a less Sin to part Man and Wife. —— Come along, Sir.

[Exit *pulling* Monsieur.

SCENE, Standard's *House*.

Enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. WELL then; this, it seems, is the inchanted Chamber. The Ghost has pitch'd upon a handsome Apartment however. —— Well, Collonel, when do you intend to begin?

Stand. What, Sir?

Wild. To laugh at me; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha! By all that's powerful there it is.

Ghost walks cross the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is —— Emh! Blood, I'll speak to't. —— Vous, Madamoiselle Ghost, parlez vous *François*? —— No! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect due to your Quality.

[*Ghost returns,*

Ghost.

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] ——— Ha! 'tis Substance, I'm sure. ——— But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good earnest now, whether you are alive or dead?

Ang. [*Throwing off her Shroud.*] ——— Alive! alive! [*Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.*] and never liv'd so much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Collonel? [*She hangs upon him.*] Is it not a very loving Ghost?

Stand. Amazement!

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement truly. ——— Look ye, Madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits: Pray keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. [*Moving away.*

Stand. Sir *Harry*, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together however. [*Exit.*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an Absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your Sight. [*Weeping and going.*

Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Pawlet* and *Lockit* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm our Ears with *Abel's* Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus with all our Senses

tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there, ——— Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving than all the Plays in *Christendom*. —— I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World besides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore I had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickness at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return ——— Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your busie Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurewell*; and in the Form of a Ghost, have reveng'd the Scandal she this Day threw upon me, and have frighted her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frighted you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! ——— But by what means, my Dear, could you purchase this double Disguise? How came you by my Letter to my Brother.

Ang.

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters since I came home. But for my Ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. *Parley* (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball *and* Marquis.

Fire. Sir *Harry*, if you have a mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some oder Countrey now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the *French* Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it ——— But no matter, my Neighbour's shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cause it was given by you. [*Shows the Picture.*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful! ——— And what's this?

[*Pulling out t'other Picture.*

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other. ——— Monsieur Marquis, *ecoute.* ——— You did lie vid my Wife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lie, den vill he tell Trute ——— I was acquaint wid the Paintre dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Pistole for de Copy. ——— An so me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all. ———

Wild.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

VEntre bleu! vere is dis dam Poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two Ear:
Je suis Enrage ——— now he is not here.
He has affront the French! Le Villaine bête.
De French! your best Friend! —— you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs a serait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own!
Vat have you of grand Pleasure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, *dat vil go down?*
Picquet, Basset; your Vin, your Dress, your Dance;
'Tis all you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a bondre knick knack;
He carry out Wit, but seldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, so small
De Joynt, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tre year it sal save half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet she ave her Ratisia dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere;
As for de Cuckold — dat indeed you can make here;
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De short Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
*De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere.**
We teach your Vife, to ope dere Husband's Purses
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach and dere Horses.
Garzoon! ve teach you every ting de Varle:
For vy den your damn Poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre tousan Refugee (Parbleu c'est vray)
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.

* Pointing to his Fingers.

I. Basire sculp

THE INCONSTANT; OR, The Way to win him.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora——— Ovid. Met.

LONDON:
Printed for J. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and B. LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

TO

Richard Tighe, *Esq*;

SIR,

DEdications are the only Fashions in the World that are more dislik'd for being Universal; and the Reason is, that they very seldom fit the Persons they were made for: but I hope to avoid the common Obloquy in this Address, by laying aside the Poet in every thing but the Dramatick Decorum *of suiting my Character to the Person.*

From the Part of Mirabel *in this Play, and another Character in one of my former, People are willing to compliment my Performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young Gentleman. My Genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of Description, and my Veneration for you, Sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy Accomplishments, you come so near to my Darling Character, abating his Inconstancy.*

What an unspeakable Blessing is Youth and Fortune, when a happy Understanding comes in, to moderate the Desires of the first, and to refine upon the Advantages of the latter; when a Gentleman is Master of all Pleasures, but a Slave to none; who has travell'd, not for the Curiosity of the Sight, but for the Improvement of the Mind's Eye; and who returns full of every thing but himself——An Author might say a great deal more, but a Friend, Sir, nay, an Enemy must allow you this.

I shall here, Sir, meet with two Obstacles, your Modesty and your Sense: the first as a Censor upon the Subject, the second as a Critick upon the Style: But I

am obstinate in my Purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of my Pen; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the World on my side; nay, I have your very self against you: for by declining to hear your own Merit, your Friends are authoriz'd the more to proclaim it.

Your Generosity and Easiness of Temper is not only obvious in your common Affairs and Conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling Amusement, that Opener and Dilater of the Mind, Musick;——from your Affection for this delightful Study, we may deduce the pleasing Harmony that is apparent in all your Actions; and be assured, Sir, that a Person must be possess'd of a very divine Soul, who is so much in love with the Entertainment of Angels.

From your Encouragement of Musick, if there be any Poetry here, it has a Claim, by the Right of Kindred, to your Favour and Affection. You were pleas'd to honour the Representation of this Play with your Appearance at several times, which flatter'd my hopes that there might be something in it which your Good-Nature might excuse. With the Honour I here intend for myself, I likewise consult the Interest of my Nation, by shewing a Person that is so much a Reputation and Credit to my Country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome Compliment to the Place of my Pupilage; by informing the World that so fine a Gentleman had the Seeds of his Education in the same University, and at the same time with,

S I R,

Your most faithful, and

most humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

PRE-

PREFACE.

TO give you the Hiſtory of this Play, wou'd but cauſe the Reader and the Writer a Trouble to no purpoſe; I ſhall only ſay, that I took the hint from *Fletcher*'s *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe*; and to thoſe who ſay, that I have ſpoil'd the Original, I wiſh no other Injury, but that they would ſay it again.

As to the Succeſs of it, I think 'tis but a kind of *Cremona* buſineſs, I have neither loſt nor won. I puſhed fairly, but the *French* were prepoſſeſs'd, and the Charms of *Gallick* Heels were too hard for an *Engliſh* Brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my Head at the Ladies Feet. The Favour was unavoidable; for we are a Nation ſo very fond of improving our Underſtanding, that the Inſtruction of a Play does no good, when it comes in competition with the Moral of a *Minuet*. *Pliny* tells us in his *Natural Hiſtory*, of *Elephants* that were taught to dance on the Ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a number of *Subſcriptions* might be had to bring the *Great Mogul* out of *Fleetſtreet*, and make him dance between the Acts?

I remember, that about two Years ago, I had a Gentleman from *France* that brought the Play-houſe ſome fifty Audiences in five Months; then why ſhould I be ſurpriz'd to find a *French* Lady do as much? 'Tis the prettieſt way in the World, of deſpiſing the *French* King, to let him ſee that we can afford Money to bribe away his Dancers, when he, poor Man, has exhauſted all his Stock, in buying of ſome pitiful

Towns and Principalities: *Cum multis aliis.* What can be a greater Compliment to our generous Nation, than to have the Lady upon her *retour* to *Paris*, boast of their splendid Entertainment in *England*, of the Complaisance, Liberality, and Good-nature of a People, that thronged her House so full, that she had not room to stick a Pin; and left a poor Fellow, that had the Misfortune of being one of themselves, without one Farthing for half a Year's Pains that he had taken for their Entertainment?

There were some Gentlemen in the Pit the first Night, that took the hint from the Prologue to damn the Play; but they made such a noise in the Execution, that the People took the Out-cry for a Reprieve; so that the darling Mischief was over-laid by their over-fondness of the Changeling: 'Tis somewhat hard, that Gentlemen shou'd debase themselves into a Faction of a dozen, to stab a single Person, who never had the Resolution to face two Men at a time; if he has had the misfortune of any Misunderstanding with a particular Person, he has had a particular Person to answer it: But these Sparks wou'd be remarkable in their Resentment; and if any body falls under their Displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular Account, but will very honourably burn his House, or pick his Pocket.

The *New-House* has perfectly made me a Convert by their Civility on my sixth Night: For to be Friends, and reveng'd at the same time, I must give them a Play, that is,——when I write another. For Faction runs so high, that I could wish the Senate would suppress the Houses, or put in force the Act against bribing Elections; that House which has the most Favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, spight of all Poetical Justice that wou'd support t'other.

I have heard some People so extravagantly angry at this Play, that one wou'd think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise Men of good Sense) have commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridicul'd me; so that between both,

both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on't; for tho' the Cause has come on six Days successively, yet the Tryal, I fancy, is not determin'd. When our Devotion to *Lent*, and our *Lady*, is over, the Business will be brought on again, and then shall we have fair Play for our Money.

There is a Gentleman of the first Understanding, and a very good Critick, who said of Mr. *Wilks*, that in this Part he out-acted himself and all Men that he ever saw. I wou'd not rob Mr. *Wilks*, by a worse Expression of mine, of a Compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the Turn of Plot in the last Act, is an Adventure of *Chevalier de Chastillon* in *Paris*, and Matter of Fact; but the thing is so universally known, that I think this Advice might have been spar'd, as well as all the rest of the Preface, for any good it will do either to me or the Play.

THE

PROLOGUE

That was ſpoken the firſt Night, receiv'd ſuch Additions from Mr. ——— who ſpoke it, that they are beſt if bury'd and forgot. But the following PROLOGUE is literally the ſame that was intended for the Play, and written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

LIKE hungry Gueſts, a ſitting Audience looks:
Plays are like Suppers: Poets are the Cooks.
The Founders You: The Table is this Place:
The Carvers We: The Prologue is the Grace.
Each Act, a Courſe; each Scene, a different Diſh.
Tho' we're in Lent, *I doubt you're ſtill for Fleſh.*
Satyr's the Sauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp and rough;
Kind Maſques and Beaux, I hope you're Pepper-proof.
Wit is the Wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce, the true,
Poets, like Vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly Scenes, where Rant and Bloodſhed join,
Are Butchers Meat, a Battle's a Sirloin:
Your Scenes of Love, ſo flowing, ſoft and chaſte,
Are Water-gruel, without Salt or Taſte.
Baudy's fat Ven'ſon, which tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your Rakes love Hogoes, like your damn'd French *Cheeſe.*
Your Rarity for the fair Gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice Squeaker, *or* Italian *Capon;*
Or your French *Virgin-Pullet, garniſh'd round,*
And dreſs'd with Sauce of ſome——Four hundred Pound.
An Op'ra, *like an* Oglio, *nicks the Age;*
Farce *is the Haſty-Pudding of the Stage.*
For when you're treated with indifferent Cheer,
Ye can diſpenſe with ſlender Stage-Coach Fare.
A Paſtoral's whipt Cream; Stage-Whims, mere Traſh;
And Tragi-comedy, half Fiſh and Fleſh.
But Comedy, That, that's the darling Cheer.
This Night we hope you'll an Inconſtant bear;
Wild Fowl is lik'd in Play-houſe all the Year.
Yet ſince each Mind betrays a diff'rent Taſte,
And ev'ry Diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry Gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This Favour crav'd, up let the Muſick ſtrike:
You're welcome all——Now fall to, where you like.

EPILOGUE.

Written by *Nathaniel Rowe*, Esq;

And spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

FROM Fletcher's *great Original, to-day*
We took the Hint of this our Modern Play:
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant;
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,
With little Truth, but with a World of Love.
Such Forms on Maids in Morning-Slumbers wait,
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to beat,
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded way;
Let Villeroy's *Misfortune make you wise,*
There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprize;
Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,
Prince Eugene *found an Aqueduct below.*
With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,
A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:
Whilst the Respectful, like the Greek, *sits down,*
And wasts a ten Year's Siege before one Town.
For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,
Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid.
Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,
That they have lost the happy Pow'r to please.
If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,
Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;
As Princes, when they resty States-men doubt,
Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,
And much, even for Inconstancy be said.
Let the good Man for Marriage-Rites design'd,
With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,
Turn over every Page of Woman-kind;
Mark every Sense, and how the Readings vary,
And, when he knows the worst on't,——let him marry.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Old *Mirabel*, an aged Gent. of an odd Compound, between the Peeviſhneſs incident to his Years, and his Fatherly Fondneſs towards his Son.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Young *Mirabel*, his Son.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Captain *Duretete*, an honeſt good-natur'd Fellow, that thinks himſelf a greater Fool than he is.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dugard, Brother to *Oriana*.	Mr. *Mills.*
Petit, Servant to *Dugard*, afterwards to his Siſter.	Mr. *Norris.*

WOMEN.

Oriana, a Lady contracted to *Mirabel*, who wou'd bring him to Reaſon.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Biſarre, a whimſical Lady, Friend to *Oriana*, admir'd by *Duretete*.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lamorce, a Woman of Contrivance.	Mrs. *Kent.*

Four Bravo's, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.

Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

THE INCONSTANT: OR, The Way to win him.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dugard, *and his Man* Petit *in Riding Habits.*

Irrah, what's o' clock?

Pet. Turn'd of Eleven, Sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a ſwingeing Pace from *Nemours* ſince two this Morning! *Petit*, run to *Rouſſeau*'s, and beſpeak a Dinner at a Lewis-d'Or a Head, to be ready by one.

Pet. How many will there be of you, Sir?

Dug. Let me ſee; *Mirabel* one, *Duretete* two, my ſelf three——

Pet. And I four.

Dug.

Dug. How now, Sir, at your old travelling Familiarity! When abroad, you had some Freedom for want of better Company; but among my Friends at *Paris*, pray remember your Distance.——Be gone, Sir.—— [*Exit* Petit.] This Fellow's Wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a Domestick; I must dispose of him some way else.——Who's here? Old *Mirabel*, and my Sister! My dearest Sister!

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Oriana.

Ori. My Brother! Welcome.

Dug. Monsieur *Mirabel!* I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old M. Honest Mr. *Dugard*, by the Blood of the *Mirabels* I'm your most humble Servant.

Dug. Why, Sir, you've cast your Skin sure, you're brisk and gay, lusty Health about you, no sign of Age but your Silver Hairs.

Old M. Silver Hairs! Then they are Quick-silver Hairs, Sir. Whilst I have Golden Pockets, let my Hairs be Silver an they will. Adsbud, Sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But Mr. *Dugard*, no News of my Son *Bob* in all your Travels?

Dug. Your Son's come home, Sir.

Old M. Come home! *Bob* come home! By the Blood of the *Mirabels*, Mr. *Dugard*, what say ye?

Ori. Mr. *Mirabel* return'd, Sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this Hour or two.

Old M. Swear it, Mr. *Dugard*, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to Town with me this Morning, I left him at the *Bagnieurs*, being a little disorder'd after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old M. What! And he was asham'd to ask Blessing with his Boots on. A nice Dog! Well, and how fares the young Rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine Gentleman, Sir. He'll be his own Messenger.

Old

Old M. A fine Gentleman! But is the Rogue like me ſtill?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; he's very like his Mother, and as like you as moſt modern Sons are to their Fathers.

Old M. Why, Sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why, yes, Sir; you marry'd his Mother, and he inherits your Eſtate. He's very like you, upon my Word.

Ori. And pray, Brother, what's become of his honeſt Companion, *Duretete?*

Dug. Who, the Captain? The very ſame he went abroad; he's the only *French-man* I ever knew that cou'd not change. Your Son, Mr. *Mirabel*, is more oblig'd to Nature for that Fellow's Compoſition than for his own: for he's more happy in *Duretete*'s Folly than his own Wit. In ſhort, they are as inſeparable as Finger and Thumb, but the firſt Inſtance in the World, I believe, of Oppoſition in Friendſhip.

Old M. Very well; will he be home to Dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has order'd me to beſpeak a Dinner for us at *Rouſſeau*'s at a Lewidore a Head.

Old M. A Lewidore a Head! Well ſaid, *Bob*; by the Blood of the *Mirabels*, *Bob*'s improved. But Mr. *Dugard*, was it ſo civil of *Bob* to viſit Monſieur *Rouſſeau* before his own Natural Father? Eh! Hearkʼe, *Oriana*, what think you, now, of a Fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewidore at a ſitting? He muſt be as ſtrong as *Hercules*; Life and Spirit in abundance. Before Gad I don't wonder at theſe Men of Quality, that their own Wives can't ſerve 'em. A Lewidore a head! 'tis enough to ſtock the whole Nation with Baſtards, 'tis Faith. Mr. *Dugard*, I leave you with your Siſter. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, Siſter, I need not aſk you how you do, your Looks reſolve me; fair, tall, well ſhapeʼd; you're almoſt grown out of my Remembrance.

Ori.

Ori. Why, truly Brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my Toylet; I have 'ſcap'd the Jaundice, Green-ſickneſs, and the Small-pox; I eat three Meals a Day, am very merry when up, and ſleep ſoundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, Siſter, you remember that upon my going abroad you wou'd chuſe this old Gentleman for your Guardian; he's no more related to our Family than *Preſter John*, and I have no reaſon to think you miſtruſted my Management of your Fortune; therefore, pray be ſo kind as to tell me without Reſervation the true Cauſe of making ſuch a Choice.

Ori. Look'e, Brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, leſt I ſhou'd go a rambling too, that ſome-body ſhou'd take care of me. Old Monſieur *Mirabel* is an honeſt Gentleman, was our Father's Friend, and has a young Lady in his Houſe, whoſe Company I like, and who has choſen him for her Guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Madamoiſelle *Biſarre?*

Ori. The ſame; we live merrily together, without Scandal or Reproach; we make much of the old Gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; we eat what we like, go to Bed when we pleaſe, riſe when we will, all the Week we dance and ſing, and upon *Sundays*, go firſt to Church, and then to the Play. ——Now, Brother, beſides theſe Motives for chuſing this Gentleman for my Guardian, perhaps I had ſome private Reaſons.

Dug. Not ſo private as you imagine, Siſter; your Love to young *Mirabel*; no Secret, I can aſſure you, but ſo publick, that all your Friends are aſham'd on't.

Ori. O' my Word then, my Friends are very baſhful; tho' I'm afraid, Sir, that thoſe People are not aſham'd enough at their own Crimes, who have ſo many Bluſhes to ſpare for the Faults of their Neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but Siſter, the People ſay——

Ori. Pſhaw, hang the People, they'll talk Treaſon, and profane their Maker; muſt we therefore infer, that

that our King is a Tyrant, and Religion a Cheat? Look'e, Brother, their Court of Enquiry is a Tavern; and their Informer, Claret: They think as they drink, and swallow Reputations like Loches; a Lady's Health goes briskly round with the Glass, but her Honour is lost in the Toast.

Dug. Ay, but Sister, there is still something——

Ori. If there be something, Brother, 'tis none of the People's something; Marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! Young *Mirabel* marry! He'll build Churches sooner; take heed, Sister, tho' your Honour stood proof to his home-bred Assaults, you must keep a stricter Guard for the future; he has now got the foreign Air, and the *Italian* Softness; his Wit's improv'd by Converse, his Behaviour finish'd by Observation, and his Assurance confirm'd by *Success*. Sister, I can assure you he has made his Conquests; and 'tis a Plague upon your Sex, to be the soonest deceived by those very Men that you know have been false to others.

Ori. Then why will you tell me of his Conquests? For I must confess there is no Title to a Woman's Favour so engaging, as the repute of a handsome Dissimulation; there is something of a Pride to see a Fellow lie at our Feet, that has triumph'd over so many; and then, I don't know, we fancy he must have something extraordinary about him to please us, and that we have something engaging about us to secure him; so we can't be quiet, 'till we put our selves upon the lay of being both disappointed.

Dug. But then, Sister, he's as fickle——

Ori. For God's sake, Brother, tell me no more of his Faults, for if you do I shall run mad for him: Say no more, Sir, let me but get him into the Bands of Matrimony, I'll spoil his wandring, I warrant him. I'll do his Business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, Sister! I won't pretend to understand the Engagements between you and your Lover; I expect, when you have need of my Counsel or Assistance,

sistance, you will let me know more of your Affairs. *Mirabel* is a Gentleman, and as far as my Honour and Interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your Happiness: In the mean time, Sister, I have a great mind to make you a Present of another humble Servant; a Fellow that I took up at *Lyons*, who has serv'd me honestly ever since.

Ori. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gain'd so insufferably on my good Humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the Fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your Affair with *Mirabel*. Here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Well, Sir, have you been at *Rousseau*'s?

Pet. Yes, Sir, and who should I find there, but Mr. *Mirabel* and the Captain, hatching as warmly over a Tub of Ice, as two Hen-Pheasants over a Brood.——They would let me bespeak nothing, for they had din'd before I came.

Dug. Come, Sir, you shall serve my Sister, I shall still continue kind to you; and if your Lady recommends your Diligence upon Tryal, I'll use my Interest to advance you; you have Sense enough to expect Preferment.——Here, Sirrah, here's ten Guineas for thee, get thy self a Drugget Suit and a Puff-Wig, and so——I dub thee Gentleman Usher.——Sister, I must put my self in Repair, you may expect me in the Evening.——Wait on your Lady home, *Petit.* [*Exit* Dug.

Pet. A Chair, a Chair, a Chair.

Ori. No, no, I'll walk home; 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a Tavern, discovering young* Mirabel *and* Duretete *rising from Table.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, my dear Captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I lik'd every thing but our Women, they look'd so lean and tawdry, poor

poor Creatures! 'Tis a ſure ſign the Army is not paid·——Give me the plump *Venetian*, briſk and ſanguine, that ſmiles upon me like the glowing Sun, and meets my Lips like ſparkling Wine, her Perſon ſhining as the Glaſs, and Spirit like the foaming Liquor.

Dur. Ah, *Mirabel*, *Italy* I grant you; but for our Women here in *France*, they are ſuch thin Brawn-fall'n Jades, a Man may as well make a Bed-fellow of a Cane-Chair.

Mir. France! A light unſeaſon'd Country, nothing but Feathers, Foppery, and Faſhions; we're fine indeed, ſo are our Coach-Horſes; Men ſay we're Courtiers, Men abuſe us; that we are wiſe and politick, *non credo Seigneur:* That our Women have Wit; Parrots, mere Parrots; Aſſurance and a good Memory, ſets them up.——There's nothing on this ſide the *Alps* worth my humble Service t'ye——Ha *Roma la Santa*, *Italy* for my Money; their Cuſtoms, Gardens, Buildings, Paintings, Muſick, Policies, Wine and Women! the Paradiſe of the World;——not peſter'd with a parcel of preciſe old gouty Fellows, that would debar their Children every Pleaſure that they themſelves are paſt the ſenſe of: commend me to the *Italian* Familiarity. Here, Son, there's Fifty Crowns, go pay your Whore her Week's Allowance.

Dur. Ay, theſe are your Fathers for you, that underſtand the Neceſſities of young Men; not like our muſty Dads, who becauſe they cannot fiſh themſelves, would muddy the Water, and ſpoil the Sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a *Dutch* Woman?

Mir. A *Dutch* Woman, too compact, nay, every thing among 'em is ſo; a *Dutch* Man is thick, a *Dutch* Woman is ſquab, a *Dutch* Horſe is round, a *Dutch* Dog is ſhort, a *Dutch* Ship is broad-bottom'd; and, in ſhort, one wou'd ſwear the whole Products of the Country were caſt in the ſame Mold with their Cheeſes.

Dur. Ay, but *Mirabel*, you have forgot the *Engliſh* Ladies.

Mir.

Mir. The Women of *England* were excellent, did they not take ſuch unſufferable pains to ruine what Nature has made ſo incomparably well; they wou'd be delicate Creatures indeed, cou'd they but thoroughly arrive at the *French* Mien, or entirely let it alone; for they only ſpoil a very good Air of their own, by an aukward Imitation of ours; their Parliaments and our Taylors give Laws to their three Kingdoms. But come, *Duretete*, let us mind the buſineſs in hand; Miſtreſſes, we muſt have, and muſt take up with the Manufacture of the Place, and upon a competent diligence we ſhall find thoſe in *Paris* ſhall match the *Italians* from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, *Mirabel*, you will do well enough, but what will become of your Friend? you know I am ſo plaguy baſhful, ſo naturally an Aſs upon theſe occaſions, that———

Mir. Pſhaw, you muſt be bolder, Man: Travel three Years, and bring home ſuch a Baby as Baſhfulneſs! A great luſty Fellow! and a Soldier! fye upon it.

Dur. Look'e, Sir, I can viſit, and I can ogle a little,———as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiſs abundantly, and make a ſhift to——but if they chance to give me a forbidding Look, as ſome Women, you know, have a deviliſh Caſt with their Eyes,———or if they cry,——what d'ye mean? what d'ye take me for? Fye, Sir, remember who I am, Sir———A Perſon of Quality to be us'd at this rate! Igad I'm ſtruck as flat as a Frying-pan.

Mir. Words o' courſe! never mind 'em, turn you about upon your heel with a janté Air; hum out the end of an old Song; cut a croſs caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No hang it, 'twill never do, ——Oons, what did my Father mean by ſticking me up in an Univerſity, or to think that I ſhou'd gain any thing by my Head, in a Nation whoſe Genius lies all in their Heels.———Well, if ever I come to have Children of my own, they ſhall have the Education of

of the Country, they ſhall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to ſing before they can ſpeak.

Mir. Come, come, throw off that childiſh Humour, put on Aſſurance, there's no avoiding it; ſtand all Hazards, thou'rt a ſtout luſty Fellow, and haſt a good Eſtate; look bluff, hector, you have a good Side-box Face, a pretty impudent Face; ſo, that's pretty well.—This Fellow went abroad like an Ox, and is return'd like an Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Dur. Let me ſee now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket-Glaſs, and looks on't.*] A Side-box Face, ſay you!——'Egad I don't like it, *Mirabel.*—Fye, Sir, don't abuſe your Friends, I cou'd not wear ſuch a Face for the beſt Counteſs in Chriſtendom.

Mir. Why can't you, Blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou haſt Impudence to ſet a good Face upon any thing; I wou'd change half my Gold for half thy Braſs, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odſo, *Mirabel,* your Father!

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old Mir. Where's *Bob,* dear *Bob?*

Mir. Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Old M. My Bleſſing! Dam ye, you young Rogue; why did not you come to ſee your Father firſt, Sirrah? My dear Boy, I am heartily glad to ſee thee, my dear Child, faith——— Captain *Duretete,* by the Blood of the *Mirabels,* I'm yours: Well, my Lads, ye look bravely 'faith.———*Bob,* haſt got any Money left?

Mir. Not a Farthing, Sir.

Old Mir. Why, then I won't gi'thee a Souſe.

Mir. Sir, I did but jeſt, here's ten Piſtoles.

Old Mir. Why, then here's ten more: I love to be charitable to thoſe that don't want it:——Well, and how d'ye like *Italy,* my Boys?

Mir. O the Garden of the World, Sir; *Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan,* and a thouſand others—all fine.

Old M. Ay, ſay you ſo! And they ſay, that *Chiari* is very fine too.

Dur.

Dur. Indifferent, Sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy Air, the most unwholesome to a *French* Constitution in the World.

Mir. Pshaw, nothing on't; these rascally *Gazetteers* have misinform'd you.

Old M. Misinform'd me! Oons, Sir, were not we beaten there?

Mir. Beaten, Sir! the *French* beaten!

Old M. Why, how was it, pray, sweet Sir?

Mir. Sir, the Captain will tell you.

Dur. No, Sir, your Son will tell you.

Mir. The Captain was in the Action, Sir.

Dur. Your Son saw more than I, Sir, for he was a Looker on.

Old M. Confound you both for a brace of Cowards: here are no *Germans* to overhear you; why don't ye tell me how it was?

Mir. Why, then you must know, that we march'd up a Body of the finest, bravest, well-dress'd Fellows in the Universe; our Commanders at the head of us, all Lace and Feather, and like so many Beaux at a Ball.——I don't believe there was a Man of 'em but cou'd dance a *Charmer*, Morbleu.

Old M. Dance! very well, pretty Fellows, Faith!

Mir. We caper'd up to their very Trenches, and there saw peeping over a parcel of Scare-crow, Olive-colour'd, Gunpowder Fellows, as ugly as the Devil.

Dur. Igad, I shall never forget the Looks of 'em, while I have Breath to fetch.

Mir. They were so civil indeed as to welcome us with their Cannon; but for the rest, we found 'em such unmannerly, rude, unsociable Dogs, that we grew tir'd of their Company, and so we e'en danc'd back again.

Old M. And did ye all come back?

Mir. No, two or three thousand of us stay'd behind.

Old M. Why, *Bob*, why?

Mir. Pshaw——because they cou'd not come that Night.——But come, Sir, we were talking of something

thing else; pray how does your lovely Charge, the fair *Oriana?*

Old M. Ripe, Sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the *Germans*, let me tell you.——And what wou'd you say, my young *Mars*, if I had a *Venus* for thee too? Come, *Bob*, your Apartment is ready, and pray let your Friend be my Guest too; you shall command the House between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you.

Mir. Bravely said, Father.

Let Misers bend their Age with niggard Cares,
And starve themselves to pamper hungry Heirs;
Who, living, stint their Sons what Youth may crave
And make 'em revel o'er a Father's Grave.
The Stock on which I grew, does still dispense
Its Genial Sap into the blooming Branch;
The Fruit, he knows, from his own Root is grown,
And therefore sooths those Passions once his own.

The End of the first ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *House.*

Oriana *and* Bisarre.

Bis. AND you love this young Rake, do ye?

Ori. Yes.

Bis. In spight of all his ill Usage.

Ori. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter wi' ye?

Ori. Pshaw!

Bis. Um!——before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehelly Fellow, should play such Tricks

Tricks with me, I wou'd wear my Teeth to the ſtumps with Lime and Chalk.——O the Devil take all your *Caſſandra's* and *Cleopatra's* for me.——Prithee mind your Ayres, Modes and Faſhions; your Stays, Gowns, and Furbelows. Heark'e, my Dear, have you got home your Furbelow'd Smocks yet?

Ori. Prithee be quiet, *Biſarre*; you know, I can be as mad as you, when this *Mirabel* is out of my head.

Biſ. Pſhaw! wou'd he were out, or in, or ſome way to make you eaſy.——I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and ſay you love him; eh!

Ori. Moſt certainly;——I can't diſſemble, *Biſarre:*——beſides, 'tis paſt that, we're contracted.

Biſ. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing. What, you have chang'd Rings, or broken an old *Broad-piece* between you! Heark'e, Child, han't you broke ſomething elſe between ye?

Ori. No, no, I can aſſure you.

Biſ. Then, what d'ye whine for? Whilſt I kept that in my power, I wou'd make a fool of any Fellow in *France*. Well, I muſt confeſs, I do love a little Coquetting with all my heart! my Buſineſs ſhou'd be to break Gold with my Lover one hour, and crack my Promiſe the next; he ſhou'd find me one day with a Prayer-book in my Hand, and with a Play-book another. He ſhou'd have my Conſent to buy the Wedding-Ring, and the next moment wou'd I laugh in his Face.

Ori. O my Dear, were there no greater Tye upon my Heart, than there is upon my Conſcience, I wou'd ſoon throw the Contract out o' Doors; but the miſchief on't is, I am ſo fond of being ty'd, that I'm forc'd to be juſt, and the ſtrength of my Paſſion keeps down the Inclination of my Sex. But here's the old Gentleman.

Old M. Where's my Wenches? where's my two little Girls? eh! Have a care, look to your ſelves, faith,

faith, they're a coming, the Travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my Daughter in-Law now? *Bisarre, Bisarre,* what say you, Mad-cap? *Mirabel* is a pure wild Fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old M. You lye, Honey, you like him the better, indeed you do: What say you, my t'other little Filbert? eh!

Ori. I suppose the Gentleman will chuse for himself, Sir.

Old M. Why, that's discreetly said; and so he shall.

Enter Mirabel *and* Duretete, *they salute the Ladies.*

Bob, heark'e, you shall marry one of these Girls, Sirrah,

Mir. Sir, I'll marry 'em both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old M. Both! Why, you young Dog, d'ye banter me?——Come, Sir, take your Choice.——*Duretete,* you shall have your Choice too; but *Robin* shall chuse first. Come, Sir, begin.

Mir. Well, I a'n't the first Son that has made his Father's Dwelling a Baudy-house——let me see.

Old M. Well! which d'ye like?

Mir. Both.

Old M. But which will you marry?

Mir. Neither.

Old M. Neither!——Don't make me angry now, *Bob*; pray don't make me angry.——Look'e, Sirrah, if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your Grave.

Mir. That's a Bull, Father.

Old M. A Bull! Why, how now, ungrateful Sir, did I make thee a Man, that thou shouldst make me a Beast?

Mir. Your Pardon, Sir, I only meant your Expression.

Old M. Hark'e, *Bob*, learn better Manners to your Father before Strangers: I won't be angry this time.— But oons, if ever you do't again, you Rascal; remember what I say. [*Exit.*

Mir. Pshaw, what does the old Fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green Girls? Come, *Duretete*, will you go?

Ori. I hope, Mr. *Mirabel*, you ha'n't forgot——

Mir. No, no, Madam, I ha'n't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little *Italian* Curiosities; I'll assure you, Madam, as far as a hundred Pistoles wou'd reach, I ha'n't forgot the least Circumstance.

Ori. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Mir. Odso, the Relicks, Madam, from *Rome*. I do remember now you made a Vow of Chastity before my departure; a Vow of Chastity, or something like it; was it not, Madam?

Ori. O Sir, I'm answer'd at present. [*Exit.*

Mir. She was coming full mouth upon me with her Contract—— Wou'd I might dispatch t'other.

Dur. Mirabel,——— that Lady there, observe her, she's wondrous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few Words; I like her mainly: speak to her, Man, prithee speak to her.

Mir. Madam, here's a Gentleman, who declares—

Dur. Madam, don't believe him, I declare nothing. ———What the Devil do you mean, Man?

Mir. He says, Madam, that you are as beautiful as an Angel.

Dur. He tells a damn'd Lye, Madam; I say no such thing: Are you mad, *Mirabel?* Why, I shall drop down with shame.

Mir. And so, Madam, not doubting but your Ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together.

[*Going*, Duretete *holds him.*

Dur. Hold, hold,——— why *Mirabel*, Friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Prithee speak to her for your self, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a *French-man* should want Impudence?

Mir.

Mir. You look mighty demure, Madam. —— She's deaf, Captain.

Dur. I had much rather have her dumb.

Mir. The Gravity of your Air, Madam, promises some extraordinary Fruits from your Study, which moves us with a Curiosity to enquire the Subject of your Ladyship's Contemplation. Not a Word!

Dur. I hope in the Lord she's speechless; if she be, she's mine this moment. ——— *Mirabel,* d'ye think a Woman's Silence can be natural? ———

Bis. But the Forms that Logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple Enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance ———

Mir. Hoyty toyty! what a plague have we here? *Plato* in Petticoats!

Dur. Ay, ay, let her go on, Man; she talks in my own Mother-Tongue.

Bis. 'Tis expos'd to invalidity from a contradictory instance, looks only upon common Operations, and is infinite in its Termination.

Mir. Rare Pedantry.

Dur. Axioms! Axioms! Self-evident Principles.

Bis. Then the Ideas wherewith the Mind is preoccupate.———O Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my Cogitation; I was involv'd in a profound Point of Philosophy; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfy'd that the Subject is not agreeable to you Sparks, that profess the Vanity of the Times. [*Exit.*

Mir. Go thy way, good Wife *Bias:* Do you hear, *Duretete?* Dost hear this starch'd piece of Austerity?

Dur. She's mine, Man; she's mine: my own Talent to a T. I'll match her in Dialects, faith. I was seven Years at the University, Man, nurs'd up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.* Did you never know, Man, that 'twas Metaphysicks made me an Ass? It was, faith. Had she talk'd a word of Singing, Dancing, Plays, Fashions, or the like, I had founder'd at the first Step; but as she is———*Mirabel,* wish me Joy.

Mir. You don't mean Marriage, I hope.

Dur. No, no, I am a Man of more Honour.

Mir. Bravely resolv'd, Captain; now for thy Credit, warm me this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conquest above the *Alps*.

Dur. But will you promise to be always near me?

Mir. Upon all Occasions, never fear.

Dur. Why then, you shall see me in two Moments make an Induction from my Love to her Hand, from her Hand to her Mouth, from her Mouth to her Heart, and so conclude in her Bed, *Categorimatice*.

Mir. Now the Game begins, and my Fool is enter'd.——But here comes one to spoil my Sport; now shall I be teiz'd to death with this old-fashion'd Contract. I shou'd love her too, if I might do it my own way, but she'll do nothing without Witnesses forsooth: I wonder Women can be so immodest.

Enter Oriana.

Well, Madam, why d'ye follow me?

Ori. Well, Sir, why do you shun me?

Mir. 'Tis my Humour, Madam, and I'm naturally sway'd by Inclination.

Ori. Have you forgot our Contract, Sir?

Mir. All I remember of that Contract is, that it was made some three Years ago, and that's enough in Conscience to forget the rest on't.

Ori. 'Tis sufficient, Sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that Circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the Obligation.

Mir. Obligations, Madam, that are forc'd upon the Will, are no tye upon the Conscience; I was a Slave to my Passion when I pass'd the Instrument, but the Recovery of my Freedom makes the Contract void.

Ori. Sir, you can't make that a Compulsion which was your own Choice; besides, Sir, a Subjection to your own Desires has not the Virtue of a forcible Constraint: And you will find, Sir, that to plead your

your Passion for the killing of a Man, will hardly exempt you from the Justice of the Punishment.

Mir. And so, Madam, you make the Sin of Murder and the Crime of a Contract the very same, because that Hanging and Matrimony are so much alike.

Ori. Come, Mr. *Mirabel*, these Expressions I expected from the Raillery of your Humour, but I hope for very different Sentiments from your Honour and Generosity.

Mir. Look'e, Madam, as for my Generosity, 'tis at your Service, with all my heart: I'll keep you a Coach and six Horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my Honour to my self; for I can assure you, Madam, that the thing call'd Honour is a Circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural Correspondence between Male and Female, and he's a Mad-man that lays it out, considering its Scarcity, upon any such trivial Occasions. There's Honour requir'd of us by our Friends, and Honour due to our Enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a Man that left but an Inch of his Honour in a Woman's keeping, that cou'd ever get the least account on't.——Consider, Madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main Point of Policy to keep no Faith with Reprobates——thou art a pretty little Reprobate, and so get thee about thy Business.

Ori. Well, Sir, even all this I will allow to the gayety of your Temper; your Travels have improv'd your Talent of Talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your Morals.

Mir. Morals! Why there 'tis again now—— I tell thee, Child, there is not the least occasion for Morals in any Business between you and I——Don't you know that of all Commerce in the World there is no such Cozenage and Deceit as in the Traffick between Man and Woman; we study all our Lives long how to put Tricks upon one another——What is your Business now, from the time you throw away your Artificial

tificial Babies, but how to get Natural Ones with the most Advantage? ——— No Fowler lays abroad more Nets for his Game, nor a Hunter for his Prey, than you do to catch poor innocent Men ——— Why do you sit three or four Hours at your Toylet in a Morning, only with a villanous Design to make some poor Fellow a Fool before Night? What are your languishing Looks, your study'd Airs and Affectations, but so many Baits and Devices to delude Men out of their dear Liberty and Freedom? ——— What d'ye sigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye pray for? Why, for a Husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious Design of making the wisest of his Creatures a Fool, and the Head of the Creation a Slave.

Ori. Sir, I am proud of my Power, and am resolv'd to use it.

Mir. Hold, hold, Madam, not so fast ——— As you have Variety of Vanities to make Coxcombs of us; so we have Vows, Oaths, and Protestations, of all sorts and sizes, to make Fools of you. As you are very strange and whimsical Creatures, so we are allow'd as unaccountable ways of managing you. And this, in short, my dear Creature, is our present Condition, I have sworn and ly'd briskly to gain my Ends of you; your Ladyship has patch'd and painted violently, to gain your Ends of me ——— But, since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn Battel, and part clear on both sides.

Ori. With all my heart, Sir; give me up my Contract, and I'll never see your Face again.

Mir. Indeed I won't, Child.

Ori. What, Sir, neither do one nor t'other?

Mir. No, you shall die a Maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my Terms.

Ori. What do you intend by this, Sir?

Mir. Why, to starve you into Compliance; look'e, you shall never marry any Man; and you had as good let me do you a Kindness as a Stranger.

Ori. Sir, you're a ———

Mir.

Mir. What am I, Mistress?

Ori. A Villain, Sir.

Mir. I'm glad on't.——I never knew an honest Fellow in my Life, but was a Villain upon these Occasions.——Ha'n't you drawn your self now into a very pretty Dilemma? Ha, ha, ha! the poor Lady has made a Vow of Virginity, when she thought of making a Vow for the contrary. Was ever poor Woman so cheated into Chastity?

Ori. Sir, my Fortune is equal to yours, my Friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the Test, to do me Justice.

Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

Ori. Sir, the Law shall.

Mir. But the Law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

Ori. Pshaw, I despise thee,——Monster.

Mir. Kiss and be Friends then——Don't cry, Child, and you shall have your Sugar-plumb——Come, Madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your Life long? No, I did but jest, you shall have your Liberty; here, take your Contract, and give me mine.

Ori. No, I won't.

Mir. Eh! What is the Girl a Fool?

Ori. No, Sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do my self Justice; and since I must not depend upon your Love, I'll be reveng'd, and force you to marry me out of spight.

Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spight; make a most confounded Husband.

Ori. O Sir, I shall match ye: A good Husband makes a good Wife at any time.

Mir. I'll rattle down your China about your Ears.

Ori. And I'll rattle about the City to run you in debt for more.

Mir. Your Face-mending Toylet shall fly out of the Window.

Ori. And your Face-mending Perriwig shall fly after it.

Mir. I'll tear the Furbelow off your Clothes, and when you ſwoon for Vexation, you ſha'n't have a Penny to buy a Bottle of Harts-horn.

Ori. And you, Sir, ſhall have Hart's-horn in abundance.

Mir. I'll keep as many Miſtreſſes as I have Coach-Horſes.

Ori. And I'll keep as many Gallants as you have Grooms.

Mir. I'll lie with your Woman before your Face.

Ori. Have a care of your Valet behind your back.

Mir. But, ſweet Madam, there is ſuch a thing as a Divorce.

Ori. But, ſweet Sir, there is ſuch a thing as Alimony; ſo divorce on, and ſpare not. [*Exit.*

Mir. Ay, that ſeparate Maintenance is the Devil—there's their Refuge———o' my Conſcience, one wou'd take Cuckoldom for a meritorious Action, becauſe the Women are ſo handſomely rewarded for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a large Parlour in the ſame House.*

Enter Duretete *and* Petit.

Dur. And ſhe's mighty peeviſh, you ſay?

Pet. O Sir, ſhe has a Tongue as long as my Leg; and talks ſo crabbedly, you wou'd think ſhe always ſpoke *Welſh.*

Dur. That's an odd Language, methinks, for her Philoſophy.

Pet. But ſometimes ſhe will ſit you half a Day without ſpeaking a Word, and talks Oracles all the while by the Wrinkles of her Forehead, and the Motions of her Eye-brows.

Dur. Nay, I ſhall match her in philoſophical Ogles, faith; that's my Talent: I can talk beſt, you muſt know, when I ſay nothing.

Pet. But d'ye ever laugh, Sir?

Dur. Laugh! Won't ſhe endure laughing?

Pet.

Pet. Why ſhe's a Critick, Sir, ſhe hates a Jeſt, for fear it ſhould pleaſe her; and nothing keeps her in Humour but what gives her the Spleen. And then for Logick, and all that, you know———

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepar'd, I have been practiſing hard Words, and no Senſe, this Hour, to entertain her.

Pet. Then place your ſelf behind this Skreen, that you may have a view of her Behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, leſt I ſhou'd forget my Leſſon.

Pet. Here ſhe comes, Sir, I muſt fly.

[*Exit* Pet. *and* Dur. *ſtands peeping behind the Curtain.*

Enter Biſarre *and Maid.*

Biſ. [*With a Book.*] Pſhaw, hang Books, they ſour our Temper, ſpoil our Eyes, and ruin our Complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh! the Devil ſuch a Word there is in all *Ariſtotle.*

Biſ. Come, Wench, let's be free, call in the Fiddle, there's no body near us.

Enter Fiddler.

Dur. Wou'd to the Lord there was not.

Biſ. Here, Friend, a Minuet!—quicker Time; ha —wou'd we had a Man or two.

Dur. [*ſtealing away.*] You ſhall have the Devil ſooner, my dear dancing Philoſopher.

Biſ. Uds my Life!—Here's one.

[*Runs to* Dur. *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learned Preparation come to this?

Biſ. Come, Sir, don't be aſham'd, that's my good Boy———you're very welcome, we wanted ſuch a one —Come, ſtrike up—I know you dance well, Sir, you're finely ſhape'd for't—Come, come, Sir; quick, quick, you miſs the Time elſe.

Dur. But, Madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, come.

Dur. But we were talking of Dialecticks.

Bis. Hang Dialecticks——Mind the time——quicker, Sirrah, [*To the Fidler.*] Come,——and how d'ye find your selt now, Sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing Sweat, Doctor.

Bis. All the better, Patient, all the better;——Come, Sir, sing now, sing, I know you sing well; I see you have a singing Face; a heavy dull Sonato Face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O you're modest, Sir——but come, sit down; closer, closer. Here, a Bottle of Wine——Come, Sir, sa, la, la; sing, Sir.

Dur. But, Madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O Sir, you shall drink first. Come, fill me a Bumper——here, Sir, bless the King.

Dur. Wou'd I were out of his Dominions.——By this Light, she'll make me drunk too.

Bis. O pardon me, Sir, you shall do me right, fill it higher.——Now, Sir, can you drink a Health under your Leg?

Dur. Rare Philosophy that, Faith.

Bis. Come, off with it, to the bottom.——Now how d'ye like me, Sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, Madam.

Bis. You see how a Woman's Fancy varies, sometimes splenetick and heavy, then gay and frolicksome.——And how d'ye like the Humour?

Dur. Good Madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tir'd.

Bis. Fye upon't; a young Man, and tir'd! up for shame, and walk about, Action becomes us——a little faster, Sir.—What d'ye think now of my Lady *La Pale*, and Lady *Coquet*, the Duke's fair Daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk Lasses? Then there is black Mrs. *Bellair*, and brown Mrs. *Bellface*.

Dur. They are all Strangers to me, Madam.

Bis.

Bis. But let me tell you, Sir, that brown is not always despicable ——— O Laird, Sir, if young Mrs. *Bagatell* had kept her self single 'till this time o' day, what a Beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. *Monkeylove*, the fair Gem of *St. Germains.*

Dur. Upon my Soul, I don't.

Bis. And then you must have heard of the *English* Beau, *Splenamore*, how unlike a Gentleman ——

Dur. Hey —— not a Syllable on't, as I hope to be sav'd, Madam.

Bis. No! Why then play me a Jig; come, Sir.

Dur. By this Light I cannot; faith, Madam, I have sprain'd my Leg.

Bis. Then sit you down, Sir; and now tell me what's your Business with me? What's your Errand? Quick, quick, dispatch —— Odso, may be you are some Gentleman's Servant, that have brought me a Letter, or a Haunch of Venison.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Madam, do I look like a Carrier?

Bis. O; cry you mercy, I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my Word: you are one of the travelling Gentlemen —— and pray, Sir, how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy?*

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious Intention than your Entertainment has answer'd.

Bis. Sir, your Intention of waiting on me was the greatest Affront imaginable, howe'er your Expressions may turn it to a Complement: Your Visit, Sir, was intended as a Prologue to a very scurvy Play, of which Mr. *Mirabel* and you so handsomely laid the Plot —— *Marry! No, no, I'm a Man of more Honour.* Where's your Honour? Where's your Courage now? Ads my Life, Sir, I have a great mind to kick you ——— Go, go to your Fellow-Rake now, rail at my Sex, and get drunk for Vexation, and write a Lampoon —— But I must have you to know, Sir, that my Reputation is above the Scandal of a Libel, my Virtue is sufficiently approv'd to those whose Opinion is my

my Interest: And for the rest, let them talk what they will; for when I please I'll be what I please, in spight of you and all Mankind: and so, my dear *Man of Honour*, if you be tir'd, con over this Lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha, ha, ha, *Ads my Life! I have a great mind to kick you!*——Oons and Confusion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever Man so abus'd——Ay, *Mirabel* set me on.

Enter Petit.

Pet. Well, Sir, how d'ye find your self?

Dur. You Son of a nine-ey'd Whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you Dog. [Petit *runs off, and* Dur. *after him.*

ACT III.

SCENE *continues.*

Old Mirabel *and the Young.*

Old M. BOB, come hither, *Bob.*

Mir. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Old M. Are not you a great Rogue, Sirrah?

Mir. That's a little out of my Comprehension, Sir; for I've heard say, that I resemble my Father.

Old M. Your Father is your very humble Slave——I tell thee what, Child, thou art a very pretty Fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great Villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Mir. Villain, Sir! Then I must be a very impudent one, for I can't recollect any Passage of my Life that I'm asham'd of.

Old M. Come hither, my dear Friend; dost see this Picture? [*Shews him a little Picture.*

Mir.

Mir. Oriana's? Pshaw!

Old M. What, Sir, won't you look upon't?——— *Bob*, dear *Bob*, prithee come hither now——— Dost want any Money, Child?

Mir. No, Sir.

Old M. Why then here's some for thee; come here now———How canst thou be so hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly Rascal (don't mistake me, Child, I a'n't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd dear Rogue?———Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee, the poor little Heart of it is like to burst———Come, my dear Boy, be good-natur'd like your nown Father, be now———and then see here, read this———the Effigies of the lovely *Oriana*, with ten thousand Pound to her Portion——ten thousand Pound, you Dog; ten thousand Pound, you Rogue; how dare you refuse a Lady with ten thousand Pound, you impudent Rascal?

Mir. Will you hear me speak, Sir?

Old M. Hear you speak, Sir! If you had ten thousand Tongues, you cou'd not out-talk ten thousand Pound, Sir.

Mir. Nay, Sir, if you won't hear me I'll be gone, Sir! I'll take Post for *Italy* this Moment.

Old M. Ah! the Fellow knows I won't part with him. Well, Sir, what have you to say?

Mir. The universal Reception, Sir, that Marriage has had in the World, is enough to fix it for a publick Good, and to draw every body into the Common Cause; but there are some Constitutions, like some Instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable Musick by themselves, but never do well in Consort.

Old M. Why this is Reason, I must confess, but yet 'tis Nonsense too; for tho' you should reason like an Angel, if you argue your self out of a good Estate you talk like a Fool.

Mir.

Mir. But, Sir, if you bribe me into Bondage with the Riches of *Crœsus*, you leave me but a Beggar for want of my Liberty.

Old M. Was ever ſuch a perverſe Fool heard? 'Sdeath, Sir, why did I give you Education? Was it to diſpute me out of my Senſes? Of what Colour now is the Head of this Cane? You'll ſay 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too—I thought that young Fellows ſtudy'd to get Money.

Mir. No, Sir, I have ſtudy'd to deſpiſe it; my Reading was not to make me rich, but happy, Sir.

Old M. There he has me agen now. But, Sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Mir. To oblige me, Sir, in what reſpect pray?

Old M. Why, to bring you into the World, Sir; wa'n't that an Obligation?

Mir. And becauſe I wou'd have it ſtill an Obligation, I avoid Marriage.

Old M. How is that, Sir?

Mir. Becauſe I wou'd not curſe the hour I was born.

Old M. Look'e, Friend, you may perſuade me out of my Deſigns, but I'll command you out of yours; and tho' you may convince my Reaſon that you are in the right, yet there is an old Attendant of Sixty-three, call'd Poſitiveneſs, which you, nor all the Wits in *Italy*, ſhall ever be able to ſhake; ſo Sir, you're a Wit, and I'm a Father; you may talk, but I'll be obey'd.

Mir. This it is to have the Son a finer Gentleman than the Father; they firſt give us Breeding that they don't underſtand, then they turn us out of doors 'cauſe we are wiſer than themſelves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old Gentleman. [*Aſide.*] Sir, you have been pleas'd to ſettle a thouſand Pound Sterling a Year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great Honour for you and your Family, and ſhall take care that your only and beloved Son ſhall do nothing to make him hate his Father, or to hang himſelf. So, dear Sir, I'm your very humble Servant. [*Runs off.*

Old

Old M. Here, Sirrah, Rogue, *Bob*, Villain!

Enter Dugard.

Dug. Ah, Sir, 'tis but what he deſerves.

Old M. 'Tis falſe, Sir, he don't deſerve it: what have you to ſay againſt my Boy, Sir?

Dug. I ſhall only repeat your own Words.

Old M. What have you to do with my Words? I have ſwallow'd my Words already; I have eaten them up, and how can you come at 'em, Sir?

Dug. Very eaſily, Sir: 'Tis but mentioning your injur'd Ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

Old M. Sir, your Siſter was a fooliſh young Flirt to truſt any ſuch young, deceitful, rake-helly Rogue, like him.

Dug. Cry you mercy, old Gentleman, I thought we ſhou'd have the Words again.

Old M. And what then? 'Tis the way with young Fellows to ſlight old Gentlemen's Words, you never mind 'em when you ought. ——— I ſay, that *Bob*'s an honeſt Fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter Biſarre.

Biſ. That dare I, Sir: ——— I ſay, that your Son is a wild, foppiſh, whimſical, impertinent Coxcomb; and were I abus'd as this Gentleman's Siſter, I wou'd make it an *Italian* Quarrel, and poiſon the whole Family.

Dug. Come, Sir, 'tis no time for trifling, my Siſter is abus'd; you are made ſenſible of the Affront, and your Honour is concern'd to ſee her redreſs'd.

Old M. Look'e, Mr. *Dugard*, good Words go farthest. I will do your Siſter juſtice, but it muſt be after my own rate, no body muſt abuſe my Son but my ſelf. For altho' *Robin* be a ſad Dog, yet he's no body's Puppy but my own.

Biſ. Ay, that's my ſweet-natur'd, kind old Gentleman —— [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the Plot.

Old

Old M. Ah, you coaxing young Baggage, what Plot can you have to wheedle a Fellow of Sixty-three?

Bis. A Plot that Sixty-three is only good for, to bring other People together, Sir, and you must act the *Spaniard*, 'cause your Son will least suspect you; and if he shou'd, your Authority protects you from a Quarrel, to which *Oriana* is unwilling to expose her Brother.

Old M. And what part will you act in the Business, Madam?

Bis. Myself, Sir; my Friend is grown a perfect Changeling: these foolish Hearts of ours spoil our Heads presently; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, but we turn Fools: But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe Usage from me, 'cause I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old M. Well said, Mrs. Paradox; but, Sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, Sir, who is our Engineer-General. And here he comes.

Enter Petit.

Pet. O Sir, more Discoveries; are all Friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Pet. You must know, Sir———od's my Life, I'm out of breath; you must know, Sir,——you must know———

Old M. What the Devil must we know, Sir?

Pet. That I have [*Pants and blows*] brib'd, Sir, brib'd——your Son's Secretary of State.

Old M. Secretary of State!———who's that, for Heav'n's sake?

Pet. His Valet-de-Chambre, Sir: You must know, Sir, that the Intrigue lay folded up with his Master's Clothes, and when he went to dust the Embroider'd Suit, the Secret flew out of the right Pocket of his Coat, in a whole swarm of your Crambo-Songs, short-footed Odes, and long-legg'd Pindaricks.

Old M. Impossible!

Pet.

Pet. Ah, Sir, he has lov'd her all along; there was *Oriana* in every Line, but he hates Marriage: Now, Sir, this Plot will ſtir up his Jealouſy, and we ſhall know by the ſtrength of that how to proceed farther. Come, Sir, let's about it with ſpeed.

'Tis Expedition gives our King the ſway;
For Expedition too the *French* give way;
Swift to attack, or ſwift to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Biſarre, *paſſing careleſsly by one another.*

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what ſhe can ſee in this Fellow to like him.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] I wonder what my Friend can ſee in this Girl to admire her?

Biſ. [*Aſide.*] A wild, foppiſh, extravagant Rakehell.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] A light, whimſical, impertinent Mad-Cap.

Biſ. Whom do you mean, Sir?

Mir. Whom do you mean, Madam?

Biſ. A Fellow that has nothing left to re-eſtabliſh him for a human Creature, but a prudent Reſolution to hang himſelf.

Mir. There is a way, Madam, to force me to that Reſolution.

Biſ. I'll do't with all my heart.

Mir. Then you muſt marry me.

Biſ. Look'e, Sir, don't think your ill Manners to me ſhall excuſe your ill Uſage of my Friend; nor by fixing a Quarrel here, to divert my Zeal for the abſent; for I am reſolv'd, nay, I come prepar'd to make you a Panegyrick, that ſhall mortify your Pride like any modern Dedication.

Mir. And I, Madam, like a true modern Patron, ſhall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Biſ. Come, Sir, to let you ſee what little Foundation you have for your dear Sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Mir.

Mir. And what piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your Heart, to be sure; 'cause I shou'd get presently rid on't; your Courage I wou'd give to a Hector, your Wit to a lewd Play-maker, your Honour to an Attorney, your Body to the Physicians, and your Soul to its Master.

Mir. I had the oddest Dream last Night of the Dutchess of *Burgundy*; methought the Furbelows of her Gown were pinn'd up so high behind, that I cou'd not see her Head for her Tail.

Bis. The Creature don't mind me! Do you think, Sir, that your humorous Impertinence can divert me? No, Sir, I'm above any Pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, Sir, my Friend, my injur'd Friend shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a Husband as much as the Rites of Marriage, and the Breach of 'em can make you. [*Here* Mir. *pulls out a* Virgil, *and reads to himself while she speaks.*

Mir. [Reading] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)*
Dissimulare etiam sperâsti, perfide, tantum [Very true.
Posse nefas.

By your Favour, Friend *Virgil*, 'twas but a rascally trick of your Hero to forsake poor Pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The Devil ——— what's *Virgil* to us, Sir?

Mir. Very much, Madam, the most à-propo in the World ——for, what shou'd I chop upon, but the very Place where the perjur'd Rogue of a Lover and the forsaken Lady are battelling it tooth and nail? Come, Madam, spend your Spirits no longer, we'll take an easier method; I'll be *Æneas* now, and you shall be *Dido*, and we'll rail by Book. Now for you, Madam *Dido*.

Nec

Nec te noſter amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido———
Ah poor *Dido!* [*Looking at her.*

Biſ. Rudeneſs, Affronts, Impatience! I cou'd almoſt ſtart out even to Manhood, and want but a Weapon as long as his to fight him upon the ſpot. What ſhall I ſay?

Mir. Now ſhe rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Biſ. A Man! No, the Woman's Birth was ſpirited away.

Mir. Right, right, Madam, the very Words.

Biſ. And ſome pernicious Elf left in the Cradle with human Shape to palliate growing Miſchief.

[*Both ſpeak together, and raiſe their Voices by degrees*

Mir. Perfide, ſed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Biſ. Go, Sir, fly to your Midnight Revels.——

Mir. [Excellent] *I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis, ſi quid pia Numina poſſunt.
[*Together again.*

Biſ. Converſe with Imps of Darkneſs of your make, your Nature ſtarts at Juſtice, and ſhivers at the touch of Virtue. Now the Devil take his Impudence, he vexes me ſo, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely perform'd, my dear *Lybian*; I'll write the Tragedy of *Dido*, and you ſhall act the Part: But you do nothing at all, unleſs you fret your ſelf into a Fit; for here the poor Lady is ſtifled with Vapours, drops into the Arms of her Maids; and the cruel

cruel, barbarous, deceitful Wanderer, is in the very next Line call'd *Pious Æneas.*——There's Authority for ye.

Sorry indeed *Æneas* ſtood
To ſee her in a Pout;
But *Jove* himſelf, who ne'er thought good
To ſtay a ſecond Bout,
Commands him off with all his Crew,
And leaves poor *Dy*, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Biſ. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable Fellow. O' my Conſcience I muſt excuſe *Oriana:*

That Lover ſoon his angry Fair diſarms,
Whoſe Slighting pleaſes, and whoſe Faults are Charms.

Enter Petit, *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Pet. Mr. *Mirabel!* Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter Mirabel.

Mir. What's the matter, *Petit?*

Pet. Moſt critically met.——Ah, Sir, that one who has follow'd the Game ſo long, and brought the poor Hare juſt under his Paws, ſhould let a Mungrel Cur chop in, and run away with the Puſs.

Mir. If your Worſhip can get out of your Allegories, be pleas'd to tell me in three Words what you mean.

Pet. Plain, plain, Sir. Your Miſtreſs and mine is going to be marry'd.

Mir. I believe you lye, Sir.

Pet. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Going.*

Mir. Come hither, *Petit.* Marry'd, ſay you?

Pet. No, Sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a Service, but I ſhall take care how I confer my Favours for the future.

Mir. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand Pardons.

[*Bowing low.*

Pet.

Pet. 'Tis enough, Sir.——I come to tell you, Sir, that *Oriana* is this Moment to be ſacrific'd; marry'd paſt Redemption.

Mir. I underſtand her, ſhe'll take a Huſband out of ſpight to me, and then out of love to me ſhe will make him a Cuckold; 'tis ordinary with Women to marry one Perſon for the ſake of another, and to throw themſelves into the Arms of one they hate, to ſecure their Pleaſure with the Man they love. But who is the happy Man?

Petit. A Lord, Sir.

Mir. I'm her Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant; a Train and a Title, hey! room for my Lady's Coach, a front Row in the Box for her Ladyſhip; Lights, Lights for her Honour.——Now muſt I be a conſtant Attender at my Lord's Levee, to work my way to my Lady's Couchee——a Counteſs, I preſume, Sir.——

Pet. A *Spaniſh* Count, Sir, that Mr. *Dugard* knew abroad, is come to *Paris*, ſaw your Miſtreſs yeſterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into *Spain* tomorrow.

Mir. Ay, is it ſo? and muſt I follow my Cuckold over the *Pyrenees?* Had ſhe marry'd within the Precincts of a Billet-doux, I wou'd be the Man to lead her to Church; but as it happens, I'll forbid the Banes. Where is this mighty Don?

Pet. Have a care, Sir, he's a rough croſs-grain'd Piece, and there's no tampering with him; wou'd you apply to Mr. *Dugard*, or the Lady herſelf, ſomething might be done, for it is in deſpight to you, that the Buſineſs is carry'd ſo haſtily. Odſo, Sir, here he comes! I muſt be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Mir. *dreſs'd in a* Spaniſh *Habit, leading* Oriana.

Ori. Good my Lord, a nobler Choice had better ſuited your Lordſhip's Merit. My Perſon, Rank, and Circumſtance, expoſe me as the publick Theme of Raillery, and ſubject me to ſo injurious Uſage, my

my Lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your Regard, except your Pity.

Old M. Breathes he vital Air, that dares presume
With rude Behaviour to profane such Excellence!
Shew me the Man ——
And you shall see how my sudden Revenge
Shall fall upon the Head of such Presumption.
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to* Mirabel.

Mir. Sir!

Ori. Good my Lord.

Old M. If he, or any he!

Ori. Pray, my Lord, the Gentleman's a Stranger.

Old M. O your Pardon, Sir ——but if you had—— remember, Sir ——the Lady now is mine, her Injuries are mine; therefore, Sir, you understand me —— Come, Madam. [*Leads* Oriana *to the Door, she goes off,* Mir. *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Mir. E coute, Monsieur Le Count.

Old M. Your Business, Sir?

Mir. Boh!

Old M. What Language is that, Sir?

Mir. Spanish, my Lord.

Old M. What d'ye mean?

Mir. This, Sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old M. A very concise Quarrel, truly ——I'll bully him.——*Trinidado Seignieur*, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

Mir. By all means, Sir, [*Takes away his Sword.* Now *Seignieur*, where's that bombast Look, and fustian Face your Countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

Old M. The Rogue quarrels well, very well, my own Son right! ——But hold, Sirrah, no more Jesting; I'm your Father, Sir, your Father.

Mir. My Father! Then by this Light I cou'd find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the Fellow mad? Why sure, Sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your Senses!

Old M. But you have, Sir.

Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to strike him.*

Old M. Why Rogue——*Bob*, dear *Bob*, don't you know me, Child?

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, the Fellow's downright distracted: Thou Miracle of Impudence, wou'dst thou make me believe that such a grave Gentleman as my Father wou'd go a Masquerading thus? That a Person of threescore and three wou'd run about in a Fool's Coat to disgrace himself and Family? Why, you impudent Villain, do you think I will suffer such an Affront to pass upon my honour'd Father, my worthy Father, my dear Father? 'Sdeath, Sir, mention my Father but once again, and I'll send your Soul to my Grandfather this Minute.

[*Offering to stab him.*

Old M. Well, well, I am not your Father.

Mir. Why then, Sir, you are the saucy, hectoring *Spaniard*, and I'll use you accordingly.

Old M. The Devil take the *Spaniards*, Sir; we have all got nothing but Blows since we began to take their part.

Enter Dugard, Oriana, Maid, Petit. Dugard *runs to* Mirabel, *the rest to the old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fye, fye, *Mirabel*, murder your Father!

Mir. My Father! What is the whole Family mad? Give me way, Sir, I won't be held.

Old M. No! nor I neither! let me be gone, pray.

[*Offering to go.*

Mir. My Father!

Old M. Ay, you Dog's-Face, I am your Father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your Mother ever did.

Mir. O ho! then this was a Trick, it seems, a Design, a Contrivance, a Stratagem ——Oh! how my Bones ake!

Old M. Your Bones, Sirrah! why yours?

Mir. Why, Sir, ha'n't I been beating my own Flesh and Blood all this while? O Madam, [*To* Oriana.]

ana.] I wish your Ladyship joy of your new Dignity. Here was a Contrivance indeed!

Pet. The Contrivance was well enough, Sir, for they impos'd upon us all.

Mir. Well, my dear *Dulcinea*, did your *Don Quixot* battel for you bravely? My Father will answer for the Force of my Love.

Ori. Pray, Sir, don't insult the Misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My Prudence will be counted Cowardice, if I stand tamely now.——[*Comes up between* Mirabel *and his Sister.*] Well, Sir!

Mir. Well, Sir! Do you take me for one of your Tenants, Sir, that you put on your Landlord-face at me?

Dug. On what Presumption, Sir, dare you assume thus? [*Draws.*

Old M. What's that to you, Sir? [*Draws.*

Pet. Help, help, the Lady faints.

[Oriana *falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Mir. Vapours! Vapours! she'll come to herself: If it be an angry Fit, a Dram of *Assa Fœtida*——If Jealousy, Harts-horn in Water——If the Mother, burnt Feathers——If Grief, *Ratifia*——If it be strait Stays, or Corns, there's nothing like a Dram of plain Brandy. [*Exit.*

Ori. Hold off, give me Air——O my Brother, wou'd you preserve my Life, endanger not your own; wou'd you defend my Reputation, leave it to it self; 'tis a dear Vindication that's purchas'd by the Sword; for tho' our Champion prove victorious, yet our Honour is wounded.

Old M. Ay, and your Lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you're pretty brisk again, my Child.

Ori. Ay, Sir, my Indisposition was only a Pretence to divert the Quarrel; the capricious Taste of your Sex excuses this Artifice in ours.

For

For often, when our chief Perfections fail,
Our chief Defects with foolish Men prevail. [*Exit.*

Pet. Come, Mr. *Dugard*, take Courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old M. Sir, I'll have no Plot that has any relation to *Spain*.

Dug. I scorn all Artifice whatsoever; my Sword shall do her Justice.

Pet. Pretty Justice, truly! Suppose you run him thro' the Body; you run her thro' the Heart at the same time.

Old M. And me thro' the Head——rot your Sword, Sir, we'll have Plots; come, *Petit*, let's hear.

Pet. What if she pretended to go into a Nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself.

Dug. That, I must confess, has a Face.

Old M. Face! A Face like an Angel, Sir. Ad's my Life, Sir, 'tis the most beautiful Plot in *Christendom*. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Duretete *and* Mirabel.

Dur. [*In a Passion.*] And tho' I ca'n't dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know, Sir.

Mir. I know thou canst, Man.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Sir, and I will: Let me see the proudest Man alive make a jest of me!

Mir. But I'll engage to make you amends.

Dur. Danc'd to Death! Baited like a Bear! Ridicul'd! threaten'd to be kick'd! Confusion! Sir, you set me on, and I will have Satisfaction, all Mankind will point at me.

Mir. [*Aside.*] I must give this Thunderbolt some Passage, or 'twill break upon my own Head——— Look'e, *Duretete*, what do these Gentlemen laugh at?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Dur. At me, to be sure——Sir, what made you laugh at me?

1 *Gen.* You're mistaken, Sir, if we were merry, we had a private Reason.

2 *Gen.* Sir, we don't know you.

Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and observe me, I won't be nam'd; it sha'n't be mention'd, not even whispe'd in your Prayers at Church. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye smile?

1 *Gen.* Not I, upon my Word.

Dur. Why then, look grave as an Owl in a Barn, or a Fryer with his Crown a shaving.

Mir. [*Aside to the Gent.*] Don't be bully'd out of your Humour, Gentlemen; the Fellow's mad, laugh at him, and I'll stand by you.

1 *Gen.* Igad and so we will.

Both. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threaten'd to kick me. Ay, then, you Dogs, I'll murder ye. [*Fights, and beats them off,* Mir. *runs over to his Side.*

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! bravely done, *Duretete*, there you had him, noble Captain, they run, they run, *Victoria, Victoria*——Ha, ha, ha!——how happy am I in an excellent Friend! Tell me of your Virtuoso's and Men of Sense, a parcel of sourfac'd splenetick Rogues——a Man of my thin Constitution shou'd never want a Fool in his Company: I don't affect your fine things that improve the Understanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my Carcase: And o' my Conscience, a Man of Sense is as melancholy without a Coxcomb, as a Lyon without his Jackall; he hunts for our Diversion, starts Game for our Spleen, and perfectly feeds us with Pleasure.

I hate the Man who makes Acquaintance nice,
And still discreetly plagues me with Advice;
Who moves by Caution, and mature Delays,
And must give Reasons for whate'er he says.

The

The Man, indeed, whose Converse is so full,
Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull:
Give me the careless Rogue, who never thinks,
That plays the Fool as freely as he drinks.
Not a Buffoon, who is Buffoon by Trade,
But one that Nature, not his Wants have made.
Who still is merry, but does ne'er design it:
And still is ridicul'd, but ne'er can find it.
Who when he's most in earnest, is the best;
And his most grave Expression is the Jest. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Old* Mirabel's *House.*

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Dug. THE Lady Abbess is my Relation, and privy to the Plot: your Son has been there, but had no Admittance beyond the Privilege of the Grate, and there my Sister refus'd to see him. He went off more nettled at his Repulse, than I thought his Gayety cou'd admit.

Old M. Ay, ay, this Nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?——O! Mr. *Mirabel*, you have done fine things for your Posterity——And you, Mr. *Dugard*, may come to answer this——I come to demand my Friend at your hands; restore him, Sir, or—— [*To Old* Mir.

Old M. Restore him! What d'ye think I have got him in my Trunk, or my Pocket!

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you're the Cause on't.

Old M. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begat him.

Dug. Mad, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, Sir, by shutting up your Sister yonder, to talk like a Parrot thro' a Cage?——Or a Decoy-Duck, to draw others into the Snare? Your Son, Sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the World: and in three Words, has——

Old M. Hang'd himself!

Dur. The very same, turn'd Fryer.

Old M. You lye, Sir, 'tis ten times worse. *Bob* turn'd Fryer!——Why shou'd the Fellow shave his foolish Crown, when the same Razor may cut his Throat?

Dur. If you have any Command, or you any Interest over him, lose not a Minute? He has thrown himself into the next Monastery, and has order'd me to pay off his Servants, and discharge his Equipage.

Old M. Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the Spiritual or the Natural Father has the most Right to the Child.——But, dear Captain, what has he done with his Estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the Church, Sir.

Old M. The Church! Nay, then the Devil won't get him out of their Clutches.——Ten thousand Livres a Year upon the Church! 'Tis downright Sacrilege.——Come, Gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that Sum, one of these Monasteries shall protect you a Traytor from the Law, a Rebellious Wife from her Husband, and a Disobedient Son from his own Father.

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a Monastery!

Dur. Is your Sister gone to the *Filles Repenties*? I tell you, Sir, she's not fit for the Society of repenting Maids.

Dug. Why so, Sir?

Dur.

Dur. Becauſe ſhe's neither one nor t'other; ſhe's too old to be a Maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit; Dug. *after him.*

SCENE, *the inſide of a Monaſtery*; Oriana *in a Nun's Habit*; Biſarre.

Ori. I hope, *Biſarre*, there is no harm in jeſting with this religious Habit.

Biſ. To me, the greateſt Jeſt in the Habit, is taking it in earneſt: I don't underſtand this impriſoning People with the Keys of *Paradiſe*, nor the Merit of that Virtue which comes by Conſtraint.——Beſides, we may own to one another, that we are in the worſt Company when among our ſelves? for our private Thoughts run us into thoſe Deſires, which our Pride reſiſts from the Attacks of the World; and, you may remember, the firſt Woman then met the Devil, when ſhe retir'd from her Man.

Ori. But I'm reconcil'd, methinks, to the Mortification of a Nunnery; becauſe I fancy the Habit becomes me.

Biſ. A well-contriv'd Mortification, truly, that makes a Woman look ten times handſomer than ſhe did before!——Ay, my Dear, were there any Religion in becoming Dreſs, our Sex's Devotion were rightly plac'd; for our Toylets wou'd do the Work of the Altar; we ſhou'd all be canoniz'd.

Ori. But don't you think there is a great deal of Merit, in dedicating a beautiful Face and Perſon to the Service of Religion?

Biſ. Not half ſo much as devoting 'em to a pretty Fellow: If our Feminality had no buſineſs in this World, why was it ſent hither? Let us dedicate our beautiful Minds to the Service of Heaven. And for our handſome Perſons; they become a Box at the Play, as well as a Pew in the Church.

Ori. But the Viciſſitudes of Fortune, the Inconſtancy of Man, with other Diſappointments of Life,

require some place of Religion, for a Refuge from their Persecution.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! And do you think there is any Devotion in a Fellow's going to Church, when he takes it only for a Sanctuary? Don't you know that Religion consists in a Charity with all Mankind; and that you should never think of being Friends with Heaven, till you have quarrell'd with all the World. Come, come, mind your Business, *Mirabel* loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give fresh Orders that he sha'n't see you: We get more by hiding our Faces sometimes, than by exposing them: a very Mask, you see, whets Desire; but a pair of keen Eyes thro' an Iron Grate, fire double upon 'em, with View and Disguise. But I must be gone upon my Affairs, I have brought my Captain about again.

Ori. But why will you trouble your self with that Coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a Coxcomb; had I not better have a Lover like him, that I can make an Ass of, than a Lover like yours, to make a Fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A Message from *Mirabel*, I'll lay my Life. [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither, Run, thou charming Nun, come hither.

Ori. What's the News? [*Runs to her.*

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Ori. I see no body but a Fryer.

Bis. Ah! thou poor blind *Cupid!* O' my Conscience, these Hearts of ours spoil our Heads instantly; the Fellows no sooner turn Knaves, than we turn Fools. A Fryer! Don't you see a villanous genteel Mien under that Cloak of Hypocrisy, the loose careless Air of a tall Rakehelly Fellow?

Ori. As I live, *Mirabel* turn'd Fryer! I hope, in Heav'n, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest: Ha, ha, ha! are you in earnest? Now's your time; this Disguise has he certainly taken for a Passport, to get in and try your Resolutions; stick to your Habit to be sure; treat him with Disdain, rather than Anger; for Pride becomes us more

more than Passion: Remember what I say, if you wou'd yield to advantage, and hold out the Attack; to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

The cunning Gamesters never gain too fast,
But lose at first, to win the more at last. [*Exit.*

Ori. His coming puts me into some Ambiguity, I don't know how; I don't fear him, but I mistrust my self; wou'd he were not come, yet I wou'd not have him gone neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to see him tho'.

What a strange Power has this fantastick Fire,
That makes us dread even what we most desire!

Enter Mirabel *in a Fryer's Habit.*

Mir. Save you, Sister——Your Brother, young Lady, having a regard to your Soul's Health, has sent me to prepare you for that sacred Habit by Confession.

Ori. That's false, the cloven Foot already. [*Aside.*] My Brother's Care I own; and to you, sacred Sir, I confess that the great crying Sin which I have long indulg'd, and now prepare to expiate, was Love. My Morning Thoughts, my Evening Prayers, my Daily Musings, Nightly Cares, was Love! My present Peace, my future Bliss, the Joy of Earth, and Hopes of Heaven, I all contemn'd for Love!

Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest; Death and Confusion, I have lost her! [*Aside.*] You confess your fault, Madam, in such moving Terms, that I could almost be in love with the Sin.

Ori. Take care, Sir; Crimes, like Virtues, are their own Rewards; my chief Delight became my only Grief; he in whose Breast I thought my Heart secure, turn'd Robber, and despoil'd the Treasure that he kept.

Mir. Perhaps that Treasure he esteems so much, that like a Miser, tho' afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Ori. No, holy Father; who can be Miser in another's Wealth that's Prodigal of his own? His Heart was open, shar'd to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine? But the same Eyes that drew the Passion in, shall send it out in Tears, to which now hear my Vow——

Mir. [*Discovering himself*] No, my fair Angel, but let me repent; here on his Knees behold the Criminal, that vows Repentance his. Ha! No concern upon her!

Ori. This Turn is odd, and the time has been, that such a sudden Change wou'd have surpriz'd me into some Confusion.

Mir. Restore that happy time, for I am now return'd to myself, for I want but pardon to deserve your Favour, and here I'il fix till you relent and give it.

Ori. Groveling, sordid Man; why wou'd you act a thing to make you kneel, Monarch in Pleasure to be Slave to your Faults? Are all the Conquests of your wand'ring Sway, your Wit, your Humour, Fortune, all reduc'd to the base cringing of a bended Knee? Servile and Poor! I——*Love it.* [*Aside.*

Mir. I come not here to justify my Fault, but my Submission, for tho' there be a meanness in this humble Posture, 'tis nobler still to bend when Justice calls, than to resist Conviction.

Ori. No more——thy oft' repeated violated Words reproach my weak Belief, 'tis the severest Calumny to hear thee speak; that humble Posture which once cou'd raise, now mortifies my Pride; how can'st thou hope for Pardon from one that you affront by asking it?

Mir. [*Rises*] In my own Cause no more, but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard Injunctions of that Habit, which for my fault you wear.

Ori. Surprizing Insolence! My greatest Foe pretends to give me Counsel; but I am too warm upon

so

ſo cool a Subject. My Reſolutions, Sir, are fix'd! but as our Hearts were united with the Ceremony of our Eyes, ſo I ſhall ſpare ſome Tears to the Separation. [*Weeps.*] That's all; farewell.

Mir. And muſt I loſe her? No. [*Runs and catches her.*] Since all my Prayers are vain, I'll uſe the nobler Argument of Man, and force you to the Juſtice you refuſe; you're mine by Pre-contract: And where's the Vow ſo ſacred to diſannul another? I'll urge my Love, your Oath, and plead my Cauſe 'gainſt all Monaſtick Shifts upon the Earth.

Ori. Unhand me, Raviſher! Wou'd you prophane theſe holy Walls with Violence? Revenge for all my paſt Diſgrace now offers, thy Life ſhou'd anſwer this, wou'd I provoke the Law: Urge me no farther, but be gone.

Mir. Inexorable Woman, let me kneel again. [*Kneels.*

Enter Old Mirabel.

Old M. Where, where's this counterfeit Nun?

Ori. Madneſs! Confuſion! I'm ruin'd!

Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you ſay, Sir?

Old M. I ſay ſhe's a Counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, Sir; I have loſt my Child by theſe Tricks, Sir.

Mir. What Tricks, Sir?

Old M. By a pretended Trick, Sir. A Contrivance to bring my Son to reaſon, and it has made him ſtark mad; I have loſt him and a thouſand Pound a Year.

Mir. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*] My dear Father, I'm your moſt humble Servant.

Old M. My dear Boy, [*Runs and kiſſes him.*] Welcome, *ex Inferis*, my dear Boy; 'tis all a Trick, ſhe's no more a Nun than I am.

Mir. No?

Old M. The Devil a bit.

Mir. Then kiſs me again, my dear Dad, for the moſt happy News.——And now moſt venerable holy Siſter, [*Kneels.*

Your Mercy and your Pardon I implore,
For the Offence of asking it before.

Look'e, my dear counterfeiting Nun, take my Advice, be a Nun in good earnest; Women make the best Nuns always when they can't do otherwise. Ay, my dear Father, there is a Merit in your Son's Behaviour that you little think; the free Deportment of such Fellows as I, makes more Ladies Religious, than all the Pulpits in *France*.

Ori. O! Sir, how unhappily have you destroy'd what was so near Perfection! He is the Counterfeit that has deceiv'd you,

Old M. Ha! Look'e, Sir, I recant, she is a Nun.

Mir. Sir, your humble Servant, then I'm a Fryer this Moment.

Old M. Was ever an old Fool so banter'd by a Brace o' young ones; hang you both, you're both Counterfeits, and my Plot's spoil'd, that's all.

Ori. Shame and Confusion, Love, Anger, and Disappointment, will work my Brain to Madness.

[*Throws off her Habit.* Exit.

Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the Rags, they have serv'd a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together.

[*Takes off his Habit.*

Thus the sick Wretch, when tortur'd by his Pain,
And finding all Essays for Life are vain;
When the Physician can no more design,
Then call the other Doctor, the Divine.
What Vows to Heaven, wou'd Heaven restore his Health;
Vows all to Heaven, his Thoughts, his Actions, Wealth:
But if restor'd to Vigour as before,
His Health refuses what his Sickness swore.
The Body is no sooner Rais'd and Well,
But the weak Soul relapses into Ill;
To all its former Swing of Life is led,
And leaves its Vows and Promises in Bed.

[Exit, *throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Old Mirabel's *House:* Duretete *with a Letter.*

Dur. [*Reads,*]

MY *Rudeness was only a Proof of your Humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own my self penitent, and willing to make any Reparation upon your first Appearance to*

BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewel Gallantry, and welcome Revenge; 'tis my turn now to be upon the Sublime, I'll take her off, I warrant her.

Enter Bisarre.

Well, Mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, Sir, you will pardon the Modesty of———

Dur. Of what? of a Dacning Devil!——Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I———.

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abus'd again! Death, Woman, I'll——

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, I do, I do!

Dur. Confirm it then by your Obedience, stand there; and Ogle me now, as if your Heart, Blood, and Soul were like to fly out at your Eyes.——First, the direct Surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next the *Deux yeux par oblique.* [*She gives him the side Glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your Fan o' purpose. [*She drops her Fan.*] Now take it up again: Come now, confess your Faults: Are not you a proud ———say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis.

Bif. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bif. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bif. Puppy.

Dur. Soons, Woman, don't provoke me, we are alone, and you don't know but the Devil may tempt me to do you a Mischief; ask my Pardon immediately.

Bif. I do, Sir, I only mistook the Word.

Dur. Cry then, ha' you got e'er a Handkerchief?

Bif. Yes, Sir.

Dur. Cry then, handsomly; cry like a Queen in a Tragedy. [*She, pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

Bif. Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies both.] Ha, ha, ha!

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the Furies flutter'd about my Ears! Betray'd again!

Bif. That you are, upon my Word, my dear Captain; ha, ha, ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me.

1 *Lady.* What! is this the mighty Man with the Bull-face that comes to frighten Ladies? I long to see him angry; come, begin.

Dur. Ah, Madam, I'm the best-natur'd Fellow in the World.

2 *Lady.* A Man! We're mistaken, a Man has Manners; the aukard Creature is some Tinker's Trull in a Perriwig.

Bif. Come, Ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! The Devil you will!

Bif. I'll lay my Life, some great Dairy-Maid in Man's Clothes.

Dur. They will do't;——look'e, dear Christian Women, pray hear me.

Bif. Will you ever attempt a Lady's Honour again?

Dur.

Dur. If you pleaſe to let me get away with my Honour, I'd do any thing in the World.

Biſ. Will you perſuade your Friend to marry mine?

Dur. O, yes, to be ſure.

Biſ. And will you do the ſame by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the Coaſt be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Biſ. Ha, ha, ha! the Viſit, Ladies, was critical for our Diverſion; we'll go make an end of our Tea. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Old Mirabel.

Mir. Your Patience, Sir. I tell you I won't marry; and tho' you ſend all the Biſhops in *France* to perſuade me, I ſhall never believe their Doctrine againſt their Practice.

Old M. But will you diſobey your Father, Sir?

Mir. Wou'd my Father have his youthful Son lie lazing here, bound to a Wife, chain'd like a Monkey to make ſport to a Woman, ſubject to her Whims, Humours, Longings, Vapours and Caprices, to have her one Day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh, the next Day mad, the fourth rebellious; and nothing but this Succeſſion of Impertinence for Ages together. Be merciful, Sir, to your own Fleſh and Blood.

Old M. But, Sir, did not I bear all this, why ſhould not you?

Mir. Then you think, that Marriage, like Treaſon, ſhould attaint the whole Blood; pray conſider, Sir, is it reaſonable becauſe you throw your ſelf down from one Story, that I muſt caſt my ſelf headlong from the Garret Window? You wou'd compel me to that State, which I have heard you curſe your ſelf, when my Mother and you have battel'd it for a whole Week together.

Old M. Never but once, you Rogue, and that was when ſhe long'd for ſix *Flanders* Mares: Ay, Sir, then

then she was breeding of you, which shew'd what an expensive Dog I shou'd have of you.

Enter Petit.

Well, *Petit*, how does she now?

Pet. Mad, Sir, *con Pompos*——Ay, Mr. *Mirabel*, you'll believe that I speak truth now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but Lyes; our Jesting is come to a sad Earnest, she's downright distracted.

Enter Bisarre.

Bis. Where is this mighty Victor?——The great Exploit is done: go triumph in the glory of your Conquest, inhuman, barbarous Man! O, Sir, [*to the Old Gentleman*] your wretched Ward has found a tender Guardian of you; where her young Innocence expected Protection, here has she found her Ruin.

Old M. Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that Rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting such a disobedient Son as his Father did. I have done all I can, Madam, and now can do no more than run mad for Company. [*Crits.*

Enter Dugard, *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge, Revenge.

Old M. Patience, Patience, Sir.

[*Old* Mirabel *holds him.*

Bob draw. [*Aside.*

Dug. Patience! The Coward's Virtue, and the brave Man's failing, when thus provok'd——Villain!

Mir. Your Sister's Frenzy shall excuse your Madness; and to shew my Concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the Villain from her Brother.—Put up your Anger with your Sword; I have a Heart like yours, that swells at an Affront receiv'd, but melts at an Injury given: and if the lovely *Oriana*'s Grief be such a moving Scene, 'twill find a part within this Breast, perhaps as tender as a Brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft Compassion for her Grief, endeavour to remove it.——There, there, behold an Object

Object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she: [*Enter* Oriana *mad, held by two Maids, who put her in a Chair.*] A Sister that my dying Parents left, with their last Words and Blessing, to my Care. Sister, dearest Sister, [*Goes to her.*

Old M. Ay, poor Child, poor Child, d'ye know me?

Ori. You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir;——Oh! oh my Heart! Were you never in love, fair Lady? And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens? ——I dream of walking Fires, and tall Gigantic Sights. Take heed, it comes now———What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that Face sure.——How light my Head is!

Mir. What piercing Charms has Beauty, ev'n in Madness! these sudden Starts of undigested Words shoot thro' my Soul, with more persuasive Force than all the study'd Art of labour'd Eloquence.———Come, Madam, try to repose a little.

Ori. I cannot; for I must be up to go to Church, and I must dress me, put on my new Gown, and be so fine, to meet my Love. Hey, ho!———Will not you tell me where my Heart lies bury'd?

Mir. My very Soul is touch'd———Your Hand, my Fair.

Ori. How soft and gentle you feel: I'll tell you your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How she stares upon me!

Ori. You have a flatt'ring Face; but 'tis a fine one ——I warrant you have five hundred Mistresses——— Ay, to be sure, a Mistress for every Guinea in his Pocket——Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow——And will you ring my Passing-Bell?

Mir. O Woman, Woman, of Artifice created! whose Nature, even distracted, has a Cunning: In vain let Man his Sense, his Learning boast, when Woman's Madness over-rules his Reason. Do you know me, injur'd Creature?

Ori. No,———but you shall be my intimate Acquaintance in the Grave. [*Weeps.*

Mir.

Mir. Oh Tears, I must believe you; sure there's a kind of Sympathy in Madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my Soul so toss'd with Storms of Passion, that I could cry for help as well as she.— [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Ori. What have you lost your Lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Stay, my fair Innocence, and hear me own my Love so loud, that I may call your Senses to their Place, restore 'em to their charming happy Functions, and re-instate my self into your Favour.

Bis. Let her alone, Sir, 'tis all too late; she trembles, hold her, her Fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, Sir.

Old M. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter Duretete.

Dur. Where are you all? What the Devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous Subject, such a very good Jest among you as I am?

Mir. Away with this Impertinence; this is no place for Bagatel: I have murder'd my Honour, destroy'd a Lady, and my desire of Reparation is come at length too late: See there.

Dur. What ails her?

Mir. Alas, she's mad.

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this Light, they're all so; they're cozening mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad; I just now came from a whole World of mad Women, that had almost——— What, is she dead?

Mir. Dead! Heav'ns forbid.

Dur. Heav'ns farther it; for 'till they be as cold as a Key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a Woman's in earnest, 'till she be nail'd in her Coffin. Shall I talk to her? are you mad, Mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, Sir?

Dur. Oons, Madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Mir.

Mir. Away, thou wild Buffoon; how poor and mean this Humour now appears? His Follies and my own I here disclaim; this Lady's Frenzy has restor'd my Senses, and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it,) she shou'd be mine; and as she is, my Tears and Prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this Declaration been some hours ago?

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off; come, come, let's leave 'em.

[*Ex. omnes, but* Mir. *and* Ori.

Ori. Oh, Sir!

Mir. Speak, my charming Angel, if your dear Senses have regain'd their Order; speak, Fair, and bless me with the News.

Ori. First, let me bless the Cunning of my Sex, that happy counterfeited Frenzy that has restor'd to my poor labouring Breast, the dearest, best belov'd of Men.

Mir. Tune all, ye Spheres, your Instruments of Joy, and carry round your spacious Orbs, the happy Sound of *Oriana*'s Health; her Soul, whose Harmony was next to yours, is now in Tune again; the counterfeiting Fair has play'd the Fool.

She was so mad to counterfeit for me,
I was so mad to pawn my Liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Ori. How, Sir! Free?

Mir. As Air, my dear Bedlamite; what, marry a Lunatick! Look'e, my Dear, you have counterfeited Madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the Fool all your Life long. ——— Here, Gentlemen.

Ori. Monster! you won't disgrace me.

Mir. O' my Faith, but I will; here, come in Gentlemen. ——— A Miracle! a Miracle! the Woman's dispossess'd, the Devil's vanish'd.

En-

Enter Old Mirabel *and* Dugard.

Old M. Bless us, was she possess'd?

Mir. With the worst of Dæmons, Sir, a Marriage-Devil, a horrid Devil. Mr. *Dugard*, don't be surpriz'd, I promis'd my Endeavours to cure your Sister; no mad Doctor in *Christendom* could have done it more effectually. Take her into your Charge; and have a care she don't relapse: if she should, employ me again, for I am no more infallible than others of the Faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Ori. Your Remedy, most barbarous Man, will prove the greatest Poison to my Health; for tho' my former Frenzy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real Madness. [*Exit*; *Old* Mir. *after*.

Dug. This was a turn beyond my Knowledge; I'm so confus'd, I know not how to resent it. [*Exit*.

Mir. What a dangerous Precipice have I 'scap'd! Was not I just now upon the Brink of Destruction?

Enter Duretete.

O my Friend, let me run into thy Bosom; no Lark escap'd from the devouring Pounces of a Hawk, quakes with more dismal Apprehension.

Dur. The matter, Man!

Mir. Marriage, Hanging; I was just at the Gallows-foot, the running Noose about my Neck, and the Cart wheeling from me.——Oh——I shan't be my self this Month again.

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike Saints or Devils; their counterfeiting can't be reputed a Deceit; for 'tis the Nature of the Sex, not their Contrivance.

Mir. Ay, ay; there's no living here with Security; this House is is so full of Stratagem and Design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart, I'll bear thee Company, my Lad; I'll meet you at the Play; and we'll set out for *Italy* to-morrow Morning.

Mir.

Mir. A Match: I'll go pay my Compliment of leave to my Father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Mir. What pretend a Command over me after his Settlement of a thousand Pound a Year upon me? No, no, he has passed away his Authority with the Conveyance; the Will of a living Father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

What makes the World attend and croud the Great?
Hopes, Interest, and Dependance, make their State.
Behold the Ante-chamber fill'd with Beaus,
A Horse's Levee throng'd with Courtly Crows.
Tho' grumbling Subjects make the Crown their Sport,
Hopes of a Place will bring the Sparks to Court,
Dependance, even a Father's Sway secures,
For tho' the Son rebels, the Heir is yours.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street before the* Play-house; Mirabel *and* Duretete *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. HOW d'ye like this Play?

Mir. I lik'd the Company; the Lady, the rich Beauty in the Front-Box had my Attention: These impudent Poets bring the Ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For Deaths upon the Stage the Ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us that in the Audience die:

The

The Poet's Hero shou'd not move their Pain,
But they shou'd weep for those their Eyes have slain.

Dur. Hoity, toity; did *Phillis* inspire you with all this?

Mir. Ten times more; the Play-house is the Element of Poetry, because the Region of Beauty; the Ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant Air in the Boxes than any where else, they sit commanding on their Thrones with all their Subject-slaves about them: Their best Clothes, best Looks, shining Jewels, sparkling Eyes, the Treasure of the World in a Ring. Then there's such a hurry of Pleasure to transport us; the Bustle, Noise, Gallantry, Equipage, Garters, Feathers, Wigs, Bows, Smiles, Ogles, Love, Musick and Applause; I cou'd wish that my whole Life long were the first Night of a new Play.

Dur. The Fellow has quite forgot this Journey; have you bespoke Post-Horses?

Mir. Grant me but three Days, dear Captain, one to discover the Lady, one to unfold my self, and one to make me happy; and then I'm yours to the World's end.

Dur. Hast thou the Impudence to promise thy self a Lady of her Figure and Quality in so short a time?

Mir. Yes, Sir——I have a confident Address, no disagreeable Person, and five hundred *Lewidores* in my Pocket.

Dur. Five hundred *Lewidores*! You a'n't mad?

Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black brilliant Eyes is worth a Diamond as big as her Head. I compar'd her Necklace with her Looks, and the living Jewels out-sparkl'd the dead ones by a Million.

Dur. But you have own'd to me, that abating *Oriana*'s Pretensions to Marriage, you lov'd her passionately, then how can you wander at this rate?

Mir.

Mir, I long'd for a Partridge t'other day off the King's Plate, but d'ye think, because I cou'd not have it, I must eat nothing?

Dur. Prithee, *Mirabel*, be quiet; you may remember what narrow scapes you have had abroad by following Strangers; you forget your Leap out of the *Courtesan*'s Window at *Bologna* to save your fine Ring there.

Mir. My Ring's a Trifle, there's nothing we possess comparable to what we desire——be shy of a Lady barefac'd in the Front-Box with a thousand Pound in Jewels about her Neck! For shame, no more.

Enter Oriana *in Boy's Clothes with a Letter.*

Ori. Is your Name *Mirabel*, Sir?

Mir. Yes, Sir.

Ori. A Letter from your Uncle in *Picardy*.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Mir. [*Reads.*]

THE Bearer is the Son of a Protestant Gentleman, who flying for his Religion, left me the Charge of this Youth [a pretty Boy] *he's fond of some handsome Service that may afford him opportunity of Improvement, your Care of him will oblige*

Yours.

Hast a mind to travel, Child?

Ori. 'Tis my Desire, Sir; I should be pleas'd to serve a Traveller in any Capacity.

Mir. A hopeful Inclination; you shall along with me into *Italy*, as my Page.

Dur. I don't think it safe; the Rogue's [*Noise without*] too handsome——The Play's done, and some of the Ladies come this way.

Enter Lamorce, *with her Train born up by a Page.*

Mir. *Duretete*, the very dear, identical She.

Dur. And what then?

Mir. Why 'tis she.

Dur.

Dur. And what then, Sir?

Mir. Then! Why,——Look'e Sirrah, the first piece of Service I put you upon, is to follow that Lady's Coach, and bring me word where she lives.

[*To* Oriana.

Ori. I don't know the Town, Sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Mir. Pshaw!

Lam. Page, what's become of all my People?

Page. I can't tell, Madam, I can see no sign of your Ladyship's Coach.

Lam. That Fellow is got into his old Pranks, and fall'n drunk somewhere; none of the Footmen there?

Page. Not one, Madam.

Lam. These Servants are the plague of our Lives, what shall I do?

Mir. By all my Hopes Fortune pimps for me; now, *Duretete*, for a piece of Gallantry.

Dur. Why, you won't sure?

Mir. Won't, Brute! Let not your Servants Neglect, Madam, put your Ladyship to any Inconvenience, for you can't be disappointed of an Equipage whilst mine waits below; and wou'd you honour the Master so far, he wou'd be proud to pay his Attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure. [*Aside.*

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my Habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, Madam, and he's a little engag'd; besides, Madam, a Hackney-Coach will do as well, Madam.

Mir. Rude Beast, be quiet! [*To* Duretete.] The farther from home, Madam, the more occasion you have for Guard——pray, Madam.——

Lam. Lard, Sir.—— [*He seems to press, she to decline it in dumb shew.*

Dur. Ah! The Devil's in his Impudence; now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a Rogue, and she's a W—— in a moment.

Mir.

Mir. Without there, my Coach; *Duretete*, wish me Joy. [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a Surgeon! Here you little *Picard*, go follow your Master, and he'll lead you——

Ori. Whither, Sir?

Dur. To the Academy, Child: 'tis the Fashion with Men of Quality to teach their Pages their Exercises ——go.

Ori. Won't you go with him too, Sir? that Woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, *Tages*, do you start up to give Laws of a sudden; do you pretend to rise at Court, and disapprove the Pleasures of your Betters? Look'e, Sirrah, if ever you wou'd rise by a great Man, be sure to be with him in his little Actions, and as a step to your Advancement, follow your Master immediately, and make it your Hope that he go to a Bawdy-House.

Ori. Heavens forbid. [*Exit.*

Dur. Now wou'd I sooner take a Cart in Company of the Hangman, than a Coach with that Woman: What a strange Antipathy have I taken against these Creatures; A Woman to me is Aversion upon Aversion, Cheese, a Cat, a Breast of Mutton, the Squeeling of Children, the Grinding of Knives, and the Snuff of a Candle.

SCENE, *a handsome Apartment.*

Enter Mirabel *and* Lamorce.

Lam. To convince me, Sir, that your Service was something more than good Breeding, please to lay out an Hour of your Company upon my Desire, as you have already upon my Necessity.

Mir. Your Desire, Madam, has only prevented my Request; my Hours! Make 'em yours, Madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy Minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, Sir, to dismiss your Retinue, because an Equipage at my Door, at this time

time of Night will not be consistent with my Reputation.

Mir. By all means, Madam, all but one little Boy—— Here, Page, order my Coach and Servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish Country Boy, that knows nothing but Innocence.

Lam. Innocence, Sir! I shou'd be sorry if you made any sinister Constructions of my Freedom.

Mir. O Madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's Freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, Sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy Correspondence, that we enter'd into a free Confidence of each other, by a mutual Declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.——Now, Sir, what are you?

Mir. In three Words, Madam,——I am a Gentleman, I have five hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and a clean Shirt on.

Lam. And your Name is——

Mir. Mustapha.—— Now, Madam the Inventory of your Fortunes.

Lam. My Name is *Lamorce*; my Birth noble; I was marry'd young, to a proud, rude, sullen, imperious Fellow; the Husband spoiled the Gentleman; Crying ruin'd my Face, 'till at last I took heart, leap'd out of a Window, got away to my Friends, su'd my Tyrant, and recover'd my Fortune——I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a Husband, from twenty to forty I'm resolv'd to please my self, and from thence upwards I'll humour the World.

Mir. The charming wild Notes of a Bird broke out of its Cage!

Lam. I mark'd you at the Play, and something I saw of a well-furnish'd, careless, agreeable Tour about you. Methought your Eyes made their mannerly Demands with such an arch Modesty, that I don't know how——but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha! I'm elop'd.

Mir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! I rejoyce in your good Fortune with all my Heart.

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. *Mustapha*, you have got the finest Ring there, I cou'd scarcely believe it right, pray let me see it.

Mir. Hum! Yes, Madam, 'tis, 'tis right——but, but, but, but, it was given me by my Mother, an old Family-Ring, Madam, an old-fashion'd Family-Ring.

Lam. Ay, Sir——if you can entertain your self with a Song for a moment, I'll wait on you; come in there.

Enter Singers.

Call what you please, Sir.

Mir. The new Song——*Prithee*, Phillis, *&c.*

SONG.

Certainly the Stars have been in a strange intriguing Humour when I was born.——Ay, this Night shou'd I have had a Bride in my Arms, and that I shou'd like well enough; but what shou'd I have to-morrow Night? the same. And what next Night? the same; and what next Night? the very same: Soop for Breakfast, Soop for Dinner, Soop for Supper, and Soop for Breakfast again——but here's variety.

I love the Fair who freely gives her Heart,
That's mine by Ties of Nature, not of Art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her Thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a Hypocrite.

[Lamorce *appears at the Door, as he runs towards her, four Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.*

She comes, she comes——Hum, hum——Bitch——Murder'd, murder'd to be sure! The cursed Strumpet! To make me send away my Servants——no body near me! These Cut-throats always make sure Work.

What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these Gentlemen, your Relations, Madam?

Lam. Yes, Sir.

Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble Servant; Sir, your most faithful, yours, Sir, with all my heart.; your most obedient——come, Gentlemen, [*Salutes all round*] please to sit.——no Ceremony, next the Lady, pray Sir.

Lam. Well, Sir, and how do you like my Friends? [*They all sit.*

Mir. O, Madam, the most finish'd Gentlemen! I was never more happy in good Company in my Life; I suppose, Sir, you have travell'd?

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir.

Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1 *Bra.* In a Western Barge, Sir.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! very pretty; facetious pretty Gentleman!

Lam. Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettiest Ring upon your Finger there——

Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your Service with all my Heart. [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no means, Sir, a Family-Ring! [*Takes it.*

Mir. No matter, Madam. Seven hundred Pound, by this Light. [*Aside.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, Sir, what's o' clock?

Mir. Hum! Sir, I forgot my Watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I saw the String of it just now.

Mir. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon, here it is——but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear Sir, an *English* Watch! *Tompion*'s, I presume.

Mir. D'ye like it, Madam——no Ceremony——'tis at your Service with all my Heart and Soul——*Tompion*'s! Hang ye. [*Aside.*

1 *Bra.* But, Sir, above all things, I admire the Fashion and Make of your Sword-hilt.

Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, Sir.

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, Sir?

Mir.

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it, Sir!

Mir. No, Gentlemen,——but I'll bestow it with all my heart. [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O Sir, we shall rob you.

Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*] I have another at home, pray, Sir,——Gentlemen, you're too modest: Have I any thing else that you fancy?——Sir, will you do me a Favour? [*To the* 1 *Bravo.*] I am extremely in love with that Wig which you wear, will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Look'e, Sir, this is a Family-Wig, and I wou'd not part with it, but if you like it——

Mir. Sir, your most humble Servant.

[*They change Wigs.*

1 *Bra.* Madam, your most humble Slave.

[*Goes up foppishly to the Lady, salutes her.*

2 *Bra.* The Fellow's very liberal, shall we murder him?

1 *Bra.* What! Let him escape to hang us all! And I to lose my Wig; no, no, I want but a handsome Pretence to quarrel with him, for you know we must act like Gentlemen. Here, some Wine——[*Wine here.*] Sir, your good Health.

[*Pulls* Mirabel *by the Nose.*

Mir. Oh! Sir, your most humble Servant; a pleasant Frolick enough, to drink a Man's Health, and pull him by the Nose; ha, ha, ha! the pleasantest pretty-humour'd Gentleman.

Lam. Help the Gentleman to a Glass. [Mir. *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the Wine, Sir?

Mir. Very good o' the kind, Sir; but I tell ye what, I find we're all inclin'd to be frolicksome, and I'gad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry; let's make a Night on't, ha!——This Wine is pretty, but I have such *Burgundy* at home.——Look'e, Gentlemen, let me send for a dozen Flasks of my *Burgundy*, I defy *France* to match it——'Twill make us all Life, all Air, pray, Gentlemen.

2 *Bra*. Eh! Shall us have his *Burgundy?*

1 *Bra*. Yes, faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the Gentleman's Servant.——What think you, *Lamorce?*

Lam. Yes, yes,——your Servant is a foolish Country Boy, Sir, he understands nothing but Innocence?

Mir. Ay, ay, Madam.——Here, Page, [*Enter* Oriana] take this Key, and go to my Butler, order him to send half a dozen Flasks of the red *Burgundy*, mark'd a thousand; and be sure you make haste, I long to entertain my Friends here, my very good Friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear Sir!

1 *Bra*. Here, Child, take a Glass of Wine——Your Master and I have chang'd Wigs, Honey, in a Frolick.——Where had you this pretty Boy, honest *Mustapha?*

Ori. *Mustapha!*

Mir. Out of *Picardy*——this is the first Errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

Ori. The red *Burgundy*, Sir?

Mir. The red, mark'd a thousand, and be sure you make haste

Ori. I shall, Sir. [*Exit*.

1 *Bra*. Sir, you were pleas'd to like my Wig, have you any fancy for my Coat?——Look'e, Sir, it has serv'd a great many honest Gentlemen very faithfully.

Mir. Not so faithfully, for I'm afraid it has got a scurvy trick of leaving all its Masters in Necessity.——The Insolence of these Dogs is beyond their Cruelty. [*Aside*.

Lam. You're melancholy, Sir.

Mir. Only concern'd, Madam, that I shou'd have no Servant here but this little Boy——he'll make some confounded Blunder, I'll lay my Life on't; I wou'd not be disappointed of my Wine for the Universe.

Lam.

Lam. He'll do well enough, Sir: but Supper's ready, will you please to eat a Bit, Sir?

Mir. O Madam, I never had a better Stomach in my Life.

Lam. Come then,——we have nothing but a Plate of Soop.

Mir. Ah! The Marriage-Soop I cou'd dispense with now. [*Aside.*] [Exit, *handing the Lady.*

2 *Bra.* That Wig won't fall to your Share.

1 *Bra.* No, no, we'll settle that after Supper, in the mean time the Gentleman shall wear it.

2 *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be sure, I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead Men tell no Tales; I wonder at the Impudence of the *English* Rogues, that will hazard the meeting a Man at the Bar that they have encounter'd upon the Road! I ha'n't the Confidence to look a Man in the Face after I have done him an Injury, therefore we'll murder him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Old* Mirabel's *House.*

Enter Duretete.

Dur. My Friend has forsaken me, I have abandon'd my Mistress, my time lies heavy on my hands, and my Money burns in my Pocket.——But now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon Duty to-night: I'll fairly stroll down to the Guard, and nod away the Night with my honest Lieutenant over a Flask of Wine, a Rakehelly Story, and a Pipe of Tobacco.

[*Going off,* Bis. *meets him.*

Bis. Who comes there? stand!

Dur. Hey-day, now she's turn'd Dragoon.

Bis. Look'e, Sir, I'm told you intend to travel again——I design to wait on you as far as *Italy.*

Dur. Then I'll travel into *Wales.*

Bis. *Wales!* What Country's that?

Dur. The Land of Mountains, Child, where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a High-Road.

Bis. Rather always in a High-road, 'cause you travel all upon Hills;——but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the *East-Indies.*

Bis. *East* or *West*, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take thro' *Germany*, and drink hard.

Bis. Suppose I take thro' *Germany*, and drink harder than you.

Dur. Suppose I go to a Baudy-house.

Bis. Suppose I shew you the way.

Dur. 'Sdeath, Woman, will you go to the Guard with me, and smoak a Pipe?

Bis. Allons, Done!

Dur. The Devil's in the Woman;——suppose I hang myself.

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance, the Gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, Sir, [*Catches him by the Arm going*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, Madam,——or I shall think that you're a Man, and perhaps may examine you.

Bis Stir if you dare; I have still Spirits to attend me; and can raise such a muster of Fairies as shall punish you to death——Come, Sir, stand there now and ogle me; [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing Sigh! [*He groans.*] Now run and take up my Fan,——faster. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bis. Hold, hold, dear humorous Coxcomb; Captain, spare my Fan, and I'll——Why, you rude, inhuman Monster, don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, Madam, there's Twelve-pence; for that is the price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a Guinea.

Dur.

Dur. Well, Madam, you shall have the Sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and* Exit.

Bis. Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous, below my Concern. I must follow him however, to know if he can give me any news of *Oriana.* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Lamorce's *Lodgings.*

Enter Mirabel solus.

Mir. Bloody Hell-hounds, I over-heard you:——Was not I two Hours ago the happy, gay, rejoicing ——*Mirabel?* How did I plume my Hopes in a fair coming prospect of a long Scene of Years? Life courted me with all the Charms of Vigour, Youth, and Fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised Joys, is more than Death; the Manner too, by Villains. ————O my *Oriana*, this very moment might have bless'd me in thy Arms!——and my poor Boy, the innocent Boy!——Confusion!——But hush, they come; I must dissemble still——No News of my Wine, Gentlemen?

Enter the four Bravoes.

1 *Bra.* No, Sir, I believe your Country Booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't:———— true, Sir, you're a pleasant Gentleman, but I suppose you understand our Business.

Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your Employments; you, Sir, are a Lawyer, I presume, you a Physician, you a Scrivener, you a Stock-jobber.——— All Cut-throats, I'gad. [*Aside.*

4 *Bra* Sir, I am a Broken-Officer; I was cashier'd at the Head of the Army for a Coward: So I took up the Trade of Murder to retrieve the Reputation of my Courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a Soldier too, and wou'd serve my King, but I don't like the Quarrel, and I have more Honour than to fight in a bad Cause.

2 *Bra.*

2 *Bra.* I was bred a Gentleman, and have no Estate, but I must have my Whore and my Bottle; thro' the Prejudice of Education.

1 *Bra.* I am a Ruffian too; by the Prejudice of Education, I was bred a Butcher. In short, Sir, if your Wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer.——Come, Sir, which Sword will you fall by? mine, Sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*draws.*

Mir. I scorn to beg my Life; but to be butcher'd thus! O, there's the Wine:————this moment for [*knocking*] my Life or Death.

Enter Oriana.

Lost, for ever lost!——Where's the Wine, Child? [*faintly.*

Ori. Coming up, Sir, [*Stamps.*]

Enter Duretete *with his Sword drawn, and six of the grand Musquetteers with their Pieces presented, the Ruffians drop their Swords.* Oriana *goes off.*

Mir. The Wine, the Wine, the Wine! Youth, Pleasure, Fortune, Days and Years, are now my own again.——Ah, my dear Friends, did not I tell you this Wine wou'd make me merry?————Dear Captain, these Gentlemen are the best-natur'd, facetious, witty Creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter Lamorce.

Lam. Is the Wine come, Sir?

Mir. O yes, Madam, the Wine is come————see there————Your Ladyship has got a very fine Ring [*Pointing to the Soldiers*] upon your Finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your Service.

Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear Seven hundred Pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my Heart————Ad's my Life, Madam, you have got the finest-built Watch there! *Tompion*'s, I presume.

Lam.

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Mir. O, Madam, by no means, 'tis too much—— Rob you of all!——[*Taking it from her*] Good dear Time, thou'rt a precious thing. I'm glad I have retriev'd thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my Friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my Complaisance to the Lady.——How now——is it so civil to be out of humour at my Entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain you're surpriz'd at all this! but we're in our Frolicks you must know ——Some Wine here.

Enter Servant *with Wine.*

Come, Captain, this worthy Gentleman's Health,

[*Tweaks the first* Bravo *by the Nose, he roars.*

But now, where,——where's my dear Deliverer, my Boy, my charming Boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our Crew below-stairs have dispatch'd him.

Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? dispatch'd! I'll have ye all tortur'd, rack'd, torn to pieces alive, if you have touch'd my Boy.——Here Page! Page! Page! [*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, Gentlemen, be sure you secure those Fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, Sir, we know you and your Guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Now for you, Madam;——He, he, he!—— I'm so pleas'd to think I shall be reveng'd of one Woman before I die——Well, Mistress *Snap-dragon*, which of these honourable Gentlemen is so happy to call you Wife.

1 *Bra.* Sir, she shou'd have been mine to-night, 'cause *Sampre* here had her last Night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Dur. Take 'em to Justice. [*The Guards carry off the* Bravoes.

Enter Old Mirabel, Dugard, Bisarre.

Old M. Robin, Robin, where's *Bob?* where's my Boy?——

What,

What is this Lady, a pretty Whore, faith! ——— Heark'e Child, because my Son was so civil as to oblige you with a Coach, I'll treat you with a Cart, indeed I will.

Dur. Ay, Madam, ——and you shall have a swinging Equipage, three or four thousand Footmen at your Heels at least.

Dur. No less becomes her Quality.

Bis. Faugh the Monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter Mirabel.

Old M. Ah, my dear *Bob*, art thou safe, Man?

Mir. No, no, Sir, I am ruin'd, the Saver of my Life is lost.

Old M. No, no, he came and brought us the News.

Mir. But where is he? ——[*Enter* Oriana.] Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear Preserver, what shall I do to recompence your trust. ——Father, Friend, Gentlemen, behold the Youth that has reliev'd me from the most ignominious Death, from the scandalous Poniards of these bloody *Ruffians*, where to have fall'n, wou'd have defam'd my Memory with vile Reproach. ——My Life, Estate, my All, is due to such a Favour. —— Command me, Child, before you all, before my late, so kind indulgent Stars, I swear, to grant whate'er you ask.

Ori. To the same Stars indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the Justice of my Claim; I shall demand but what was mine before ——the just Performance of your Contract to *Oriana*.

[*Discovering herself.*

Om. Oriana!

Ori. In this Disguise I resolv'd to follow you abroad, counterfeited that Letter that got me into your Service; and so, by this strange turn of Fate, I became the Instrument of your Preservation; few common Servants wou'd have had such cunning: My Love inspir'd me with the meaning of your Mes-

sage;

ſage, 'cauſe my Concern for your Safety made me ſuſpect your Company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Mir. Caught! I ſcorn the thought of Impoſition, the Tricks and artful Cunning of the Sex I have deſpis'd, and broke thro' all Contrivance. Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary Act; this was no human Stratagem, but by my providential Stars, deſign'd to ſhew the Dangers wandring Youth incurs by the purſuit of an unlawful Love, to plunge me headlong in the Snares of Vice, and then to free me by the Hands of Virtue; here, on my Knees, I humbly beg my fair Preſerver's pardon; my Thanks are needleſs, for myſelf I owe: And now for ever do proteſt me yours.

Old M. Tall, all di dall. [*Sings.*] Kiſs me Daughter———no, you ſhall kiſs me firſt, [*To* Lamorce,] For you're the cauſe on't. Well, *Biſarre*, what ſay you to the Captain?

Biſ. I like the Beaſt well enough, but I don't underſtand his Paces ſo well as to venture him in a ſtrange Road.

Old M. But Marriage is ſo beaten a Path, that you can't go wrong.

Biſ. Ay, 'tis ſo beaten that the Way is ſpoil'd.

Dur. There is but one thing ſhou'd make me thy Huſband.———I cou'd marry thee to-day for the Privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old M. Come, come, you may agree for all this: Mr. *Dugard*, are not you pleas'd with this?

Dug. So pleas'd, that if I thought it might ſecure your Son's Affection to my Siſter, I wou'd double her Fortune.

Mir. Fortune! has not ſhe given me mine? my Life, Eſtate, my All, and what is more, her virtuous ſelf.———Virtue, in this ſo advantageous Light, has her own ſparkling Charms, more tempting far than glittering Gold or Glory. Behold the Foil [*Pointing to* Lamorce] that ſets this Brightneſs off; [*To* Oriana.] Here view the Pride [*To* Oriana] and Scandal

Scandal of the Sex. [*To* Lam.] There [*To* Lam.] the false Meteor, whose deluding Light leads Mankind to Destruction. Here [*To* Oriana] the bright shining Star that guides to a Security of Happiness, a Garden and a single She [*To* Oriana.] was our first Father's Bliss; the Tempter [*To* Lam.] and to wander was his Curse.

What Liberty can be so tempting there, [*To* Lam.
As a soft, virtuous, amorous Bondage here? [*To* Oriana.

The End of the fifth ACT.

SONG: By Mr. *O----r.*

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

I.

SInce, Celia, *'tis not in our power*
To tell how long our Lives may last,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've lost too much in what is past.

II.

For since the Power we all obey,
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay,
In vain you'd part what Nature join'd.

FINIS.

I. Basire sculp.

THE TWIN-RIVALS.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Sic vos non vobis.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street* in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

TO

HENRY BRETT Esq;

THE Commons of England *have a Right of Petitioning; and since by your Place in the Senate, you are oblig'd to hear and redress the Subject, I presume upon the Privilege of the People, to give you the following Trouble.*

As Prologues introduce Plays on the Stage, so Dedications usher them into the great Theatre of the World; and as we chuse some stanch Actor to address the Audience, *so we pitch upon some Gentleman of undisputed Ingenuity to recommend us to the* Reader. *Books, like Metals, require to be stampt with some valuable Effigies before they become popular and current.*

To escape the Criticks, I resolv'd to take Sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the Fraternity in this, That his Good-nature is ever predominant: can discover an Author's smallest Faults, and pardon the greatest.

Your generous Approbation, Sir, *has done this Play service, but has injur'd the Author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authoriz'd to stand up for the Merit of his Performance, when so great a Master of Wit has declar'd in his Favour.*

The Muses are the most Coquetish of their Sex, fond of being admir'd, and always putting on their best Airs to the finest Gentleman: But alas, Sir! *Their Addresses are stale, and their fine things but Repetition; for there is nothing new in Wit, but what is found in your own Conversation.*

Cou'd I write by the help of Study, as you talk without it, I wou'd venture to say something in the usual Strain of Dedication; but as you have too much Wit to suffer it, and I too little to undertake it, I hope the World will excuse my Deficiency, and you will pardon the Presumption of,

SIR,

December 23, 1702.

Your most Oblig'd, and most Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE

PREFACE.

THE Succeſs and Countenance that Debauchery has met with in Plays, was the moſt ſevere and reaſonable Charge againſt their Authors in Mr. *Collier's Short View*; and indeed this Gentleman had done the *Drama* conſiderable Service, had he arraign'd the Stage only to puniſh its Miſdemeanours, and not to take away its Life. But there is an Advantage to be made ſometimes of the Advice of an Enemy, and the only way to diſappoint his Deſigns, is to improve upon his Invectives, and to make the Stage flouriſh, by the Virtue of that Satyr by which he thought to ſuppreſs it.

I have therefore in this Piece endeavour'd to ſhew, that an *Engliſh* Comedy may anſwer the ſtrictneſs of Poetical Juſtice: but indeed the greater Share of the *Engliſh* Audience, (I mean that part which is no farther read than in Plays of their own Language) have imbib'd other Principles, and ſtand up as vigorouſly for the old Poetick Licence, as they do for the Liberty of the Subject. They take all Innovations, for Grievances; and let a Project be never ſo well laid for their Advantage, yet the Undertaker is very likely to ſuffer by't. A Play without a Beau, Cully, Cuckold, or Coquet, is as poor an Entertainment to ſome Palates, as their *Sunday*'s Dinner wou'd be without Beef and Pudding. And this I take to be one Reaſon that the Galleries were ſo thin during the Run of this Play. I thought indeed to have ſooth'd the

the ſplenetick Zeal of the City, by making a Gentleman a Knave, and puniſhing their great Grievance——A *Whoremaſter*; but a certain Virtuoſo of that Fraternity has told me ſince, that the Citizens were never more diſappointed in any Entertainment, for *(ſaid he)* however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the Town but with an Intention to be leud.

There was an *Odium* caſt upon this Play, before it appear'd, by ſome Perſons who thought it their Intereſt to have it ſuppreſs'd. The Ladies were frighted from ſeeing it, by formidable Stories of a Midwife, and were told, no doubt, that they muſt expect no leſs than a *Labour* upon the Stage; but I hope the examining into that Aſperſion will be enough to wipe it off, ſince the Character of the Midwife is only ſo far touch'd as is neceſſary for carrying on the Plot, ſhe being principally decypher'd in her procuring Capacity; and I dare not affront the Ladies ſo far, as to imagine they cou'd be offended at the expoſing of a Baud.

Some Criticks complain, that the Deſign is defective for want of *Clelia*'s Appearance in the Scene; but I had rather they ſhould find this Fault, than I forfeit my Regard to the Fair, by ſhewing a Lady of Figure under a Miſfortune; for which Reaſon I made her only Nominal, and choſe to expoſe the Perſon that injur'd her: and if the Ladies don't agree that I have done her Juſtice in the end, I'm very ſorry for't.

Some People are apt to ſay, That the Character of *Richmore* points at a particular Perſon; tho' I muſt confeſs, I ſee nothing but what is very general in his Character, except his marrying his own Miſtreſs; which by the way he never did, for he was no ſooner off the Stage, but he chang'd his mind, and the poor Lady is ſtill *in Statu Quo*: But upon the whole Matter, 'tis Application only makes the Aſs, and Characters in Plays, are like *Long-lane* Clothes, not

hung out for the Use of any particular People, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material Objection against this Play is the Importance of the Subject, which necessarily leads into Sentiments too great for Diversion, and supposes Vices too great for Comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the Business of Comedy is chiefly to ridicule Folly, and that the Punishment of Vice falls rather into the Province of Tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of Wickedness, too high for the *Sock*, and too low for the *Buskin*, is there any Reason that it shou'd go unpunish'd? What are more obnoxious to human Society, than the Villanies expos'd in this Play, the Frauds, Plots, and Contrivances upon the Fortunes of Men, and the Virtue of Women? but the Persons are too mean for Heroick; then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into Comedy: For it is unreasonable to imagine that the Law-givers in Poetry wou'd tie themselves up from executing that Justice which is the Foundation of their Constitution; or to say, that exposing Vice is the Business of the *Drama*, and yet make Rules to screen it from Persecution.

Some have ask'd the Question, Why the Elder *Wou'dbe*, in the Fourth Act, shou'd counterfeit Madness in his Confinement? Don't mistake, there was no such thing in his Head; and the Judicious cou'd easily perceive, that it was only a start of Humour put on to divert his Melancholy; and when Gaiety is strain'd to cover Misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a Semblance of Madness, sufficient to impose on the Constable, and perhaps on some of the Audience; who taking every thing at sight, impute that as a Fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most Masterly Strokes of the whole Piece.

This I think sufficient to obviate what Objections I have heard made; but there was no great Occasion for making this Defence, having had the Opinion of some of the greatest Persons in *England*, both for

Quality

Quality and Parts, that the Play has Merit enough to hide more Faults than have been found; and I think their Approbation sufficient to excuse some Pride that may be incident to the Author upon this Performance.

I must own myself oblig'd to Mr. *Longueville* for some Lines in the Part of *Teague*, and something of the Lawyer; but above all for his Hint of the Twins, upon which I form'd my Plot: But having paid him all due Satisfaction and Acknowledgment, I must do myself the Justice to believe, that few of our modern Writers have been less beholden to foreign Assistance in their Plays, than I have been in the following Scenes.

PROLOGUE:

By Mr. *MOTTEUX*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

An ALARM sounded.

WITH Drums and Trumpets in this warring Age,
A Martial Prologue shou'd alarm the Stage.
New Plays——e'er Acted, a full Audience near,
Seem Towns invested, when a Siege they fear.
Prologues are like a Forelorn-Hope sent out
Before the Play, to Skirmish and to Scout:
Our dreadful Foes, the Criticks, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire,——then back they fly.
The Siege is laid——their gallant Chiefs abound,
Here—Foes intrench'd, there—glittering Troops around,
And the loud Bat'ries roar—from yonder rising Ground.
In the First Act, brisk Sallies, *(miss or hit)*
With Vollies of Small-Shot, or Snip-snap Wit,
Attack, and gall the Trenches of the Pit.
The next——the Fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a Bridegroom's Strength.
The Third, Feints, Mines, and Countermines abound,
Your Critick Engineers safe under-ground,
Blow up our Works, and all our Art confound.
The Fourth——brings on most Action, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh Foes croud on, at your Remissness carp,
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our Counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the Gen'ral Storm is near,
The Poet-Governor now quakes for fear;

Runs

Runt wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And wou'd give all he'as plunder'd——to get off.
So——Don, *and* Monsieur——Bluff, *before the Siege,*
Were quickly tam'd——at Venlo, *and at* Liege:
'Twas Viva Spagnia! Vive France! *before;*
Now, Quartier: Monsieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!
But what your Resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the Sea and Land.
In War——your Valour makes the Strong submit;
Your Judgment humbles all Attempts in Wit.
What Play, what Fort, what Beauty can endure
All fierce Assaults, and always be secure!
Then grant 'em gen'rons Terms who dare to write,
Since now——that seems as desp'rate as to fight:
If we must yield——yet e'er the Day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the Third—and, if we may, the Sixth.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Elder *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Young *Wou'dbe*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Richmore,	Mr. *Huſband*.
Trueman,	Mr. *Mills*.
Subtleman,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Balderdaſh, and *Alderman*,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Clear-Account, a Steward,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Fair-bank, a Goldſmith,	Mr. *Minns*.
Teague,	Mr. *Bowen*.

WOMEN.

Conſtance,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Aurelia,	Mrs. *Hook*.
Midnight,	Mr. *Bullock*.
Steward's Wife,	Mrs. *Moor*.

Conſtable, Watch, &c.

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE

TWIN-RIVALS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Lodgings.*

The Curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe *a dressing, and his Valet buckling his Shoes.*

HERE is such a Plague every Morning, with buckling Shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering——Pshaw! cease thy Impertinence, I'll dress no more today.——Were I an honest Brute, that rises from his Litter, shakes himself, and so is dress'd, I cou'd beat it.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. No farther yet, *Wou'dbe?* 'Tis almost One.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Then blame the Clock-makers, they made it so;——Prithee, what have we to do with Time? Can't we let it alone as Nature made it? Can't a Man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the Confinement of Hours to enslave him?

Rich. Pardon me, Sir, I understand your Stoicism ——You have lost your Money last Night.

Y. *W.* No, no, Fortune took care of me there—I had none to lose.

Rich. 'Tis that gives you the Spleen.

Y. *W.* Yes, I have got the Spleen and something else ——Hearkʼe—— [*Whispers.*

Rich. How!

Y. *W.* Positively. The Lady's kind Reception was the most severe Usage I ever met with.——Shaʼn't I break her Windows——*Richmore?*

Rich. A mighty Revenge truly: Let me tell you, Friend, that breaking the Windows of such Houses are no more than writing over a Vintner's Door, as they do in *Holland*——*Vin te koop.* 'Tis no more than a Bush to the Tavern, a Decoy to the Trade, and to draw in Customers; but upon the whole matter, I think, a Gentleman shouʼd put up an Affront got in such little Company; for the Pleasure, the Pain, and the Resentment, are all alike scandalous.

Y. *W.* Have you forgot, *Richmore*, how I found you one Morning with the *Flying-Post* in your hand, hunting for Physical Advertisements?

Rich. That was in the Days of *Dad*, my Friend, in the Days of dirty Linnen, Pit-Masks, Hedge-Taverns, and Beef-Steaks: but now I fly at nobler Game, the Ring, the Court, *Pawlet*'s and the *Park*. I despise all Women that I apprehend any Danger from, less than the having my Throat cut; and shouʼd scruple to converse even with a Lady of Fortune, unless her Virtue were loud enough to give me Pride in exposing it——Here's a Letter I receivʼd this Morning; you may read it. [*Gives a Letter.*

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* [*Reads.*]

IF there be Solemnity in Protestations, Justice in Heaven, or Fidelity on Earth, I may still depend on the Faith of my Richmore——*Tho' I may conceal my Love, I no longer can hide the Effects on't from the World*——. *Be careful of my Honour, remember your Vows, and fly to the Relief of the Disconsolate*

Clelia.

The Fair, the Courted, Blooming *Clelia?*

Rich. The credulous, troublesome, foolish *Clelia.* Did you ever read such a fulsome Harangue——— Lard, Sir, I am near my Time, and want your Assistance——Does the silly Creature imagine that any Man wou'd come near her in those Circumstances unless it were Doctor *Chamberlain*——You may keep the Letter.

Y. *W.* But why wou'd you trust it with me? You know I can't keep a Secret that has any Scandal in't.

Rich. For that Reason I communicate it. I know thou art a perfect *Gazette*, and will spread the News all over the Town: For you must understand that I am now besieging another; and I would have the Fame of my Conquest upon the Wing, that the Town may surrender the sooner.

Y. *W.* But if the Report of your Cruelty goes along with that of your Valour, you'll find no Garrison of any Strength will open their Gates to you.

Rich. No, no, Women are Cowards, the Terror prevails upon them more than Clemency: My best Pretence to my Success with the Fair, is my using 'em ill; 'tis turning their own Guns upon 'em, and I have always found it the most successful Battery to assail one Reputation by sacrificing another.

Y. *W.* I cou'd love thee for thy Mischief, did not I envy thee for thy Success in't.

Rich. You never attempt a Woman of Figure.

Y. *W.* How can I? This confounded Hump of mine is such a Burthen at my Back, that it presses me down here in the Dirt and Diseases of *Covent-Garden*;

den, the low Suburbs of Pleasure——Curst Fortune! I am a younger Brother, and yet cruelly depriv'd of my Birth-right, a handsome Person; seven thousand a Year in a direct Line, wou'd have straiten'd my Back to some purpose——But I look in my present Circumstances, like a Branch of another kind, grafted only upon the Stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

Rich. Come, come, 'tis no Misfortune, your Father is so as well as you.

Y. *W*. Then why shou'd not I be a Lord as well as he? Had I the same Title to the Deformity, I cou'd bear it.

Rich. But how does my Lord bear the Absence of your Twin-Brother?

Y. *W*. My Twin-Brother! Ay, 'twas his crouding me that spoil'd my shape, and his coming half an Hour before me that ruin'd my Fortune——My Father expell'd me his House about two Years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my Twin-Brother was a Bastard——He gave me my Portion, which was about fifteen hundred Pound, and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my Brother, he don't care a Farthing for me.

Rich. Why so pray?

Y. *W*. A very odd Reason——Because I hate him.

Rich. How should he know that?

Y. *W*. Because he thinks it reasonable it shou'd be so.

Rich. But did your Actions ever express any Malice to him?

Y. *W*. Yes: I wou'd fain have kept him company; but being aware of my Kindness, he went abroad: He has travell'd these five Years, and I'm told, is a grave, sober Fellow, and in danger of living a great while; all my hope is, that when he gets into his Honour and Estate, the Nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his Dignity.——But come, *Frank*, I have but two Eye-sores in the World, a Brother before me, and a Hump behind me, and thou

thou art ſtill laying 'em in my way: Let us aſſume an Argument of leſs Severity——Can'ſt thou lend me a Brace of hundred Pounds?

Rich. What wou'd you do with 'em?

Y. *W.* Do with 'em?——There's a Queſtion indeed! ——Do you think I wou'd eat 'em?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth wou'd you, and drink 'em together.——Look'e, Mr. *Wou'dbe,* whilſt you kept well with your Father, I cou'd have ventur'd to have lent you five Guineas.——But as the caſe ſtands, I can aſſure you, I have lately paid off my Siſters Fortunes, and——

Y. *W.* Sir, this Put-off looks like an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to take ſuch things.

Rich. Sir, your Demand is rather an Affront, when you know I don't uſe to give ſuch things.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll pawn my Honour.

Rich. That's mortgag'd already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your Sword there, 'twill bring you forty Shillings.

Y. *W.* 'Sdeath, Sir——[*Takes his Sword off the Table.*

Rich. Hold, Mr. *Wou'dbe,*——ſuppoſe I put an end to your Misfortunes all at once.

Y. *W.* How, Sir?

Rich. Why, go to a Magiſtrate, and ſwear you wou'd have robb'd me of two hundred Pounds——Look'e, Sir, you have been often told, that your Extravagance wou'd ſome time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a great way in your Indictment, to have turn'd the Pad upon your Friend.

Y. *W.* This Uſage is the heighth of Ingratitude from you, in whoſe Company I have ſpent my Fortune.

Rich. I'm therefore a Witneſs, that it was very ill ſpent——Why wou'd you keep Company, be at equal Expences with me that have fifty times your Eſtate? What was Gallantry in me, was Prodigality in you; mine was my Health, becauſe I cou'd pay for't; yours a Diſeaſe, becauſe you cou'd not.

Y. *W.* And is this all I muſt expect from our Friendſhip?

Rich.

Rich. Friendſhip! Sir, there can be no ſuch thing without an Equality.

Y. *W.* That is, there can be no ſuch thing when there is occaſion for't.

Rich. Right, Sir,——our Friendſhip was over a Bottle only; and whilſt you can pay your Club of Friendſhip, I'm that way your humble Servant; but when once you come borrowing, I'm this way—— your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Rich, big, proud, arrogant Villain! I have been twice his Second, thrice ſick of the ſame Love, and thrice cur'd by the ſame Phyſick, and now he drops me for a Trifle——That an honeſt Fellow in his Cups, ſhou'd be ſuch a Rogue when he's ſober! ——The narrow-hearted Raſcal has been drinking Coffee this Morning. Well, thou dear ſolitary Half-Crown, adieu!——Here, *Jack*, [*Enter Servant*] take this, pay for a Bottle of Wine, and bid *Balderdaſh* bring it himſelf. [*Exit Servant.*] How melancholy are my poor Breeches; not one chink!——Thou art a villainous Hand, for thou haſt pick'd my Pocket. ——This Vintner now has all the Marks of an honeſt Fellow, a broad Face, a copious Look, a ſtrutting Belly, and a jolly Mien. I have brought him above three Pound a Night for theſe two Years ſucceſſively. The Rogue has Money, I'm ſure, if he will but lend it.

Enter Balderdaſh *with a Bottle and Glaſs.*

Oh, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, Good-morrow.

Bald. Noble Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I'm your moſt humble Servant.——I have brought you a Whetting-Glaſs, the beſt *Old-Hock* in *Europe*; I know 'tis your Drink in a Morning.

Y. *W.* I'll pledge you, Mr. *Balderdaſh*.

Bald. Your Health, Sir. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* Pray, Mr. *Balderdaſh*, tell me one thing, but firſt ſit down: Now tell me plainly what you think of me?

Bald.

Bald. Think of you, Sir! I think that you are the honeſteſt, nobleſt Gentleman, that ever drank a Glaſs of Wine; and the beſt Cuſtomer that ever came into my Houſe.

Y. *W.* And you really think as you ſpeak?

Bald. May this Wine be my Poiſon, Sir, if I don't ſpeak from the bottom of my Heart. [*Drinks.*

Y. *W.* And how much Money do you think I have ſpent in your Houſe?

Bald. Why truly, Sir, by a moderate Computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your Money the beſt part of Five hundred Pounds within theſe two Years.

Y. *W.* Very well! and do you think that you lie under any Obligation for the Trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, Sir; and if I can ſerve you in any reſpect, pray command me to the utmoſt of my Ability.

Y. *W.* Well! thanks to my Stars, there is ſtill ſome Honeſty in Wine. Mr. *Balderdaſh*, I embrace you and your Kindneſs: I am at preſent a little low in Caſh, and muſt beg you to lend me a hundred Pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my Head ſeveral times to caution you upon your Expences: but you were ſo very genteel in my Houſe, and your Liberality became you ſo very well, that I was unwilling to ſay any thing that might check your Diſpoſition; but truly, Sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. *W.* But ſince you reap'd the Benefit of my Extravagance, you will, I hope, conſider my Neceſſity.

Bald. Conſider your Neceſſity! I do with all my Heart, and muſt tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer acceſſary to it: I deſire you, Sir, to frequent my Houſe no more.

Y. *W.* How, Sir!

Bald. I ſay, Sir, that I have an Honour for my good Lord your Father, and will not ſuffer his Son

to

to run into any Inconvenience: Sir, I shall order my Drawers not to serve you with a drop of Wine.——— Wou'd you have me connive at a Gentleman's Destruction?

Y. *W.* But methinks, Sir, that a Person of your nice Conscience should have caution'd me before.

Bald. Alas! Sir, it was none of my Business: Wou'd you have me be saucy to a Gentleman that was my best Customer? Lackaday, Sir, had you Money to hold it out still, I had been hang'd rather than be rude to you——— But truly, Sir, when a Man's ruin'd, 'tis but the Duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

Y. *W.* Will you lend me the Money, Sir?

Bald. Will you pay me this Bill, Sir?

Y. *W.* Lend me the hundred Pounds, and I'll pay the Bill.——

Bald. Pay me the Bill, and I will——not lend you the hundred Pound, Sir.——— But pray consider with yourself, now, Sir; wou'd not you think me an errant Coxcomb, to trust a Person with Money that has always been so extravagant under my Eye? whose Profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, Sir, throw away ten Pound of a Night upon a Covey of Pit-Partridges, and a Setting-Dog? Sir, you have made my House an ill House: my very Chairs will bear you no longer——— In short, Sir, I desire you to frequent the *Crown* no more, Sir.

Y. *W.* Thou sophisticated Tun of Iniquity; have I fatned your Carcass, and swell'd your Bags with my vital Blood? Have I made you my Companion to be thus saucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due Distance. [*Kicks him.*

Ser. Welcome, Sir!

Y. *W.* Well said, *Jack.* [*Kicks him again.*

Ser. Very welcome, Sir! I hope we shall have your Company another time. Welcome, Sir.

[*He's kick'd off.*

Y. *W.* Pray, wait on him down Stairs, and give him a Welcome at the Door too. [*Exit* Servant.

This

This is the Punishment of Hell; the very Devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with the Crime. ——I have villainously murder'd my Fortune, and now its Ghost, in the lank shape of Poverty, haunts me: Is there no Charm to conjure down the Fiend?

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Oh, Sir, here's sad News.

Y. *W.* Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Ser. Sir, you will hear it too soon.

Y. *W.* What! is *Broad* below?

Ser. No, no, Sir; better twenty such as he were hang'd. Sir, your Father's dead.

Y. *W.* My Father!——Good-night, my Lord: has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, Sir.

Y. *W.* Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see,——My Father dead! and my elder Brother abroad!——If Necessity be the Mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [*Pauses.*] Here, Sirrah, run to Mrs. *Midnight*; and bid her come hither presently. [*Exit* Servant.] That Woman was my Mother's Midwife, when I was born, and has been my Baud these ten Years. I have had her Endeavours to corrupt my Brother's Mistress; and now her Assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his Estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a Woman, and the wrong-side of the Law. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Midnight's *House.*

Midnight *and* Maid.

Mid. Who's there?

Maid. Madam.

Mid. Has any Message been left for me to-day?

Maid. Yes, Madam; here has been one from my Lady *Stilborn*, that desir'd you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every minute.

Mid.

Mid. How! every minute!——Let me see——[*Takes out her Pocket-Book.*] *Stilborn*——Ay——she reckons with her Husband, from the first of *April*; and with Sir *James*, from the first of *March*.——Ay, she's always a Month before her time. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Go see who's at the Door.

Maid. Yes, Madam. [*Exit* Maid.

Mid. Well! certainly there is not a Woman in the World so willing to oblige Mankind as myself; and really I have been so ever since the Age of Twelve, as I can remember.——I have deliver'd as many Women of great Bellies, and help'd as many to 'em as any Person in *England*; but my Watching and Cares have broken me quite. I am not the same Woman I was forty years ago.

Enter Richmore.

Oh, Mr. *Richmore!* you're a sad Man, a barbarous Man, so you are——What will become of poor *Clelia*, Mr. *Richmore?* The poor Creature is so big with her Misfortunes, that they are not to be born. [*Weeps.*

Rich. You, Mrs. *Midnight*, are the fittest Person in the World to ease her of 'em.

Mid. And won't you marry her, Mr. *Richmore?*

Rich. My Conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn since to marry another.

Mid. And will you break your Vows to *Clelia?*

Rich. Why not, when she has broke hers to me?

Mid. How's that, Sir?

Rich. Why, she swore a hundred times never to grant me the Favour, and yet, you know, she broke her Word.

Mid. But she lov'd Mr. *Richmore*, and that was the reason she forgot her Oath.

Rich. And I love Mr. *Richmore*, and that's the reason I forgot mine——Why shou'd she be angry that I follow her own Example, by doing the very same thing from the very same Motive?

Mid.

Mid. Well, well! take my Word, you'll never thrive.———I wonder how you can have the Face to come near me, that am the witness of your horrid Oaths and Imprecations! Are not you afraid that the guilty Chamber above-stairs shou'd fall down upon your Head?———Yes, yes, I was accessary, I was so! but if ever you involve my Honour in such a Villainy the second time.——Ah poor *Clelia!* I lov'd her as I did my own Daughter——you seducing Man——

[*Weeps.*

Rich. Hey, ho! my *Aurelia.*

Mid. Hey, ho! she's very pretty.

Rich. Dost thou know her, my dear *Midnight?*

Mid. Hey, ho! she's very pretty.——Ah, you're a sad Man.——Poor *Clelia* was handsome, but indeed, Breeding, Pukeing, and Longing has broken her much.——'Tis a hard case, Mr. *Richmore*, for a young Lady to see a thousand things, and long for a thousand things, and yet not dare own that she longs for one.——She had like to have miscarried t'other day for the Pith of a Loin of Veal.———Ah, you barbarous Man!

Rich. But, my *Aurelia!* confirm me that you know her, and I'll adore thee.

Mid. You wou'd fling five hundred Guineas at my Head, that you knew as much of her as I do: Why, Sir, I brought her into the World; I have had her sprawling in my Lap. Ah! she was plump as a Puffin, Sir.

Rich. I think she has no great Portion to value herself upon; her Reputation only will keep up the Market. We must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and then she'll part with it at an easy rate.

Mid. But won't you provide for poor *Clelia?*

Rich. Provide! Why han't I taught her a Trade? Let her set up when she will, I'll engage her Customers enough, because I can answer for the goodness of her Ware.

Mid.

Mid. Nay but you ought to set her up with Credit, and take a Shop; that is, get her a Husband.——Have you no pretty Gentleman your Relation now, that wants a young virtuous Lady with a handsome Fortune? No young *Templer* that has spent his Estate in the Study of the Law, and starves by the Practice? No spruce Officer that wants a handsome Wife to make Court for him among the Major-Generals? Have you none of these, Sir?

Rich. Pho, pho, Madam——you have tir'd me upon that Subject. Do you think a Lady that gave me so much trouble before Possession, shall ever give me any after it?——No, no, had she been more obliging to me when I was in her power, I shou'd be more civil to her now she's in mine: My Assiduity before-hand was an over-price; had she made a Merit of the matter, she should have yielded sooner.

Mid. Nay, nay, Sir; tho' you have no regard to her Honour, yet you shall protect mine: How d'ye think I have secur'd my Reputation so long among the People of the best Figure, but by keeping all Mouths stopt? Sir, I'll have no Clamours at me.——Heavens help me, I have Clamours enough at my door early and late in my t'other Capacity: In short, Sir, a Husband for *Clelia*, or I banish you my Presence for ever.

Rich. Thou art a necessary Devil, and I can't want thee. [*Aside.*

Mid. Look'e, Sir, 'tis your own Advantage; 'tis only making over your Estate into the Hands of a Trustee; and tho' you don't absolutely command the Premisses, yet you may exact enough out of 'em for Necessaries, when you will.

Rich. Patience a little, Madam!——I have a young Nephew that is a Captain of Horse: He mortgag'd the last morsel of his Estate to me, to make up his Equipage for the last Campaign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk Fellow, much about Court, Captain *Truemen.*

Mid.

Mid. Trueman! Adſmylife, he's one of my Babies ——I can tell you the very minute he was born—— preciſely at three a-clock next St. *George*'s Day, *Trueman* will be Two and twenty; a Stripling, the prettieſt good-natur'd Child, and your Nephew! He muſt be the Man; and ſhall be the Man; I have a kindneſs for him.

Rich. But we muſt have a care; the Fellow wants neither Senſe nor Courage.

Mid. Phu, phu, never fear her part, ſhe ſha'n't want Inſtructions; and then for her Lying-in a little abruptly, 'tis my Buſineſs to reconcile Matters there, a Fright or a Fall excuſes that: Lard, Sir, I do theſe things every day.

Rich. 'Tis pity then to put you out of your Road; and *Clelia* ſhall have a Huſband.

Mid. Spoke like a Man of Honour.——And now I'll ſerve you again. This *Aurelia*, you ſay——

Rich. O ſhe diſtracts me! Her Beauty, Family, and Virtue make her a noble Pleaſure.

Mid. And you have a mind, for that reaſon, to get her a Huſband.

Rich. Yes, Faith: I have another young Relation at *Cambridge*, he's juſt going into Orders; and I think ſuch a fine Woman with fifteen hundred Pound, is a better Preſentation than any living in my Gift; and why ſhou'd he like the Cure the worſe, that an Incumbent was there before?

Mid. Thou art a pretty Fellow——At the ſame Moment you wou'd perſuade me that you love a Woman to Madneſs, you are contriving how to part with her?

Rich. If I lov'd her not to Madneſs, I ſhou'd not run into theſe Contradictions——Here my dear Mother, *Aurelia*'s the Word—— [*Offering her Money.*

Mid. Pardon me, Sir; [*Refuſing the Money*] Did you ever know me mercenary?——No, no, Sir; Virtue is its own Reward.

Rich. Nay, but Madam, I owe you for the Teeth-Powder you ſent me.

Mid. O, that's another matter, Sir; [*Takes the Money.*] I hope you like it, Sir?

Rich. Extremely, Madam. But it was somewhat dear of twenty Guineas. [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, here is Mr. *Wou'dbe*'s Footman below with a Message from his Master.

Mid. I'll come to him presently: Do you know that *Wou'dbe* loves *Aurelia*'s Cousin and Companion, Mrs. *Constance* with the great Fortune, and that I sollicit for him?

Rich. Why she's engag'd to his elder Brother: Besides, Young *Wou'dbe* has no Money to prosecute an Affair of such Consequence——You can have no hopes of Success there, I'm sure.

Mid. Truly, I have no great hopes; but an industrious Body, you know, wou'd do any thing rather than be idle: The Aunt is very near her time, and I have access to the Family when I please.

Rich. Now I think on't; prithee, get the Letter from *Wou'dbe* that I gave him just now; it wou'd be proper to our Designs upon *Trueman*, that it shou'd not be expos'd.

Mid. And you shew'd *Clelia*'s Letter to *Wou'dbe?*

Rich. Yes.

Mid. Eh, you barbarous Man——Who the Devil wou'd oblige you——What Pleasure, can you take in exposing the poor Creature? Dear little Child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

Rich. Madam, the Messenger waits below; so I'll take my leave. [*Exit.*

Mid. Ah, you're a sad Man. [*Exit.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Constance *and* Aurelia.

Aur. PRithee, Cousin *Constance*, be chearful; let the dead Lord sleep in Peace, and look up to the living; take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and write immediately to your Lover, that he is now a Baron of *England*, and you long to be a Baroness.

Con. Nay, *Aurelia*, there is some regard due to the Memory of the Father, for the Respect I bear the Son; besides, I don't know how, I cou'd wish my young Lord were at home in this Juncture: This Brother of his——Some Mischief will happen——I had a very ugly Dream last Night——In short, I am eaten up with the Spleen, my Dear.

Aur. Come, come, walk about and divert it; the Air will do you good; think of other People's Affairs a little——When did you see *Clelia?*

Con. I'm glad you mention'd her; don't you observe her Gayety to be much more forc'd than formerly, her Humour don't sit so easy upon her.

Aur. No, nor her Stays neither, I can assure you.

Con. Did you observe how she devour'd the Pomegranates yesterday?

Aur. She talks of visiting a Relation in *Leicestershire.*

Con. She fainted away in the Country-Dance t'other Night.

Aur. *Richmore* shunn'd her in the Walk last Week.

Con. And his Footman laugh'd.

Aur. She takes *Laudanum* to make her sleep a Nights.

Con. Ah, poor *Clelia!* What will she do, Cousin?

Aur. Do! Why nothing till the nine Months be up.

Con. That's cruel, *Aurelia,* how can you make merry with her Misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy Conquest; some singular Villany has been practis'd upon her.

Aur. Yes, yes, the Fellow would be practising upon me too, I thank him.

Con. Have a care, Cousin, he has a promising Person.

Aur. Nay, for that matter, his promising Person may as soon be broke as his promising Vows: Nature indeed has made him a Giant, and he wars with Heaven like the Giants of old————

Con. Then why will you admit his Visits?

Aur. I never did——But all the Servants are more his than our own; he has a Golden Key to every Door in the House; besides, he makes my Uncle believe that his Intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it.————But Cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

Con. Captain *Trueman,* I protest; the Campaign has improv'd him, he makes a very clean well-finish'd Figure.

Aur. Youthful, easy, and good-natur'd; I could wish he would know us.

Con. Are you sure he's well-bred?

Aur. I tell you he's good-natur'd, and I take good Manners to be nothing but a natural Desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever Conversation we fall into: and a Porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a Duke without it has but the Breeding of a Dancing-Master.

Con. I like him for his Affection to my young Lord.

Aur. And I like him for his Affection to my young Person.

Con.

Con. How, how, Cousin? You never told me that.

Aur. How shou'd I? He never told it me, but I have discover'd it by a great many Signs and Tokens, that are better Security for his Heart than ten thousand Vows and Promises.

Con. He's *Richmore*'s Nephew.

Aur. Ah! Wou'd he were his Heir too——He's a pretty Fellow———But then he's a Soldier, and must share his time with his Mistress, *Honour*, in *Flanders*. ———No, no, I'm resolv'd against a Man that disappears all the Summer like a Woodcock.

[*As these Words are spoken,* Trueman *enters behind them, as passing over the Stage.*

True. That's for me, whoever spoke it. *Aurelia!* [*surprix'd.*]

[*The Ladies turn about.*

Con. What, Captain, you're afraid of every thing but the Enemy.

True. I have reason, Ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger: the Enemy is satisfied with a Leg or an Arm, but here I'm in hazard of losing my Heart.

Aur. None in the World, Sir, no body here designs to attack it.

True. But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, Madam?

Aur. Then we'll return it without Ransom.

True. But suppose, Madam, the Prisoner chuse to stay where it is.

Aur. That were to turn Deserter, and you know, Captain, what such deserve.

True. The Punishment it undergoes this Moment——Shot to Death———

Con. Nay, then, 'tis time for me to put in——Pray, Sir, have you heard the News of my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Death?

True. People mind not the Death of others, Madam, that are expiring themselves. [*To* Constance.] Do you consider, Madam, the Penalty of wounding a Man in the Park? [*To* Aurel.

Aur. Hey day! Why, Captain, d'ye intend to make a *Vigo* Business of it, and break the Boom at once? Sir, if you only rally, pray let my Cousin have her share; or if you wou'd be particular, pray be more respectful; not so much upon the Declaration, I beseech you, Sir.

True. I have been, fair Creature, a perfect Coward in my Passion; I have had hard strugglings with my Fear before I durst engage, and now perhaps behave but too desperately.

Aur. Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination——Come Cousin, will you walk?

Con. Servant, Sir. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

True. Charming Creature!——*I must punish you for't, tho' it be contrary to my Inclination*——Hope and Despair in a Breath. But I'll think the best. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Young* Wou'dbe's *Lodgings.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Midnight *meeting.*

Y. *W.* Thou Life and Soul of secret Dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear Child, bless thee——Who wou'd have imagin'd that I brought this great Rogue into the World? He makes me an old Woman, I protest——But adso, my Child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the loss of your Father, sorry at my Heart, poor Man, [*Weeps.*] Mr. *Wou'dbe*, have you got a Drop of Brandy in your Closet? I a'n't very well to-day.

Y.*W.* That you sha'n't want: but be pleas'd to sit, my dear Mother——Here, *Jack*, the Brandy-Bottle——Now, Madam——I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome Cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any Chamber-Maid in *England* to do it better——I have dressed up a hundred and fifty Cheats in my time. [*Enter* Jack *with the Brandy-Bottle.*] Here, Boy, this Glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a Sup out of the Bottle.

Y.*W.*

Y.*W*. Right Madam——And my Business being very urgent——In three Words, 'tis this——

Mid. Hold, Sir, 'till I take Advice of my Council. [*Drinks*.] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor Creature, and fitter to revive wasting Spirits, than a little plain Brandy; I a'n't for your hot Spirits, your *Rosa Solis*, your *Ratifia's*, your Orange-Waters, and the like——A moderate Glass of cool *Nants* is the best thing——

Y.*W*. But to our Business, Madam——My Father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his Estate.

Mid. You put the Case very well.

Y.*W*. One of two things I must chuse—— Either to be a Lord or a Beggar.

Mid. Be a Lord to chuse——Tho' I have known some that have chosen both.

Y.*W*. I have a Brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he shou'll starve than I.

Mid. Upon my Conscience, dear Heart, you're in the right on't.

Y.*W*. Now your Advice upon these Heads.

Mid. They be Matters of Weight, and I must consider, [*Drinks*.] Is there a Will in the Case?

Y.*W*. There is; which excludes me from every Foot of the Estate.

Mid. That's bad——Where's your Brother?

Y.*W*. He's now in *Germany*, in his way to *England*, and is expected very soon.

Mid. How soon?

Y.*W*. In a Month, or less.

Mid. O ho! A Month is a great while! our Business must be done in an hour or two——We must suppose your Brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead——and my Lord, my humble Service t'ye —— [*Drinks*.

Y.*W*. O Madam, I'm your Ladyship's most devoted ——Make your Words good, and I'll——

Mid. Say no more, Sir; you shall have it, you shall have it.

Y.*W.* Ay, but how, dear Mrs. *Midnight?*

Mid. Mrs. *Midnight!* Is that all?——Why not Mother, Aunt, Grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this Moment, than all the Relations you have in the World.

Y.*W.* Let me hear it.

Mid. By the Strength of this potent Inspiration, I have made you a Peer of *England*, with seven thousand Pound a year——My Lord, I wish you Joy. [*Drinks.*

Y.*W.* The Woman's mad, I believe.

Mid. Quick, quick, my Lord! counterfeit a Letter presently from *Germany*, that your Brother is kill'd in a Duel: Let it be directed to your Father, and fall into the Hands of the Steward when you are by. What sort of Fellow is the Steward?

Y.*W.* Why a timorous half-honest Man, that a little Persuasion will make a whole Knave——He wants Courage to be thoroughly Just, or entirely a Villain——but good backing will make him either.

Mid. And he sha'n't want that! I tell you the Letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate Possession, and so you have the best part of the Law of your side.

Y.*W.* But suppose my Brother comes in the mean time?

Mid. This must be done this very moment: Let him come when you're in Possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out——

Y.*W.* But how, my dear Contriver?

Mid. By your Father's Will, Man, your Father's Will——That is, one that your Father might have made, and which we will make for him——I'll send you a Nephew of my own, a Lawyer, that shall do the Business; go, get into Possession, Possession, I say; let us have but the Estate to back the Suit, and you'll find the Law too strong for Justice, I warrant you.

Y.*W.* My Oracle! How shall we revel in Delight when this great Prediction is accomplish'd——But one thing

thing yet remains, my Brother's Mistress, the charming *Constance*——Let her be mine——

Mid. Pho, pho, she's your's o' course; she's contracted to you; for she's engag'd to marry no Man but my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s Son and Heir; now you being the Person, she's recoverable by Law.

Y. *W.* Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him, 'twere Injustice to rob a Brother of his Wife, an easier Favour will satisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you say, that Favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a Bustle about it——But get you gone and mind your Affairs, I must about mine——Oh——I had forgot——Where's that foolish Letter you had this Morning from *Richmore?*

Y. *W.* I have posted it up in the *Chocolate-House.*

Mid. Yaw, [*Shrieks.*] I shall fall into Fits; hold me——

Y. *W.* No, no, I did but jest; here it is——But be assur'd, Madam, I wanted only time to have expos'd it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous Man, why so?

Y. *W.* Because when Knaves of our Sex, and Fools of yours meet, they make the best Jest in the World.

Mid. Sir, the World has better share in the Jest when we are the Knaves and you the Fools——But look'e, Sir, if ever you open your Mouth about this Trick——I'll discover all your Tricks! therefore Silence and Safety on both sides.

Y. *W.* Madam, you need not doubt my Silence at present, because my own Affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your Letter. [*Gives the Letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*

Mid. Adieu, my Lord——Let me see? [*Opens the Letter and reads.*] *If there be Solemnity in Protestations*——That's foolish, very foolish——Why should she expect Solemnity in Protestations? Um, um, um. *I may still depend on the Faith of my* Richmore——Ah, poor *Clelia!*——Um, um, um. *I can no longer hide the Effects on't from the World.*——

The Effects on't! How modestly is that expreſt? Well, 'tis a pretty Letter, and I'll keep it.——

[*Puts the Letter in her Pocket, and* Exit.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Enter Steward and his Wife.

Wife. You are to blame, you are much to blame Huſband, in being ſo ſcrupulous.

Stew. 'Tis true: This fooliſh Conſcience of mine has been the greateſt Bar to my Fortune.

Wife. And will ever be ſo. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll ſhew you a hundred that ſtarve by it. ——Do you think 'tis fourſcore Pound a Year makes my Lord *Gouty*'s Steward's Wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my Word, my Dear, I'm as good a Gentlewoman as ſhe, and I expect to be maintain'd accordingly: 'Tis Conſcience, I warrant, that buys her the Point-Heads, and Diamond Necklace? ——Was it Conſcience that bought her the fine Houſe in *Jermain-ſtreet?* Is it Conſcience that enables the Steward to buy when the Lord is forced to ſell?

Stew. But what wou'd you have me do?

Wife. Do! now's your time; that ſmall Morſel of an Eſtate your Lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your Daughter *Molly*'s Portion——What's two hundred a Year? 'twill never be miſs'd.

Stew. 'Tis but a ſmall matter, I muſt confeſs; and as a Reward for my paſt faithful Service, I think it but reaſonable I ſhould cheat a little now.

Wife. Reaſonable! All the reaſon that can be; if the ungrateful World won't reward an honeſt Man, why let an honeſt Man reward himſelf——There's five hundred Pounds you receiv'd but two Days ago, lay them aſide——you may eaſily ſink it in the Charge of the Funeral——Do my Dear now, kiſs me, and do it.

Stew.

Stew. Well, you have ſuch a winning way with you! But, my Dear, I'm ſo much afraid of my young Lord's coming home; he's a cunning cloſe Man, they ſay, and will examine my Accounts very narrowly.

Wife. Ay, my Dear, wou'd you had the younger Brother to deal with; you might manage him as you pleas'd——I ſee him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

[*They pull out their Handkerchiefs, and ſeem to mourn.*

Enter Young Wou'dbe.

Stew. Ah, Sir, we have loſt a Father, a Friend, and a Supporter.

Y.*W.* Ay, Mr. *Steward*, we muſt ſubmit to Fate, as he has done. And it is no ſmall Addition to my Grief, honeſt Mr. *Clearaccount*, that it is not in my power to ſupply my Father's place to you and yours.——Your Sincerity and Juſtice to the Dead, merits the greateſt Regard from thoſe that ſurvive him——Had I but my Brother's Ability, or he my Inclinations——I'll aſſure you, Mrs. *Clearaccount*, you ſhould not have ſuch cauſe to mourn.

Wife. Ah, good noble Sir!

Stew. Your Brother, Sir, I hear is a very ſevere Man.

Y.*W.* He is what the World calls a prudent Man, Mr. *Steward:* I have often heard him very ſevere upon Men of your Buſineſs; and has declar'd, That for Form's ſake indeed he wou'd keep a Steward, but that he would inſpect into all his Accounts himſelf.

Wife. Aye, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you have more Senſe than to do thoſe things; you have more Honour than to trouble your Head with your own Affairs——wou'd to Heavens we were to ſerve you.

Y.*W.* Wou'd I cou'd ſerve you, Madam,——without Injuſtice to my Brother.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Letter for my Lord *Wou'dbe.*

Stew. It comes too late, alas! for his Perusal; let me see it. [*Opens, and reads.*

Frankfort, Octob. 10. *New Style.*

Frankfort! Where's *Frankfort*, Sir?

Y. *W.* In *Germany!* This Letter must be from my Brother! I suppose he's coming home.

Stew. 'Tis none of his Hand. Let me see.

[*Reads.*

My Lord,

I Am troubled at this unhappy Occasion of sending to your Lordship; your brave Son, and my dear Friend, was yesterday unfortunately kill'd in a Duel by a German *Count*———

I shall love a *German* Count as long as I live.——— My Lord, my Lord, now I may call you so, since your elder Brother's———dead.

Y. *W.* and *Wife.* How!

Stew. Read there.

[*Gives the Letter,* Wou'dbe *peruses it.*

Y. *W.* Oh, my Fate! a Father and a Brother in one Day! Heavens! 'Tis too much———Where is the fatal Messenger?

Ser. A Gentleman, Sir, who said he came Post on purpose. He was afraid the Contents of the Letter wou'd unqualify my Lord for Company; so he would take another time to wait on him.

Y. *W.* Nay, then 'tis true; and there is Truth in Dreams. Last Night I dreamt———

Wife. Nay, my Lord, I dreamt too; I dreamt I saw your Brother dress'd in a long Minister's Gown, (Lord bless us!) with a Book in his Hand, walking before a dead Body to the Grave.

Y. *W.* Well Mr. *Clearaccount*, get Mourning ready.

Stew. Will your Lordship have the old Coach cover'd, or a new one made?

Y. *W.* A new one——The old Coach, with the Grey Horses, I give to Mrs. *Clearaccount* here; 'tis not fit she shou'd walk the Streets.

Wife. Heav'ns bless the *German* Count, I say.—— But, my Lord——

Y. *W.* No Reply, Madam, you shall have it—— And receive it but as the Earnest of my Favours—— Mr. *Clearaccount*, I double your Salary, and all the Servant's Wages, to moderate their Grief for our great Losses——Pray, Sir, take order about these Affairs.

Stew. I shall, my Lord. [*Exeunt* Stew. *and* Wife.

Y. *W.* So! I have got Possession of the Castle, and if I had but a little Law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my Attorney.——Mr. *Subtleman*, your Servant——

Enter Subtleman.

Sub. My Lord, I wish you Joy; my Aunt *Midnight* has sent me to receive your Commands.

Y. *W.* Has she told you any thing of the Affair?

Sub. Not a Word, my Lord.

Y *W.* Why then——come nearer.——Can you make a Man right Heir to an Estate during the Life of an Elder Brother?

Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.

Y. *W.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent Fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the Seniority with me——For look'e, Sir, my Mother has unluckily sow'd Discord in the Family, by bringing forth Twins: My Brother, 'tis true, was first born; but, I believe from the bottom of my Heart, I was the first begotten.

Sub. I understand——you are come to an Estate and Dignity, that by Justice indeed is your own, but by Law it falls to your Brother.

Y. *W.* I had rather, Mr. *Subtleman*, it were his by Justice, and mine by Law; for I wou'd have the strongest Title, if possible.

Sub.

Sub. I am very sorry there should happen any Breach between Brethren——so I think it wou'd be but a Christian and Charitable Act to take away all farther Disputes, by making you true Heir to the Estate by the last Will of your Father.——Look'e I'll divide Stakes;——you shall yield the Eldership and Honour to him, and he shall quit his Estate to you.

Y. *W.* Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the Eldest, half an Hour is but a Trifle: But how shall we do about his Will? Who shall we get to prove it?

Sub. Never trouble your self for that: I expect a Cargo of Witnesses and Usquebaugh by the first fair Wind.

Y. *W.* But we can't stay for them; it must be done immediately.

Sub. Well, well; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make Oath of his last Words.

Y. *W.* That's impossible; for my Father died of an Apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

Sub. That's nothing, Sir; he's not the first dead Man that I have made to speak.

Y. *W.* You're a great Master of Speech. I don't question, Sir; and I can assure you there will be ten Guineas for every Word you extort from him in my favour.

Sub. O Sir, that's enough to make your Great Grandfather speak.

Y. *W.* Come then, I'll carry you to my Steward; he shall give you the Names of the Mannors; and the true Titles and Denominations of the Estate, and then you shall go to work. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Park.*

Richmore *and* Trueman *meeting.*

Rich. O brave Cuz! you're very happy with the Fair, I find. Pray, which of these two Ladies you encounter'd just now has your Adoration?

True.

True. She that commands by forbidding it: And since I had Courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the World: *Aurelia*, Sir, is my Angel.

Rich. Ha! [*A long Pause.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's Religion; but methinks you make a bold Flight at first: Do you think your Captain's Pay will stake against so high a Gamester?

True. What do you mean?

Rich. Mean! Bless me, Sir, mean!——You're a Man of mighty Honour, we all know.——But I'll tell you a Secret.——The thing is publick already.

True. I shou'd be proud that all Mankind were acquainted with it; I shou'd despise the Passion that cou'd make me either asham'd, or afraid to own it

Rich. Ha, ha, ha! Prithee, dear Captain, no more of these Rhodomontado's; you may as soon put a Standing-Army upon us.——I'll tell you another Secret——Five hundred Pound is the least Penny.

True. Nay, to my knowledge, she has fifteen hundred

Rich. Nay, to my knowledge, she took five.

True. Took five! How! Where?

Rich. In her Lap, in her Lap, Captain; where shou'd it be?

True. I'm amaz'd!

Rich. So am I, that she cou'd be so unreasonable—Fifteen hundred Pound! 'Sdeath! had she that Price from you?

True. 'Sdeath, I meant her Portion.

Rich. Why, what have you to do with her Portion?

True. I lov'd her up to Marriage, by this Light.

Rich. Marriage! Ha, ha, ha; I love the Gipsey for her Cunning——A young, easy, amorous, credulous Fellow of Two and twenty, was just the Game she wanted; I find she presently singled you out from the Herd.

True. You distract me!

Rich. A Soldier too, that must follow the Wars abroad, and leave her to Engagements at home.

True.

True. Death and Furies! I'll be reveng'd.

Rich. Why? What can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

True. Her Reputation was ſpotleſs when I went over.

Rich. So was the Reputation of Mareſchal *Boufflers*; but dy'e think, that while you were beating the *French* abroad, that we were idle at home?——No, no, we have had our Sieges, our Capitulations, and Surrendries, and all that.——We have cut our ſelves out good Winter-Quarters as well as you.

True. And are you billetted there?

Rich. Look'e, *Trueman*, you ought to be very truſty to a Secret, that has ſav'd you from Deſtruction.——In plain terms, I have buried Five hundred Pounds in that little Spot, and I ſhou'd think it very hard, if you took it over my Head.

True. Not by a Leaſe for Life, I can aſſure you: But I ſhall————

Rich. What! you ha'n't five hundred Pounds to give. Look'e, ſince you can make no Sport, ſpoil none. In a year or two ſhe dwindles to a perfect Baſſet-Bank; every body may play at it that pleaſes, and then you may put in for a Piece or two.

True. Dear Sir, I cou'd worſhip you for this.

Rich. Not for this, Nephew; for I did not intend it, but I came to ſeek you upon another Affair.——Were you not at Court laſt Night?

True. I was.

Rich. Did you not talk to *Clelia*, my Lady *Taſer*'s Niece?

True. A fine Woman!

Rich. Well; I met her upon the Stairs; and handing her to the Coach, ſhe aked me, if you were not my Nephew? and ſaid two or three warm things, that perſuade me ſhe likes you: Her Relations have Intereſt at Court, and ſhe has Money in her Pocket.

True. But————this Devil *Aurelia* ſtill ſticks with me.

Rich.

Rich. What then! The way to love in one Place with Succeſs, is to marry in another with Convenience. *Clelia* has Four thouſand Pound; this applied to your reigning Ambition, whether Love, or Advancement, will go a great way. And for her Virtue, and Conduct, be aſſur'd that nobody can give a better Account of it than myſelf.

True. I am willing to believe from this late Accident, that you conſult my Honour and Intereſt in what you propoſe; and therefore I am ſatisfied to be govern'd.

Rich. I ſee the very Lady in the Walk.——We'll about it.

True. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord* Wou'dbe's *Houſe.*

Y. Wou'dbe, Subtleman, *and* Steward.

Y. *W.* Well, Mr. *Subtleman,* are you ſure the Will is firm and good in Law?

Sub. I warrant you, my Lord: And for the laſt Words to prove it, here they are.——Look'e Mr. *Clearaccount*——Yes——that is an Anſwer to the Queſtion that was put to him, (you know) by thoſe about him when he was a dying——Yes, or No, he muſt have ſaid; ſo we have choſen Yes—— *Yes, I have made my Will, as it may be found in the Cuſtody of Mr.* Clearaccount *my Steward; and I deſire it may ſtand as my Laſt Will and Teſtament.*—— Did you ever hear a dying Man's Words more to the purpoſe? An Apoplexy! I'll tell you, my Lord had Intervals to the laſt.

Stew. Ay, but how ſhall theſe Words be prov'd?

Sub. My Lord ſhall ſpeak 'em now.

Y. *W.* Shall he, faith!

Sub. Ay, now——if the Corps ben't bury'd—— Look'e Sir, theſe Words muſt be put into his Mouth, and drawn out again before us all: and if they won't be his laſt Words then——I'll be perjur'd

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* What! violate the Dead! it must not be, Mr. *Subtleman.*

Sub. With all my heart, Sir! But I think you had better violate the Dead of a Tooth or so, than violate the Living of seven thousand Pound a Year.

Y. *W.* But is there no other way?

Sub. No, Sir: Why, d'ye think Mr. *Clear account* here will hazard Soul and Body to swear they are his last Words, unless they be made his last Words? For my part, Sir, I'll swear to nothing but what I see with my Eyes come out of a Man's Mouth.

Y. *W.* But it looks so unnatural,

Sub. What! to open a Man's Mouth, and put in a bit of Paper! —— this is all.

Y. *W.* But the Body is cold, and his Teeth can't be got asunder.

Sub. But what Occasion has your Father for Teeth now? I tell you what,——I knew a Gentleman, three Days buried, taken out of his Grave, and his dead Hand set to his Last Will, (unless some body made him sign another afterwards,) and I know the Estate to be held by that Tenure to this Day: and a firm Tenure it is; for a dead Hand holds fastest; and let me tell you, dead Teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. *W.* Well, well, use your Pleasure, you understand the Law best. ————[*Exit* Subtleman *and* Steward. What a mighty Confusion is brought in Families by sudden Death? Men should do well to settle their Affairs in time —— Had my Father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he sav'd us? But he was taken suddenly, poor Man!

Re-enter Subtleman.

Sub. Your Father still bears you the old Grudge, I find! it was with much Struggling he consented; I never knew a Man so loth to speak in my Life.

Y. *W.* He was always a Man of few Words.

Sub. Now I may safely bear Witness my self, as the Scrivener there present:——I love to do things with a clear Conscience. [*Subscribes.*

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* But the Law requires three Witnesses.

Sub. O! I shall pick a Couple more, that perhaps may take my Word for't:——But is not Mr. *Clear-account* in your Interest?

Y. *W.* I hope so.

Sub. Then he shall be one; a Witness in the Family goes a great way! besides, these foreign Evidence are risen confoundedly since the Wars. I hope, if mine escape the Privateers, to make an hundred Pound an Ear of every Head of 'em——But the Steward is an honest Man, and shall save you the Charges. [*Exit.*

Y. *W. Solus.*] The Pride of Birth, the Heats of Appetite, and Fear of Want, are strong Temptations to Injustice.——But why Injustice?——The World hath broke all Civilities with me, and left me in the eldest State of Nature, Wild, where Force, or Cunning first created Right. I cannot say I ever knew a Father:——'Tis true, I was begotten in his Life-time, but I was posthumous born, and liv'd not till he died—My Hours indeed I numbred, but ne'er enjoy'd 'em, 'till this Moment.——My Brother! what is Brother? We are all so; and the first two were Enemies.——He stands before me in the Road of Life to rob me of my Pleasures.——My Senses, form'd by Nature for Delight, are all alarm'd.——My Sight, my Hearing, Taste and Touch, call loudly on me for their Objects, and they shall be satisfy'd. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Levee.*

Young Wou'dbe *dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.*

Y. *W.* SUrely the greatest Ornament of Quality is a clean and a numerous Levee; such a Croud of

of Attendants for the cheap Reward of Words and Promises, distinguishes the Nobility from those that pay Wages to their Servants.

[*A Gentleman whispers.*]

Sir, I shall speak to the Commissioners, and use all my Interest, I can assure you, Sir.

[*Another whispers.*]

Sir, I shall meet some of your Board this Evening; let me see you to-morrow.

[*A Third whispers.*]

Sir, I'll consider of it.——That Fellow's Breath stinks of Tobacco. [*Aside.*] O, Mr. *Comick*, your Servant.

Com. My Lord, I wish you Joy; I have something to shew your Lordship.

Y. *W.* What is it, pray, Sir?

Com. I have an Elegy upon the dead Lord, and a Panegyrick upon the living one: *In utrumque paratus*, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. *Comick.*—But pray, Mr. *Comick*, why don't you write Plays? it wou'd give one an Opportunity of serving you.

Com. My Lord, I have writ one.

Y. *W.* Was it ever acted?

Com. No, my Lord; but it has been a rehearsing these three Years and a half.

Y. *W.* A long time. There must be a great deal of Business in it surely.

Com. No, my Lord, none at all.——I have another Play just finish'd, but that I want a Plot for't.

Y. *W.* A Plot! you shou'd read the *Italian* and *Spanish* Plays, Mr. *Comick*———I like your Verses here mightily.———Here, Mr. *Clearaccount*.

Com. Now for five Guineas at least. [*Aside.*

Y. *W.* Here, give Mr. *Comick*, give him——give him the *Spanish* Play that lies in the Closet Window. ——Captain, can I do you any Service?

Cap. Pray, my Lord, use your Interest with the General for that vacant Commission: I hope, my Lord, the Blood I have already lost, may intitle me to spill the Remainder in my Country's Cause.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World.——Captain, you may depend upon me for all the Service I can.

Gen. I hope your Lordship won't forget to speak to the General about that vacant Commission: altho' I have never made a Campaign; yet my Lord, my Interest in the Country can raise me Men, which, I think, shou'd prefer me to that Gentleman, whose Bloody Disposition frightens the poor People from listing.

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World, Sir; you may depend upon me for all the Service in my power.——Captain, I'll do your Business for you——Sir, I'll speak to the General, I shall see him at the House——

[*To the Gentlemen.*

Enter a Citizen.

Oh, Mr. *Alderman*,——your Servant——Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt* Levee. Mr. *Alderman*, have you any Service to command me?

Ald. Your Lordship's humble Servant.——I have a Favour to beg. You must know, I have a graceless Son, a Fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a Whore in every corner of the Town; in short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a Soldier——I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the Army, let the Fellow be ruin'd, if he will.

Y. *W.* I Commend your paternal Care, Sir!——Can I do you any Service in this Affair?

Ald. Yes, my Lord: there is a vacant Company in Colonel What d'yecalum's Regiment, and if your Lordship wou'd but speak to the General——

Y. *W.* Has your Son ever serv'd?

Ald. Serv'd! yes, my Lord, he's an Ensign in the Train-Bands now.

Y. *W.* Has he ever signaliz'd his Courage?

Ald. Often, often, my Lord; but one Day particularly, you must know, his Captain was so busy shipping off a Cargo of Cheese, that he left my Son

to

to command in his Place——Won'd you believe it, my Lord, he charg'd up *Cheapside* in the Front of the Buff-Coats, with such Bravery and Courage, that I could not forbear wishing in the Loyalty of my Heart, for ten thousand such Officers upon the *Rhine*. ——Ah! my Lord, we must employ such Fellows as him, or we shall never humble the *French* King—— Now, my Lord, if you cou'd find a Convenient time to hint these things to the General.——

Y. *W.* All the reason in the World, Mr. *Alderman*, I'll do you all the Service I can.

Ald. You may tell him, he's a Man of Courage, fit for the Service; and then he loves Hardship. ——He sleeps every other Night in the *Round-house*.

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can——

Ald. Then, my Lord, he salutes with his Pike so very handsomely, it went to his Mistress's Heart t'other Day——and he beats a Drum like an Angel.

Y. *W.* Sir, I'll do you all the Service I can——

[*Not taking the least Notice of the* Alderman *all this while, but dressing himself in the Glass.*

Ald. But, my Lord, the hurry of your Lordship's Affairs may put my Business out of your Head; therefore, my Lord, I'll presume to leave you some *Memorandum*.

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can.

[*Not minding him.*

Ald. Pray, my Lord, [*Pulling him by the Sleeve.*] give me leave for a *Memorandum*; my Glove, I suppose, will do: Here, my Lord, pray remember me. ——[*Lays his Glove upon the Table, and Exit.*

Y. *W.* I'll do you all the Service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude familiar Fellow—Faugh, what a greasy Gauntlet is here——[*A Purse drops out of the Glove.*] Oh! no, the Glove is a clean well-made Glove, and the Owner of it is the most respectful Person I have seen this Morning, he knows what distance [*Thinking the Purse*] is due to a Man of Quality,——but what must I do for this? *Frisure* [*To his*

his Valet,] do you remember what the Alderman said to me?

Frif. No, my Lord, I thought your Lordship had.

Y. *W.* This Blockhead thinks a Man of Quality can mind what People *say*——when they *do* something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit* Frisure.] He talk'd something of the General, and his Son, and Train-bands, I know not what Stuff.

Re-enter Ald. *and* Frisure.

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your *Memorandum* in my Pocket.

Ald. O, my Lord, you do me too much Honour.

Y. *W.* But, Mr. Alderman, the Business you were talking of, it shall be done; but if you gave a short Note of it to my Secretary, it would not be amiss ——but, Mr. Alderman, han't you the Fellow to this Glove, it fits me mighty well, [*Putting on the Glove.*] it looks so like a Challenge to give a Man an odd Glove ——and I would have nothing that looks like Enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Truly, my Lord, I intended the other Glove for a *Memorandum* to the Colonel, but since your Lordship has a mind to't——— [*Gives the Glove.*

Y. *W.* Here, *Frisure,* lead this Gentleman to my Secretary, and bid him take a Note of his Business.

Ald. But, my Lord, *don't* do me all the Service you can do.

Y. *W.* Well, I *won't* do you all the Service I can—these Citizens have a strange Capacity of soliciting sometimes. [*Exit* Ald.

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord, here are your Taylor, your Vintner, your Bookseller, and half a dozen more with their Bills at the Door, and they desire their Money.

Y. *W.* Tell 'em, Mr. *Clearaccount,* that when I was a private Gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run

run in Debt, and now that I have got into a higher Rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it.——As for that clamorous Rogue of a Taylor, speak him fair till he has made up my Liveries———then about a Year and a half hence, I shall be at leisure to put him off for a Year and a half longer.

Stew. My Lord, there's a Gentleman below calls himself Mr. *Basset*, he says that your Lordship owes him fifty Guineas that he won of you at Cards.

Y. *W.* Look'e, Sir—the Gentleman's Money is a Debt of Honour, and must be paid immediately.

Stew. Your Father thought otherwise, my Lord, he always took care to have the poor Tradesmen satisfy'd, whose only Subsistence lay in the Use of their Money, and was used to say, That nothing was honourable but what was honest.

Y. *W.* My Father might say what he pleas'd, he was a Nobleman of very singular Humours———but in my Notion, there are not two things in Nature more different than Honour and Honesty———now your Honesty is a little Mechanick Quality, well enough among Citizens, People that do nothing but pitiful mean Actions according to Law———but your Honour flies a much higher Pitch, and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level it self to what is only just.

Stew. But I think it is a little hard to have these poor People starve for want of their Money, and yet pay this sharping Rascal fifty Guineas.

Y. *W.* Sharping Rascal! What a Barbarism that is? Why he wears as good Wigs, as fine Linnen, and keeps as good Company as any at *White*'s; and between you and I, Sir, this sharping Rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more Interest among the Nobility with his Cards and Counters, than a Soldier shall with his Sword and Pistol. Pray let him have fifty Guineas immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Street; Elder* Wou'dbe *writing in a Pocket-Book, in a Riding-Habit.*

E. *W.* Monday *the* 14*th of* December, 1702, *I arriv'd safe in* London, *and so concluding my Travels* —— [*Putting up his Book.*

Now welcome Country, Father, Friends,
My Brother too, (if Brothers can be Friends:)
But above all, my charming Fair, my *Constance.*
Through all the Mazes of my wandring Steps,
Through all the various Climes that I have run;
Her Love has been the Loadstone of my Course,
Her Eyes the Stars that pointed me the Way.
Had not her Charms my Heart entire possess'd,
Who knows what *Circe*'s artful Voice and Look
Might have ensnared my travelling Youth,
And fixt me to Enchantment?

Enter Teague *with a Port-Manteau. He throws it down, and sits on it.*

Here comes my Fellow-Traveller. What makes you sit upon the Port-Manteau, *Teague!* you'll rumple the things.

Tea. Be me Shoule, Maishter, I did carry the Port-Mantel til it tir'd me; and now the Port-Mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

E. *W.* And how d'ye like *London, Teague,* after our Travels?

Tea. Fet, dear Joy, 'tis the bravest Plaase I have sheen in my Peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave Shitty of *Carick-Vergus*——Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant Shmell hereabouts —— Maishter, shall I run to that Paishtery-Cook's for shix Pennyworths of boil'd Beef?

E. *W.* Tho' this Fellow travell'd the World over, he would never lose his Brogue nor his Stomach.—— Why, you Cormorant! so hungry and so early?

Tea. Early! Deel tauke me Maiſhter, 'tiſh a great deal more than almoſt paſht twelve a-Clock.

E. *W.* Thou art never happy unleſs thy Guts be ſtuft up to thy Eyes.

Tea. Oh Maiſhter, dere iſh a dam way of diſtance, and the deel a bit between.

Enter Young Wou'dbe *in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and paſſes over the Stage.*

E. *W.* Hey-day ——— who comes here? With one two, three, four, five Footmen! Some young Fellow juſt taſting the ſweet Vanity of Fortune, ——— Run, *Teague*, inquire who that is.

Tea. Yes, Maiſhter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble Shervice to your Maiſhter, and tell him to ſend me word fat Naam iſh upon him?

Foot. You wou'd know fat Naam iſh upon him?

Tea. Yeſh, fet wou'd I.

Foot. Why, what are you, Sir?

Tea. Be me Shoul, I am a Shentleman bred and born, and dere iſh my Maiſhter.

Foot. Then your Maſter would know it?

Tea. Arah, you Fool, iſh it not the ſaam ting?

Foot. Then tell your Maſter 'tis the young Lord *Wou'dbe*, juſt come to his Eſtate by the Death of his Father and elder Brother. [Exit *Footman.*

E. *W.* What do I hear?

Tea. You hear that you are dead, Maiſhter; fere vil you pleaſe to be buried?

E. *W.* But art thou ſure it was my Brother?

Tea. Be me Shoul it was him nown ſelf; I know'd him very well, after his Man told me.

E. *W.* The Buſineſs requires that I be convinc'd with my own Eyes; I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't ——— Stay here till I return.

Tea. Dear Maiſhter, have a care upon your ſhelf: Now they know you are dead, by my ſhoul they may kill you.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* Don't fear; none of his Servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my Face from his Sight. It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the Engines of this Contrivance.——Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let no body know whom you belong to. [*Exit.*

Tea. Oh, ho, hone, poor *Teague* is left alone.
[*Sits on the Port-Manteau.*

Enter Subtleman *and* Steward.

Sub. And you won't swear to the Will?

Stew. My Conscience tells me I dare not do't with Safety.

Sub. But if we make it lawful, what shou'd we fear? We now think nothing against Conscience, 'till the Cause be thrown out of Court.

Stew. In you, Sir, 'tis no Sin, because 'tis the Principle of your Profession: But in me, Sir, 'tis downright Perjury indeed.——You can't want Witnesses enough, since Money won't be wanting——and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true Lord *Wou'dbe* was seen in Town, or his Ghost.

Sub. It was his Ghost, to be sure; for a Nobleman without an Estate, is but the Shadow of a Lord——Well; take no care: Leave me to my self; I'm near the *Friers*, and ten to one shall pick up an Evidence.

Stew. Speed you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Sub. There's a Fellow that has Hunger and the Gallows pictur'd in his Face, and looks like one for my Purpose——How now, honest Friend, what have you got under you there?

Tea. Noting, dear Joy.

Sub. Nothing! Is it not a Port-Manteau?

Tea. That is noting to you.

Sub. The Fellow's a Wit.

Tea. Fait am I! My Grandfader was an *Irish* Poet——He did write a great Book of Verses concerning the Vars between St. *Patrick* and the Wolf-Dogs.

Sub. Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

Tea. Be me Shoule, my fole Generation ish so.——I have noting but thish Port-Manteau, and dat it shelf ish not my own.

Sub. Why, who does it belong to?

Tea. To my Maishter, dear Joy.

Sub. Then you have a Master?

Tea. Fait I have, but he's dead.

Sub. Right!——And how do you intend to live?

Tea. By eating, dear Joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none——'Tish the Fashion of *Ireland*.

Sub. What was your Master's Name, pray?

Tea. [*Aside.*] I will tell a Lee now; but it shall be a true one.——*Macfadin*, dear Joy, was his Naam. He vent over vith King *Jamish* into *France*——He was my Master once.——Deere ish de true Lee; noo. [*Aside.*

Sub. What Employment had he?

Tea. *Je ne sçay pas.*

Sub. What, can you speak *French?*

Tea. *Ouy Monsieur*,——I did travel *France* and *Spain*, and *Italy*;——Dear Joy, I did kish the Pope's Toe, and dat will excuse me all the Sins of my Life; and fen I am dead, St. *Patrick* will excuse the rest.

Sub. A rare Fellow for my purpose. [*Aside.*] Thou look'st like an honest Fellow; and if you'll go with me to the next Tavern, I'll give thee a Dinner and a Glass of Wine.

Tea. Be me Shoule 'tis dat I wanted, dear Joy; come along, I will follow you.

[*Runs out before* Subtleman *with the Port-Manteau on his Back.* *Exit* Subtleman.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe.

E. *W.* My Father dead! my Birth-right lost! How have my drousy Stars slept over my Fortune? Ha! [*Looking about*] my Servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful Wretch has left me.——I took him up from

from Poverty and Want; and now he leaves me just as I found him. ——— My Clothes and Money too? ——— But why should I repine? Let Man but view the Dangers he has past, and few will fear what Hazards are to come. That Providence that has secur'd my Life from Robbers, Shipwreck, and from Sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just. ——— My Death, I find, is firmly believed; but how it gain'd so universal Credit, I fain wou'd learn ——— Who comes here? ——— honest Mr. *Fairbank!* My Father's Goldsmith, a Man of Substance and Integrity. The Alteration of five Years Absence, with the Report of my Death, may shade me from his Knowledge, till I enquire some News. [*Enter* Fairbank.] Sir, your humble Servant.

Fair. Sir, I don't know you. [*Shunning him.*

E. *W.* I intend you no harm, Sir; but seeing you come from my Lord *Wou'dbe*'s House, I would ask you a Question or two ——— Pray what Distemper did my Lord die of?

Fair. I am told it was an Apoplexy.

E. *W.* And pray, Sir, what does the World say? Is his Death lamented?

Fair. Lamented! My Eyes that Question shou'd resolve; Friend, ——— Thou knew'st him not; else thy own Heart had answer'd thee.

E. *W.* His Grief, methinks, chides my Defect of Filial Duty. [*Aside.*] But I hope, Sir, his Loss is partly recompens'd in the Merits of his Successor.

Fair. It might have been; but his eldest Son, Heir to his Virtue and his Honour, was lately and unfortunately kill'd in *Germany*.

E. *W.* How unfortunately, Sir?

Fair. Unfortunately for him, and us ——— I do remember him. ——— He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest Youth.

E. *W.* Happy indeed had been my Part in Life, if I had left this Human Stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair Applause, had crown'd my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir.

Fair. But those that saw him in his Travels, told such Wonders of his Improvement, that the Report recall'd his Father's Years; and with the Joy to hear his *Hermes* prais'd, he oft won'd break the Chains of Gout and Age; and leaping up with Strength of greenest Youth, cry, *My Hermes is my self; Methinks I live my sprightly Days again, and I am young in him.*

E. *W.* Spite of all Modesty, a Man must own a Pleasure in the hearing of his Praise. [*Aside.*

Fair. You're thoughtful, Sir——Had you any Relation to the Family we talk of?

E. *W.* None, Sir, beyond my private Concern in the publick Loss——But pray, Sir, what Character does the present Lord bear?

Fair. Your Pardon, Sir. As for the Dead, their Memories are left unregarded, and Tongues may touch them freely: But for the Living, they have provided for the Safety of their Names by a strong Inclosure of the Law. There's a thing call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, Sir.

E. *W.* I commend your Caution, Sir; but be assur'd I intend not to entrap you——I am a poor Gentleman; and having heard much of the Charity of the old Lord *Wou'be*, I had a mind to apply to his Son; and therefore enquir'd his Character.

Fair. Alas! Sir, things are chang'd: That House was once what Poverty might go a Pilgrimage to seek, and have its Pains rewarded——The noble Lord, the truly noble Lord, held his Estate, his Honour, and his House, as if they were only lent upon the Interest of doing good to others. He kept a Porter, not to exclude, but serve the Poor. No Creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: No craving Eyes, but Looks of smiling Gratitude.——But now, that Family, which like a Garden fairly kept, invited every Stranger to its Fruit and Shade, is now run o'er with Weeds:——Nothing but Wine and Revelling within, a Croud of noisy Creditors without, a Train of Servants insolently proud

proud——Wou'd you believe it, Sir, as I offer'd to go in just now, the rude Porter push'd me back with his Staff——I am at this present (thanks to Providence and my Industry) worth twenty thousand Pounds. I pay the fifth Part of this to maintain the Liberty of the Nation; and yet this Slave, this impudent *Swiss* Slave offer'd to strike me.

E. *W.* 'Twas hard, Sir, very hard:—And if they us'd a Man of your Substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a Groat?

Fair. I wou'd not willingly defraud your Hopes of what may happen.——If you can drink and swear, perhaps——

E. *W.* I shall not pay that Price for his Lordship's Bounty, wou'd it extend to half he's worth.——Sir, I give you thanks for your Caution, and shall steer another Course.

Fair. Sir, you look like an honest, modest Gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a Dinner as my Lord; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my Table every Day till you are better provided.

E. *W.* Good Man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to-day: But I shall find a time to accept of your Favours, or at least to thank you for 'em.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please. [*Exit.*

E. *W.* Gramercy, Citizen! Surely, if Justice were an Herald, she would give this Tradesman a nobler Coat of Arms than my Brother——But I delay: I long to vindicate the Honour of my Station, and to displace this bold Usurper:——But one Concern, methinks, is nearer still, my *Constance!* Shou'd she, upon the Rumour of my Death, have fix'd her Heart elsewhere,——then I were dead indeed; but if she still prove true,——Brother, sit fast:

I'll shake your Strength, all Obstacles remove,
Sustain'd by Justice, and inspir'd by Love. [Exit.

SCENE *an Apartment.* Constance, Aurelia.

Con. For Heav'n's sake, Cousin, cease your impertinent Consolation: It but makes me angry, and raises two Passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no Extravagance, my Grief is silent enough: my Tears make no Noise to disturb any body. I desire no Companion in my Sorrows; leave me to my self, and you comfort me.——

Aur. But, Cousin, have you no regard to your Reputation? this immoderate Concern for a young Fellow. What will the World say? You lament him like a Husband.——

Con. No; you mistake: I have no Rule nor Method for my Grief; no Pomp of black and darkned Rooms; no formal Month for Visits on my Bed. I am content with the slight Mourning of a broken Heart; and all my Form is Tears.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Madam *Aurelia*, Madam, don't disturb her. ——Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard Case to be cross'd in one's first Love—But you shou'd consider, Madam [*To* Constance] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

Con. Better we all dy'd young, than to be plagu'd with Age, as I am. I find other Folks Years are as troublesome to us as our own.

Mid. You have Reason, you have Cause to mourn. He was the handsomest Man, and the sweetest Babe, that I know; tho' I must confess too, that *Ben* had much the finer Complexion when he was born: But then *Hermes*, yes *Hermes* had the Shape, that he had ——But of all the Infants that I ever beheld with my Eyes, I think *Ben* had the finest Ear, Wax-work, perfect Wax-work; and then he did so sputter at the Breast!——His Nurse was a hale, well-complexioned, sprightly Jade, as ever I saw; but her Milk was a little

a little too ſtale; tho' at the ſame time, 'twas as blue and clear as a Cambrick.

Aur. Do you intend all this, Madam, for a Conſolation to my Couſin?

Mid. No, no, Madam, that's to come ——I tell you, fair Lady, you have only loſt the Man; the Eſtate and Title are ſtill your own; and this very moment I wou'd ſalute you Lady *Wou'dbe*, if you pleas'd.

Con. Dear Madam, your Propoſal is very tempting, let me but conſider till to-morrow, and I'll give you an Anſwer.

Mid. I knew it, I knew it; I ſaid, when you were born you wou'd be a Lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you ſay. My Lord ſhall know it immediately. [*Exit.*

Aur. What d'ye intend to do, Couſin?

Con. To go into the Country this moment, to be free from the Impertinence of Condolance, the Perſecution of that Monſter of a Man and that Devil of a Woman.——O *Aurelia*, I long to be alone. I am become ſo fond of Grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no Interruption in my darling Sorrow.

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *unperceiv'd.*

E. *W.* In Tears! perhaps for me! I'll try——

[*Drops a Picture, and goes back to the Entrance, and liſtens.*

Aur. If there be aught in Grief delightful, don't grudge me a ſhare.

Con. No, my dear *Aurelia*, I'll engroſs it all. I lov'd him ſo, methinks I ſhou'd be jealous if any mourned his Death beſides my ſelf. What's here! [*Takes up the Picture.*] Ha! ſee Couſin—the very Face and Features of the Man! Sure ſome officious Angel has brought me this for a Companion in my Solitude ——Now I'm fitted out for Sorrow. With this I'll ſigh, with this converſe, gaze on his Image till I grow blind with Weeping.

Aur. I'm amaz'd! how came it here?

Con. Whether by Miracle or humane Chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: Nor shall it ever separate from my Breast——it's the only thing cou'd give me Joy, because it will encrease my Grief.

E. *W.* [*Entring.*] Most glorious Woman! now I am fond of Life.

Aur. Ha! What's this? Your Business, pray Sir?

E. *W.* With this Lady. [*Goes to* Constance, *takes her Hand, and Kneels.*] Here let me worship that Perfection, whose Virtue might attract the listning Angels, and make 'em smile to see such Purity, to like themselves in humane Shape.

Con. Hermes!

E. *W.* Your living *Hermes*, who shall die yours too.

Con. Now Passion, powerful Passion would bear me like a Whirlwind to his Arms:——But my Sex has Bounds——'Tis wondrous, Sir!

E. *W.* Most wondrous are the Works of Fate for Man, and most closely laid, is the Serpentine Line that guides him into Happiness!——that hidden Power which did permit those Arts to cheat me of my Birthright, had this Surprise of Happiness in store, well knowing that Grief is the best Preparative for Joy.

Con. I never found the true Sweets of Love, 'till this Romantick Turn; dead and alive! my Stars are poetical. For Heaven's sake, Sir, unriddle your Fortune.

E. *W.* That my dear Brother must do; for he made the *Ænigma.*

Aur. Methinks I stand here like a Fool all this while: wou'd I had somebody or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

E. *W.* Madam, I beg ten thousand Pardons: I have my Excuse in my hand.

Aur. My Lord, I wish you Joy.

E. *W.* Pray, Madam, don't trouble me with a Title 'till I am better equipt for it. My Peerage wou'd look a little shabby in these Robes.

Con.

Con. You have a good Excuse, my Lord; you can wear better when you please.

E. *W.* I have a better Excuse, Madam.——These are the best I have.

Con. How, my Lord?

E. *W.* Very true, Madam, I am at present, I believe, the poorest Peer in *England*.——Hark'e *Aurelia*, prithee lend me a Piece or two.

Aur. Ha, ha, ha! a poor Peer indeed! he wants a Guinea.

Con. I'm glad on't with all my heart.

E. *W.* Why so, Madam?

Con. Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

E. *W.* Generous Woman!

Enter Trueman.

Ha, my Friend too!

True. I'm glad to find you here, my Lord: Here's a current Report about Town that you were kill'd. I was afraid it might reach this Family; so I come to disprove the Story by your Letter to me by the last Post.

Aur. I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, Cousin.

True. Now, my Lord, I wish you Joy; and I expect the same from you.

E. *W.* With all my heart; but upon what Score?

True. The old Score, Marriage.

E. *W.* To whom?

True. To a Neighbour Lady here.

[*Looking at* Aurelia.

Aur. Impudence! [*Aside.*] The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Sir.

True. The Lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, Madam.

Aur. Don't mistake me, Sir: I did not care if the Lady were in *Mexico*.

True. Nor I neither, Madam.

Aur. You're very short, Sir.

True. The ſhorteſt Pleaſures are the ſweeteſt, you know.

Aur. Sir, you appear very different to me, from what you were lately.

True. Madam, you appear very different to me, to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while* Conſtance *and* Wou'dbe *entertain one another in dumb Shew.*

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believ'd it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be ſav'd:

Aur. Ill Manners!

True. Worſe.

Aur. How have I deſerv'd it, Sir?

True. How have I deſerv'd it, Madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!——My Lord, you'll hear of me at *White's*. Farewel. [*Runs off.*

E. *W.* What, *Trueman* gone!

Aur. Yes. [*Walks about in diſorder.*

Con. Bleſs me; what's the matter, Couſin?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. Why are you uneaſy?

Aur. Nothing.

Con. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing,——I don't love the Fellow——yet to be affronted,——I can't bear it.

[*Burſts out a crying, and runs off.*

Con. Your Friend, my Lord, has affronted *Aurelia*.

E. *W.* Impoſſible! His regard to me were ſufficient Security for his good Behaviour here, tho' it were in his Nature to be rude elſewhere.——She has certainly us'd him ill.

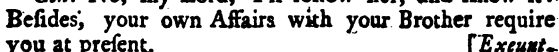
Con. Too well rather.

E. *W.* Too well! have a care, Madam;—that, with ſome Men, is the greateſt Provocation to a Slight.

Con. Don't mistake, my Lord, her Usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abus'd for it.

E. *W.* I'll follow him, and know the Cause of it.

Con. No, my Lord, I'll follow her, and know it: Besides, your own Affairs with your Brother require you at present. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

Y. *W.* REturn'd! Who saw him? Who spoke with him? He can't be return'd.

Sub. My Lord, he's below at the Gate parleying with the Porter, who has private Orders from me to admit no body till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our Affairs.

Y. *W.* 'Tis a hard Case, Mr. *Subtleman,* that a Man can't enjoy his Right without all this Trouble.

Sub. Ah, my Lord, you see the Benefit of Law now, what an Advantage it is to the Publick for securing of Property. ——— Had you not the Law o' your side, who knows what Devices might be practis'd to defraud you of your Right ——— But I have secur'd all ——— The Will is in true form; and you have two Witnesses already to swear to the last Words of your Father.

Y. *W.* Then you have got another.

Sub. Yes, yes, a right one; ——— and I shall pick up another time enough before the Term: ——— And I have planted three or four Constables in the next Room, to take care of your Brother if he shou'd be boisterous.

Y. *W.* Then you think we are secure.

Sub.

Sub. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases! ——I'll go down, and give Orders for his Admittance.

Y. *W.* Unkind Brother! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full Fortune! Where is the Tye of Blood and Nature, when Brothers will do this? Had he but staid till *Constance* had been mine, his Presence or his Absence had been then indifferent.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. Well, my Lord, [*Pants as out of Breath*] you'll ne'er be satisfied till you have broke my poor Heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam *Constance*——but she's your own.

Y. *W.* How! my own! Ah, my dear Helpmate, I'm afraid we are routed in that Quarter: my Brother's come home.

Mid. Your Brother come home; then I'll go travel. [*Going.*

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, Madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his Reception; your Nephew *Subtleman* has stopt up all Passages to the Estate.

Mid. Ay, *Subtleman* is a pretty thriving ingenious Boy. Little do you think who is the Father of him. I'll tell you; Mr. *Moabite* the rich *Jew* in *Lombard-street*.

Y. *W.* *Moabite* the *Jew*.

Mid. You shall hear, my Lord:——One Evening, as I was very grave in my own House, reading, the——*Weekly Preparation*:——Ay, it was the *Weekly Preparation*, I do remember particularly well. ——What hears me I——but pat, pat, pat, very softly at the Door. Come in, cries I, and presently enters Mr. *Moabite*, follow'd by a snug Chair, the Windows close drawn, and in it was a fine Young Virgin just upon the point of being deliver'd——We were all in a great hurly-burly for a while, to be sure; but our Production was a fine Boy——I had fifty Guineas for my trouble, the Lady was wrapt up very warm, plac'd in her Chair, and re-convey'd to the place

she came from. Who she was, or what she was, I cou'd never learn, tho' my Maid said that the Chair went thro' the Park——but the Child was left with me——The Father wou'd have made a *Jew* on't presently, but I swore, if he committed such a Barbarity on the Infant, that I would discover all.—— So I had him brought up a good Christian, and bound Prentice to an Attorney.

Y. *W.* Very well.

Mid. Ah, my Lord, there's many a pretty Fellow in *London* that knows as little of their true Father and Mother as he does: I have had several such Jobbs in my time;——there was one *Scotch* Nobleman that brought me four in half a year.

Y. *W.* Four! and how were they all provided for?

Mid. Very handsomely indeed; they were two Sons and two Daughters, the eldest Son rides in the first Troop of Guards, and the other is a very pretty Fellow, and his Father's *Valet de Chambre*.

Y. *W.* And what is become of the Daughters, pray?

Mid. Why, one of 'em is a Mantean-Maker, and the youngest has got into the Play-House.——Ay, ay, my Lord, let *Subtleman* alone, I'll warrant he'll manage your Brother. Adsmylife, here's somebody coming, I wou'd not be seen.

Y. *W.* 'Tis my Brother, and he'll meet you upon the Stairs! 'ادso, get into this Closet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the Closet.*

Enter E. Wou'dbe *and* Subtleman.

My Brother! dearest Brother, welcome!

[*Runs and embraces him.*

E. *W.* I can't dissemble, Sir, else I wou'd return your false Embrace.

Y. *W.* False Embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five years absence might have cool'd the unmanly Heats of our childish Days; that I am over-joy'd at your Return, let this testify, this Moment

I resign all Right and Title to your Honour, and salute you, Lord.

E. *W.* I want not your Permission to enjoy my Right; here I am Lord and Master without your Resignation; and the first use I make of my Authority, is, to discard that rude, bull-fac'd Fellow at the Door. Where is my Steward? [*Enter* Clearaccount,] Mr. *Clearaccount*, let that pamper'd Centinel below this Minute be discharg'd————Brother, I wonder you cou'd feed such a swarm of lazy, idle Drones about you, and leave the poor industrious Bees, that fed you from their Hives, to starve for want.————Steward, look to't; if I have not Discharges for every Farthing of my Father's Debts upon my Toylet to-morrow Morning, you shall follow the Tipstaff, I can assure you.

Y. *W.* Hold, hold, my Lord, you usurp too large a Power, methinks, o'er my Family.

E. *W.* Your Family!

Y. *W.* Yes, my Family; you have no Title to Lord it here.——Mr. *Clearaccount*, you know your Master.

E. *W.* How! a Combination against me!——Brother, take heed how you deal with one that, cautious of your Falshood, comes prepar'd to meet your Arts, and can retort your Cunning to your Infamy: Your black, unnatural Designs against my Life, before I went abroad, my Charity can pardon; but my Prudence must remember to guard me from your Malice for the future.

Y. *W.* Our Father's weak and fond Surmise! which he upon his Death-bed own'd; and to recompense me for that injurious, unnatural Suspicion, he left me sole Heir to his Estate————Now, my Lord, my House and Servants are—at your Service.

E. *W.* Villany beyond Example! have I not Letters from my Father, of scarce a Fortnight's Date, where he repeats his Fears for my Return, lest it should again expose me to your Hatred.

Sub-

Sub. Well, well, these are no Proofs, no Proofs, my Lord; they won't pass in Court against positive Evidence: Here is your Father's Will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his last Words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive Oath in any Court of *Westminster*.

E. *W.* What are you, Sir?

Sub. Of *Clifford*'s Inn, my Lord, I belong to the Law.

E. *W.* Thou art the Worm and Maggot of the Law, bred in the bruis'd and rotten Parts, and now are nourish'd on the same Corruption that produc'd thee. ——The *English* Law, as planted first, was like the *English* Oak, shooting its spreading Arms around; to shelter all that dwelt beneath its Shade:—but now, whole Swarms of Caterpillars, like you, hang in such Clusters upon every Branch, that the once thriving Tree now sheds infectious Vermin on our Heads.

Y. *W.* My Lord, I have some Company above; if your Lordship will drink a Glass of Wine, we shall be proud of the Honour! if not, I shall attend you at any Court of Judicature, whenever you please to summon me. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir,——Perhaps my Father's dying Weakness was impos'd on, and he has left him Heir; if so, his Will shall freely be obey'd. [*Aside.*]——Brother, you say you have a Will.

Sub. Here it is. [*Shewing a Parchment.*

E. *W.* Let me see it.

Sub. There's no Precedent for that, my Lord.

E. *W.* Upon my Honour, I'll restore it.

Y. *W.* Upon my Honour, but you sha'n't——

[*Takes it from* Sub. *and puts it in his Pocket.*

E. *W.* This Over-caution, Brother, is suspicious.

Y. *W.* Seven thousand Pound a Year is worth looking after.

E. *W.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it——Have you Witnesses to prove my Father's dying Words?

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* A Couple in the House.

E. *W.* Who are they?

Sub. Witnesses, my Lord! ——— 'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the Merits of the Cause out of Court; ——— my Client shall answer no more Questions.

E. *W.* Perhaps, Sir, upon a satisfactory Account of his Title, I intend to leave your Client to the quiet Enjoyment of his Right, without troubling any Court with the Business; I therefore desire to know what kind of Persons are these Witnesses.

Sub. Oho, he's a coming about. [*Aside.*] I told your Lordship already, that I am one, another is in the House, one of my Lord's Footmen.

E. *W.* Where is this Footman?

Y. *W.* Forth-coming.

E. *W.* Produce him.

Sub. That I shall presently. ——— The Day's our own, Sir; [*To* Y. *W.*] but you shall engage first to ask him no cross Questions. [*Exit* Sub.

E. *W.* I am not skill'd in such: But, pray Brother, did my Father quite forget me? left me nothing?

Y. *W.* Truly, my Lord, nothing: ——— He spoke but little, left no Legacies.

E. *W.* 'Tis strange; he was extremely just, and lov'd me too; ——— but perhaps ———

[*Enter* Subtleman *with* Teague.

Sub. My Lord, here's another Evidence.

E. *W.* *Teague!*

Y. *W.* My Brother's Servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*

Sub. His Servant!

Tea. Maishter! see here Maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks Money*] for being an Evidensh, dear Joy; an be me shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your Permission to make swear against you.

E. *W.* My Wonder is divided between the Villainy of the Fact, and the Amazement of the Discovery! *Teague!* my very Servant! sure I dream.

Tea.

Tea. Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the Cash; I'm sure the Croon Piecesh are awake, for I have been talking with dem dish half hour.

Y. *W.* Ignorant, unlucky Man, thou hast ruin'd me; why had not I a sight of him before?

Sub. I thought the Fellow had been too ignorant to be a Knave.

Tea. Be me shoule you lee, dear Joy.——I can be a Knave as well as you, fen I tink it conveniency.

E. *W.* Now Brother! Speechless! Your Oracle too silenc'd! Is all your boasted Fortune sunk to the guilty Blushing for a Crime? But I scorn to insult.——Let Disappointment be your Punishment: But for your Lawyer there,——*Teague*, lay hold of him.

Sub. Let none dare to attach me without a legal Warrant.

Tea. Attach! no, dear Joy, I cannot attach you——but I can catch you by the Troat, after the Fashion of *Ireland.* [*Takes* Subtleman *by the Throat.*

Sub. An Assault! an Assault!

Tea. No, no, 'tish noting but choaking, noting but choaking.

E. *W.* Hold him fast, *Teague*——Now, Sir, [*To* Y. *W.*] because I was your Brother, you wou'd have betray'd me; and because I am your Brother, I forgive it;——dispose yourself as you think fit.——I'll order Mr. *Clearaccount* to give you a thousand Pounds. Go take it, and pay me by your Absence.

Y. *W.* I scorn your beggarly Benevolence: Had my Designs succeeded, I wou'd not have allow'd you the Weight of a Wafer, and therefore will accept none.——As for that Lawyer he deserves to be pillory'd, not for his Cunning in deceiving you, but for his Ignorance in betraying me.——The Villain has defrauded me of Seven thousand Pounds a Year. Farewel. [*Going.*

Enter

Enter Midnight *out of the Closet, runs to Young* Woud'be, *and kneels.*

Mid. My Lord, my dear Lord *Wou'dbe*, I beg you ten thousand Pardons.

Y. *W.* What Offence hast thou done to me?

Mid. An Offence the most injurious——— I have hitherto conceal'd a Secret in my Breast, to the Offence of Justice, and the defrauding your Lordship of your true Right and Title. You *Benjamin Wou'dbe*, with the crooked Back, are the eldest born, and true Heir to the Estate and Dignity.

Om. How!

Tea. Arah, how?

Mid. None, my Lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the World.———My deceas'd Lord, upon the sight of your Deformity, engag'd me, by a considerable Reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful Twin, likely to be the greater Ornament to the Family, might succeed him in his Honour.———This Secret my Conscience has long struggled with.——— ——Upon the News that you were left Heir to the Estate, I thought Justice was satisfy'd, and I was resolv'd to keep it a Secret still; but by strange Chance, over-hearing what pass'd just now, my poor Conscience was rack'd, and I was forc'd to declare the Truth.

Y. *W.* By all my former Hopes I cou'd have sworn it: I found the Spirit of Eldership in my Blood; my Pulses beat, and swell'd for Seniority.——Mr. *Hermes Wou'dbe*,——I'm your most humble Servant.

[*Foppishly.*

E. *W.* *Hermes* is my Name, my Christian Name; of which I am prouder than of all Titles that Honour gives, or Flattery bestows.———But thou, vain Bubble, puft up with the empty Breath of that more empty Woman; to let thee see how I despise thy Pride, I'll call thee Lord, dress thee up in Titles like a King at Arms; you shall be blazon'd round, like any Church in *Holland*; thy Pageantry shall exceed the

the Lord-Mayor's; and yet this *Hermes*, plain *Hermes*, shall despise thee.

Sub. Well, well, this is nothing to the purpose.—— Mistress, will you make an Affidavit of what you have said before a Master in *Chancery*?

Mid. That I can, tho' I were to die the next minute after it.

Tea. Den, dear Joy, you wou'd be dam the nex minute after dat.

E. *W.* All this is trifling: I must purge my House of this Nest of Villany at once ——— Here, *Teague*, [*Whispers* Teague] go, make haste.

Tea. Dat I can——[*As he runs out, Y.* W. *stops him.*

Y. *W.* Where are you going, Sir?

Tea. Only for a Pot of Ale, dear Joy, for you and my Maishter, to drink Friends.

Y. *W.* You lye, Sirrah. [*Pushes him back.*

Tea. Fet, I do so.

E. *W.* What, Violence to my Servant! Nay, then I'll force him a Passage.

Sub. An Assault, an Assault upon the Body of a Peer. Within there!

Enter three or four Constables, one of 'em with a Black Patch on his Eye. They disarm Elder Wou'dbe, *and secure* Teague.

E. *W.* This Plot was laid for my Reception. Unhand me, Constable.

Y. *W.* Have a care, Mr. Constable, the Man is mad; he's possess'd with an odd Frenzy, that he's my Brother, and my elder too: So, because I wou'd not very willingly resign my House and Estate, he attempted to murder me.

Sub. Gentlemen, take care of that Fellow: He made an Assault upon my Body, *vi & armis.*

Tea. Arah, fat is dat *wy at armish?*

Sub. No matter, Sirrah; I shall have you hang'd.

Tea. Hang'd! dat is noting, dear Joy;——We are us'd to't.

E. *W.* Unhand me, Villains, or by all.———

Tea.

Tea. Have a caar, dear Maishter, don't swear; we shall be had in the Croon-Offish: You know dere ish Sharpers about us, [*Looking about on them that hold him.*

Y. *W.* Mr. Constable, you know your Directions; away with 'em.

E. *W.* Hold———

Const. No, no, force him away.———

[*They all hurry him off*, manent *Y.* W. *and* Midnight.

Y. *W.* Now, my dear Prophetess, my Sibyl; by all my dear Desires and Ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the truth.——I am the Elder.

Mid. No, no, Sir, the Devil a word on't is true.——I wou'd not wrong my Conscience neither: For, faith and troth, as I am an honest Woman, you were born above three quarters of an hour after him;——but I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest.———What a Blessing it was, that I was in the Closet at that pinch! Had I not come out that moment, you wou'd have sneakt off; your Brother had been in Possession, and then we had lost all; but now you are establish'd: Possession gets you Money, that gets you Law, and Law you know——Down on your knees, Sirrah, and ask me Blessing.

Y. *W.* No, my dear Mother, I'll give thee a Blessing, a Rent-charge of Five hundred Pound a Year, upon what part of the Estate you will, during your Life.

Mid. Thank you, my Lord: That five Hundred a Year will afford me a leisurely Life, and a handsome Retirement in the Country, where I mean to repent me of my Sins, and die a good Christian: For Heaven knows, I am old, and ought to bethink me of another Life———Have you none of the Cordial left that we had in the Morning?

Y. *W.* Yes, yes, we'll go to the Fountain-head.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Teague.

Tea. Deel tauke me but dish ish a most sweet Bishness indeed; Maishters play the Fool, and Shervants must shuffer for it. I am Prishoner in the Constable's House, be me Shoule, and shent abrode to fetch some Bail for my Maishter; but foo shall bail poor *Teague* agra?

Enter Constance.

Oh, dere ish my Maishter's old Love. Indeed, I fear dish Bishness will spoil his Fortune.

Con. Who's here? *Teague?* [*He turns from her.*

Tea. Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen now I am a Prishoner. [Constance *goes about to look him in the Face. He turns from her.*] Dish ish not shivil, be me Shoule, to know a Shentleman sither he will or no.

Con. Why this, *Teague?* What's the matter? Are you asham'd of me, or yourself, *Teague?*

Tea. Of bote, be me Shoule.

Con. How does your Master, Sir?

Tea. Very well, dear Joy, and in Prishon.

Con. In Prison! how! where?

Tea. Why, in the little *Bastile* yonder, at the end of the Street.

Con. Shew me the way immediately.

Tea. Fet, I can shew you the Hoose yonder: Shee yonder; be me Shoule I shee his Faace yonder peeping troo the Iron Glass Window.

Con. I'll see him, tho' a Dungeon were his Confinement. [*Runs out.*

Tea. Ah —— auld kindnesh, be me shoule, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my Maishter had but Grash enough to get her wit Child, her Word wou'd go for two; and she wou'd bail him and I bote. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *A Room miserably furnished,* E. W. *sitting and writing.*

E. *W. The Tow'r confines the Great,*
The Spunging-House the Poor;
Thus there are Degrees of State,
That ev'n the Wretched must endure.

Virgil, *tho' cherished in Courts,*
Relates but a splenetick Tale,
Cervantes *Revels and Sports,*
Altho' he writ in a Jail.

Then hang Reflexions, [*Starts up.*] I'll go write a Comedy. Ho, within there: Tell the Lieutenant of the Tower that I would speak with him.

Enter Constable.

Const. Ay, ay, the Man is mad: Lieutenant o'th' Tower! Ha, ha, ha; wou'd you cou'd make your Words good, Master.

E. *W.* Why, am not I a Prisoner here? I know it by the stately Apartments.——What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the Wall yonder?

Const. Yonder! 'tis Cobweb, Sir.

E. *W.* 'Tis false, Sir: 'tis as fine Tapestry as any in *Europe.*

Const. The Devil it is!

E. *W.* Then your Damask Bed, here; the Flowers are so bold, I took 'em for Embroidery; and then the Head-work, Point *de Venice,* I protest!

Const. As good *Kidderminster* as any in *England,* I must confess; and tho' the Sheets be a little soil'd, yet I can assure you, Sir, that many an honest Gentleman has lain in them.

E. *W.* Pray, Sir, what did those two *Indian* Pieces cost, that are fix'd up in the Corner of the Room?

Const. Indian Pieces! What the Devil, Sir, they are my old Jack-Boots, my Militia Boots.

E. *W.*

E. *W.* I took 'em for two *China* Jars, upon my word: But hark'e, Friend, art thou content that these things shou'd be as they are?

Const. Content! ah, Sir.

E. *W.* Why then should I complain?

[*One calls within.*

[*Within.*] Mr. Constable, here's a Woman will force her way upon us: We can't stop her.

Const. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no Woman come up, the Man's mad enough already.

Enter Constance.

Con. Who dares oppose me?

[*Throws him a handful of Money.*

Const. Not I truly, Madam.

[*Gathers up the Money.*

E. *W.* My *Constance!* my Guardian-Angel here! Then nought can hurt me.

Const. Hark'e, Sir, you may suppose the Bed to be a Damask-Bed for half an Hour, if you please.——

Con. No, no, Sir, your Prisoner must along with me.

Const. Ay! faith, the Woman's madder than the Man.

Enter Trueman *and* Teague.

E. *W.* Ha! *Trueman* too! I'm proud to think that many a Prince has not so many true Friends in his Palace, as I have here in Prison;——two such——

Tea. Tree, be me Shoule.

True. My Lord, just as I heard of your Confinement, I was going to make myself a Prisoner. Behold the Fetters; I had just bought the Wedding-Ring.

Con. I hope they are golden Fetters, Captain?

True. They weigh four Thousand Pound, Madam, besides the Purse, which is worth a Million.——My Lord, this very Evening was I to be marry'd; but

the News of your Misfortune has ſtopt me: I wou'd not gather Roſes in a wet Hour.

E. *W.* Come, the Weather ſhall be clear; the Thoughts of your good Fortune will make me eaſy, more than my own can do, if purchaſed by your Diſappointment.

True. Do you think, my Lord, that I can go to the Bed of Pleaſure whilſt you lie in a Hovel?——Here, where is this Conſtable? How dare you do this, inſolent Raſcal?

Conſt. Inſolent Raſcal! do you know who you ſpeak to, Sir?

True. Yes, Sirrah, don't I call you by your proper Name? How dare you confine a Peer of the Realm?

Conſt. Peer of the Realm! you may give good Words tho', I hope.

E. *W.* Ay, ay, Mr. Conſtable is in the right, he did but his Duty; I ſuppoſe he had twenty Guineas for his Pains.

Conſt. No, I had but ten.

E. *W.* Hark'e, *Trueman*, this Fellow muſt be ſooth'd, he'll be of uſe to us; but I muſt employ you too in this Affair with my Brother.

True. Say no more, my Lord, I'll cut his Throat, 'tis but flying the Kingdom.

B. *W.* No, no, 'twill be more Revenge to worſt him at his own Weapons. Cou'd I but force him out of his Garriſon, that I might get into Poſſeſſion, his Claim wou'd vaniſh immediately.——Does my Brother know you?

True. Very little, if at all.

E. *W.* Hark'e. [*Whiſpers.*

True. It ſhall be done;——Look'e, Conſtable, you're drawn into a wrong Cauſe, and it may prove your Deſtruction if you don't change Sides immediately:——We deſire no Favour, but the uſe of your Coat, Wig, and Staff, for half an Hour.

Conſt. Why truly, Sir, I underſtand now, by this Gentlewoman, that I know to be our Neighbour, that

that he is a Lord, and I heartily beg his Worſhip's pardon; and if I can do your Honour any Service, your Grace may command me.

E. *W.* I'll reward you, but you muſt have the black Patch for the Eye too.

Tea. I can give your Lordſhip wan; here ſet, 'tis a Plaiſhter for a ſhore Finger, and I have worn it but twice.

Con.——But pray, Captain, what was your Quarrel at *Aurelia* to-day?

True. With your Permiſſion, Madam, we'll mind my Lord's Buſineſs at preſent; when that's done, we'll mind the Lady's.——My Lord, I ſhall make an excellent Conſtable; I never had the Honour of a civil Employment before: We'll equip ourſelves in another Place. Here, you *Prince of Darkneſs*, have you ne'er a better Room in your Houſe, theſe Iron-Grates frighten the Lady.

Conſt. I have a handſome, neat Parlour below, Sir.

True. Come along then, you muſt conduct us.—— We don't intend to be out of your ſight, that you mayn't be out of ours.——[*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment.*

Enter Aurelia *in a Paſſion,* Richmore *following.*

Aur. Follow me not;——Age and Deformity, with Quiet, were preferable to this vexatious Perſecution; for Heav'n's ſake, Mr. *Richmore*, what have I ever ſhewn to vindicate this Preſumption of yours?

Rich. You ſhew it now, Madam; your Face, your Wit, your Shape, are all Temptations to undergo even the Rigour of your Diſdain, for the bewitching Pleaſure of your Company.

Aur. Then be aſſur'd, Sir, you ſhall reap no other Benefit by my Company; and if you think it a Pleaſure to be conſtantly ſlighted, ridicul'd, and affronted, you ſhall have Admittance to ſuch Entertainment whenever you will.

Rich. I take you at your Word, Madam; I am arm'd with Submiſſion againſt all the Attacks of your Severity, and your Ladyſhip ſhall find, that my Reſignation can bear much longer than your Rigour can inflict.

Aur. That is, in plain Terms, your Sufficiency will preſume much longer than my Honour can reſiſt—— Sir, you might have ſpar'd the unmannerly Declaration to my Face, having already taken care to let me know your Opinion of my Virtue, by your impudent Settlement, propos'd by Mrs. *Midnight.*

Rich. By thoſe fair Eyes, I'll double the Propoſal; this ſoft, this white, this powerful Hand [*Takes her Hand*] ſhall write its own Conditions.

Aur. Then it ſhall write this——[*Strikes him*] and if you like the Terms, you ſhall have more another time. [*Exit.*

Rich. Death and Madneſs! a Blow——Twenty thouſand Pound Sterling for one Night's Revenge upon her dear, proud, diſdainful Perſon!——Am I rich as many a Sovereign Prince, wallow in Wealth, yet can't command my Pleaſure——Woman!——If there be Power in Gold, I yet ſhall triumph o'er thy Pride.

Enter Midnight.

Mid. O' my troth, and ſo you ſhall, if I can help it.

Rich. Madam, Madam, here, here, here's Money, Gold, Silver, take, take, all, all, my Rings too; all ſhall be yours, make me but happy in this preſumptuous Beauty, I'll make thee rich as Avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myſelf too.

Mid. Your Bounty is too large, too large indeed, Sir.

Rich. Too large! no, 'tis Beggary without her—— Lordſhips, Mannors, Acres, Rents, Tithes and Trees, all, all ſhall fly for my dear ſweet Revenge.

Mid. Say no more, this Night I'll put you in a way.

Rich.

Rich. This Night?

Mid. The Lady's Aunt is very near her Time——— ſhe goes abroad this Evening a viſiting; in the mean time I'll ſend to your Miſtreſs, that her Aunt is fallen in Labour at my Houſe: She comes in a hurry, and then———

Rich. Shall I be there to meet her?

Mid. Perhaps.

Rich. In a private Room?

Mid. Mum.

Rich. No Creature to diſturb us?

Mid. Mum, I ſay; but you muſt give me your Word not to raviſh her; nay, I can tell you, ſhe won't be raviſh'd.

Rich. Raviſh! Let me ſee, I'm worth five thouſand Pound a Year, twenty thouſand Guineas in my Pocket, and may not I force a Toy that's ſcarce worth fifteen hundred Pound? I'll do't.

Her Beauty ſets my Heart on fire, beſide
Th'injurious Blow has ſet on fire my Pride;
The bare Fruition were not worth my Pain,
The Joy will be to humble her Diſdain;
Beyond Enjoyment will the Tranſport laſt
In Triumph, when the Extaſy is paſt. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lord* Wou'dbe's *House.*

Young Wou'dbe *solus.*

Y. *W.* SHEW me that proud Stoick that can bear Success and Champain; Philosophy can support us in hard Fortune, but who can have patience in Prosperity? The Learned may talk what they will of human Bodies, but I am sure there is not one Atom in mine, but what is truly Epicurean. My Brother is secur'd, I guarded with my Friends, my leud and honest Midnight Friends——Holla, who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord!

Y. *W.* A fresh Battalion of Bottles to re-inforce the Cistern. Are the Ladies come?

Ser. Half an Hour ago, my Lord: They're below in the Bathing-Chamber.

Y. *W.* Where did you light on 'em?

Ser. One in the Passage at the old Play-house, my Lord———I found another very melancholy paring her Nails by *Rosamond*'s Pond;——and a Couple I got at the Chequer Alehouse in *Holborn*; the two last came to Town yesterday in a West-Country Waggon.

Y. *W.* Very well, order *Baconface* to hasten Supper———and d'ye hear? Bid the *Swiss* admit no Stranger without acquainting me———[*Exit Servant.*] Now Fortune I defy thee, this Night's my own at least.

[*Re-enter Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, here's the Constable below with the black Eye, and he wants to speak with your Lordship in all haste.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* Ha! the Conſtable! Shou'd Fortune jilt me now?——bid him come up, I fear ſome curſed Chance to thwart me.

Enter Trueman *in the Conſtable's Clothes.*

True. Ah! My Lord, here is ſad News——your Brother is——

Y. *W.* Got away, made his Eſcape, I warrant you.

True. Worſe, worſe, my Lord.

Y. *W.* Worſe, worſe! what can be worſe?

True. I dare not ſpeak it.

Y. *W.* Death and Hell, Fellow don't diſtract me.

True. He's dead.

Y. *W.* Dead!

True. Poſitively.

Y. *W.* *Coup de Grace, Ciel Gramercy.*

True. Villain, I underſtand you. [*Aſide.*

Y. *W.* But how, how, Mr. Conſtable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the Relation.

True. I don't know how, the poor Gentleman was very melancholy upon his Confinement, and ſo he deſir'd me to ſend for a Gentlewoman that lives hard by here, may-hap your Worſhip may know her.

Y. *W.* At the gilt Balcony in the Square?

True. The very ſame, a ſmart Woman truly——I went for her myſelf, but ſhe was otherways engag'd; not ſhe truly, ſhe wou'd not come——Wou'd you believe it, my Lord, at the hearing of this, the poor Man was like to drop down dead?

Y. *W.* Then he was but likely to drop dead?

True. Wou'd it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two Hours after, I found him hang'd in his Sword-Belt.

Y. *W.* Hang'd!

True. Dangling.

Y. *W.* *Le Coup d'eclat!* Done like the nobleſt *Roman* of 'em all; but are you ſure he's paſt all Recovery? Did you ſend for no Surgeon to bleed him?

True. No, my Lord, I forgot that——but I'll ſend immediately.

Y. *W.* No, no, Mr. Constable, 'tis too late now, too late——and the Lady wou'd not come, you say?

True. Not a step wou'd she stir.

Y. *W.* Inhumane! barbarous!——dear, delicious Woman, thou now art mine——Where is the Body, Mr. Constable, I must see it.

True. By all means, my Lord, it lies in my Parlour; there's a power of Company come in, and among the rest one, one, one *Trueman*, I think they call him; a devilish hot Fellow, he had like to have pull'd the House down about our Ears, and swears——I told him he should pay for swearing——he gave me a slap in the Face, said he was in the Army, and had a Commission for't.

Y. *W.* Capt. *Trueman!* A bluftering kind of Rakehelly Officer.

True. Ay, my Lord, one of those Scoundrels that we pay Wages to, for being knock'd o'th' head for us.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, one of those Fools that have only Brains to be knock'd out.

True. Son of a Whore. [*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impudent Fellow, my Lord; he swore that you was the greatest Villain upon the Earth.

Y. *W.* Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my Face, Mr. Constable.

True. No, no, hang him, he said it behind your Back to be sure——and he swore moreover.——Have a care, my Lord,——he swore that he wou'd cut your Throat whenever he met you.

Y. *W.* Will you swear that you heard him say so?

True. Heard him! Ay, as plainly as you hear me: He spoke the very Words, that I speak to your Lordship.

Y. *W.* Well, well, I'll manage him——But now I think on't, I won't go to see the Body; it will but encrease my Grief.——Mr. Constable, do you send for the Coroner: They must find him *Non Compos.* He was mad before, you know. Here——something for your Trouble. [*Gives Money.*

True.

True. Thank your Honour.——But pray, my Lord, have a care of that *Trueman*; he swears that he'll cut your Throat, and he will do't, my Lord, he will do't.

Y. *W.* Never fear, never fear.

True. But he swore it, my Lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Well, well,——so,——the Devil's in't if I ben't the eldest now. What a Pack of civil Relations have I had here? My Father takes a Fit of the Apoplexy, makes a Face and goes off one way; my Brother takes a Fit of the Spleen, makes a Face and goes off t'other way.——Well, I must own he has found the way to mollify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; since he was so very civil to justle into the World before me, I think he did very civilly to justle out of it before me——But now my Joys! Without there——hollo——take off the Inquisition of the Gate; the Heir may now enter unsuspected.

The Wolf is dead, the Shepherds may go play:
Ease follows Care; so rowls the World away.

'Tis a Question whether Adversity or Prosperity makes the most Poets.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, a Footman brought this Letter, and waits for an Answer.

Y. *W.* Nothing from the *Elysian* Fields, I hope. [*Opening the Letter.*] What do I see, *CONSTANCE?* Spells and Magick in every Letter of the Name——Now for the sweet Contents.

MY Lord, I'm pleas'd to hear of your happy Change of Fortune, and shall be glad to see your Lordship this Evening to wish you Joy.

CONSTANCE.

Now the Devil's in this *Midnight*; she told me this Afternoon that the Wind was chopping about; and

has it got into the warm Corner already? Here, my Coach and fix to the Door: I'll visit my *Sultana* in State.———As for the *Seraglio* below Stairs, you, my *Bashaws*, may possess 'em. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street.* Teague *with a Lanthorn*, Trueman *in the Constable's Habit following.*

True. Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way; we have certainly past the Constable's House.

Tea. Be me Shoule, dear Joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor *Teague* has been a Vanderer ever since he was borned.

True. Hold up the Lanthorn: What Sign is that? The St. *Alban*'s Tavern! Why, you blundering Fool, you have led me directly to *St. James's Square*, when you shou'd have gone towards *Soho.* [*Shrieking within.*] Hark! What Noise is that over the way? a Woman's Cry!

Tea. Fet is it—shome Daumsel in Distress I believe, that has no mind to be reliev'd.

True. I'll use the Privilege of my Office to know what the Matter is.

Tea. Hold, hold, Maishter Captain, be me fet, dat ish not the way home.

Within.]——Help, Help, Murder! Help.

True. Ha! Here must be Mischief——Within there, open the Door in the King's Name, or I'll force it open. ——Here, *Teague*, break down the Door.

[Teague *takes the Staff, thumps at the Door.*

Tea. Deel taake him, I have knock so long as I am able. Arah, Maishter, get a great long Ladder to get in the Window of the firsht Room, and sho open the Door, and let in your shelf.

Within.] Help, help, help.

True. Knock harder, let's raise the Mob.

Tea. O Maishter, I have tink just now of a brave Invention to make dem come out; and be St. *Patrick*, dat very Bushiness did maake my nown shelf and my Fader run like the Devil out of my nown House in

in my own Country :——Be me Shoule, ſet the Hooſe a-fire.

Enter the Mob.

Mob. What's the matter, Maſter Conſtable ?

True. Gentlemen, I command your Aſſiſtance in the King's Name, to break into the Houſe: There is Murder cry'd within.

Mob. Ay, ay, break open the Door.

[Midnight *at the Balcony.*

Mid. What Noiſe is that below ?

Tea. Arah, vât Noiſe is dat above ?

Mid. Only a poor Gentlewoman in Labour;——'twill be over preſently——Here, Mr. *Conſtable*, there's ſomething for you to drink.

[*Throws down a Purſe,* Teague *takes it up.*

Tea. Come, Maiſhter, we have no more to ſhay, be me Shoule, [*Going.*] Arah, if you vill play the Conſtable right now, ſet you will come away.

True. No, no; there muſt be Villainy by this Bribe: Who lives in this Houſe ?

Mob. A Midwife, a Midwife; 'tis none of our Buſineſs: Let us be gone.

[Aurelia *at the Window.*

Aur. Gentlemen, dear Gentlemen, help! a Rape, a Rape, Villainy.

True. Ha! That Voice I know——Give me the Staff; I'll make a Breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the Door, and all go in.*

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Re-enter Trueman *and* Mob.

True. Gentlemen, ſearch all about the Houſe; let not a Soul eſcape.

Enter Aurelia *running with her Hair about her Ears, and out of breath.*

Aur. Dear Mr. Conſtable,——had you——ſtaid but a Moment longer, I had been ruined.

True. Aurelia! Are you safe, Madam?

Aur. Yes, yes! I am safe——I think——but with enough to do: He's a devilish strong Fellow.

True. Where is the Villain that attempted it?

Aur. Pshaw,——never mind the Villain;——look out the Woman of the House, the Devil, the Monster, that decoy'd me hither.

Enter Teague, *haling in* Midnight *by the Hair.*

Tea. Be me Shoule, I have taaken my Shaar of the Plunder. Let me shee fat I have gotten, [*Takes her to the Light.*] Ububboo, a Witch, a Witch; the very saam Witch dat would swaar my Maishter was the youngest.

True. How! *Midnight!* This was the luckiest Disguise——Come, my dear *Proserpine*, I'll take care of you.

Mid. Pray, Sir, let me speak to you.

True. No, no, I'll talk with you before a Magistrate.——A Cart, *Bridewell*,——you understand me——*Teague*, let her be your Prisoner, I'll wait on this Lady.

Aur. Mr. *Constable*, I'll reward you.

Tea. It ish convenient noo by the Law of Armsh that I search my Prisoner, for fear she may have some Pocket-Pishtols: Dere is a Joak for you.

[*Searches her Pocket.*

Mid. Ah! don't use an old Woman so barbarously.

Tea. Dear Joy, den sy vere you aa old Woman? Dat is your Falt, not mine, Joy! Uboo, here ish noting but scribble scrabble Papers, I tink.

[*Pulls out a handful of Letters.*

True. Let me see 'em; they may be of use——[*Looks over the Letters.*] *For Mr.* Richmore——Ah! Does he traffick hereabouts?

Aur. That is the Villain that would have abus'd me.

True. Ha! Then he has abus'd you; Villain indeed!——Was his Name *Richmore*, Mistress? a lusty handsome Man?

Aur.

Aur. Ay, ay, the very ſame: a luſty, ugly Fellow.

True. Let me ſee——whoſe Scraul is this? [*Opens the Letter.*] Death and Confuſion to my ſight; *Clelia!* My Bride!——His Whore——I've paſt a Precipice unſeen, which to look back upon, ſhivers me with Terror——This Night, this very Moment, had not my Friend been in Confinement, had not I worn this Dreſs, had not *Aurelia* been in Danger, had not *Teague* found this Letter, had the leaſt minuteſt Circumſtance been omitted, what a Monſter had I been! Miſtreſs, is this ſame *Richmore* in the Houſe ſtill, think'e?

Aur. 'Tis very probable he may——

True. Very well.——*Teague*, take theſe Ladies over to the Tavern, and ſtay there till I come to you.——Madam, [*To* Aurelia] fear no Injury,——your Friends are near you.

Aur. What does he mean?

Tea. Come, dear Joy, I vil give you a Pot of Wine, out of your own Briberies here.

[*Hales out* Midnight. *Exit* Aurelia *and* Mob. *Manet* Trueman.

Enter Richmore.

Rich. Since my Money won't prevail on this croſs Fellow, I'll try what my Authority can do——What's the Meaning of this Riot, Conſtable? I have the Commiſſion of the Peace, and can command you. Go about your Buſineſs, and leave your Priſoners with me.

True. No, Sir; the Priſoners ſhall go about their Buſineſs, and I'll be left with you——Look'e, Maſter, we don't uſe to make up theſe Matters before Company: So you and I muſt be in private a little.——You ſay, Sir, that you are a Juſtice of Peace.

Rich. Yes, Sir; I have my Commiſſion in my Pocket.

True. I believe it.——Now, Sir, one good Turn deſerves another: And if you will promiſe to do me a Kindneſs, why, you ſhall have as good as you bring.

Rich.

Rich. What is it?

True. You must know, Sir, there is a Neighbour's Daughter that I had a woundy Kindness for: She had a very good repute all over the Parish, and might have marry'd very handsomely, that I must say: but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: But, I don't know how, I never care'd for marrying of her since.

Rich. How so?

True. Why, because I did my Business without it: That was the best way, I thought——The truth is, she has some foolish Reasons to say she's with Child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a Warrant, and brought before a Justice of Peace. Now, Sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your Worship will bring me off.

Rich. Look'e, Sir, if the Woman prove with Child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

True. Ay, Master; but I am for Liberty and Property. I vote for Parliament-Men: I pay Taxes, and truly I don't think Matrimony consistent with the Liberty of the Subject.

Rich. But in this Case, Sir, both Law and Justice will oblige you.

True. Why if it be the Law of the Land——I found a Letter here——I think it is for your Worship.

Rich. Ay, Sir, how came you by it?

True. By a very strange Accident truly——*Clelia*——she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!——Now, Sir, I suppose that what is Law for a Petty-Constable, may be Law for a Justice of Peace.

Rich. This is the oddest Fellow——

True. Here was t'other Lady that cry'd out so——I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a Woman——the Gallows wou'd ravish me for't.

Rich. But I did not ravish her.

True.

True. That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be ſure of that. [*Aſide.*

Rich. I don't like this Fellow. Come, Sir, give me my Letter, and go about your Buſineſs; I have no more to ſay to you.

True. But I have ſomething to ſay to you. [*Coming up to him.*

Rich. What!

True. Dog. [*Strikes him.*

Rich. Ha! ſtruck by a Peaſant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy Death is certain. [*Runs at* Trueman.

True. O brave Don *John*, Rape and Murder in one Night! [*Diſarms him.*

Rich. Raſcal, return my Sword, and acquit your Priſoners, elſe will I proſecute thee to Beggary. I'll give ſome Petty-fogger a thouſand Pound to ſtarve thee and thy Family according to Law.

True. I'll lay you a thouſand Pound you won't. [*Diſcovering himſelf.*

Rich. Ghoſts and Apparitions! *Trueman!*

True. Words are needleſs to upbraid you; my very Looks are ſufficient; and if you have the leaſt Senſe of Shame, this Sword wou'd be leſs painful in your Heart, than my Appearance is in your Eye.

Rich. Truth, by Heavens.

True. Think on the Contents of this, [*ſhewing a Letter.*] think next on me; reflect upon your Villainy to *Aurelia*, then view thy ſelf.

Rich. *Trueman*, can'ſt thou forgive me?

True. Forgive thee! [*A long Pauſe.*] Do one thing, and I will.

Rich. Any thing:———I'll beg thy Pardon.

True. The Blow excuſes that.

Rich. I'll give thee half my Eſtate.

True. Mercenary.

Rich. I'll make thee my ſole Heir.

True. I deſpiſe it.

Rich. What ſhall I do?

True. You ſhall———marry *Clelia.*

Rich. How! that's too hard.

True.

True. Too hard! why was it then impos'd on me? If you marry her yourself, I shall believe you intended me no Injury; so your Behaviour will be justified, my Resentment appeas'd, and the Lady's Honour repair'd.

Rich. 'Tis infamous.

True. No, by Heavens, 'tis Justice, and what is just is honourable: if Promises from Man to Man have Force, why not from Man to Woman? ——Their very Weakness is the Charter of their Power, and they shou'd not be injur'd, because they can't return it.

Rich. Return my Sword.

True. In my Hand 'tis the Sword of Justice, and I shou'd not part with it.

Rich. Then sheath it here, I'll die before I consent so basely.

True. Consider, Sir, the Sword is worn for a distinguishing Mark of Honour.——Promise me one, and receive t'other.

Rich. I'll promise nothing, 'till I have that in my power.

True. Take it. [*Throws him his Sword.*

Rich. I scorn to be compell'd even to Justice; and now that I may resist, I yield——*Trueman*, I have injur'd thee, and *Clelia* I have severely wrong'd.

True. Wrong'd indeed, Sir;——and to aggravate the Crime, the fair Afflicted loves you. Mark'd you with what Confusion she receiv'd me? She wept, the injur'd Innocence wept, and with a strange Reluctance gave consent; her moving Softness pierc'd my Heart, tho' I mistook the Cause.

Rich. Your youthful Virtue warms my Breast, and melts it into Tenderness.

True. Indulge it, Sir; Justice is noble in any Form: think of the Joys and Raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me: you, the dear Dissembler, the Man she loves, the Man she gave for lost, to find him true, return'd, and in her Arms.

Rich.

Rich. No new Possession can give equal Joy:——— It shall be done, the Priest that waits for you, shall tie the Knot this Moment; in the Morning I'll expect you'll give me Joy. [*Exit.*

True. So, is not this better now than cutting of Throats? I have got my Revenge, and the Lady will have hers without Bloodshed. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment,* Constance *and Servant.*

Ser. He's just a coming up, Madam.

Con. My Civility to this Man will be as great a Constraint upon me, as Rudeness wou'd be to his Brother; but I must bear it a little, because our Designs require it: [*Enter Y.* Wou'dbe.] his Appearance shocks me;— My Lord, I wish you Joy.

Y. *W.* Madam, 'tis only in your power to give it; and wou'd you honour me with a Title to be really proud of, it shou'd be that of your humblest Servant.

Con. I never admitted any body to the Title of an humble Servant, that I did not intend should command me; if your Lordship will bear with the Slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the Authority when I have a mind.

Y. *W.* Our Sex, Madam, make much better Lovers than Husbands; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put yourself in my power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

Con. No, my Lord, we never truly command till we have given our Promise to obey; and we are never in more danger of being made Slaves, than when we have 'em at our Feet.

Y. *W.* True, Madam, the greatest Empires are in most danger of falling; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a Prerogative that is confin'd.

Con. Well, well, my Lord, I like the Constitution we live under; I'm for a limited Power, or none at all.

Y. *W.*

Y. *W.* You have so much the Heart of the Subject, Madam, that you may rule as you please; but you have weak Pretences to a limited Sway, where your Eyes have already play'd the Tyrant.——I think one Privilege of the People is to kiss their Sovereign's Hand. [*Taking her Hand.*

Con. Not till they have taken the Oaths, my Lord; and he that refuses them in the Form the Law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a Rebel.

Y. *W.* By Shrines and Altars, [*Kneeling*] by all that you think just, and I hold good, by this, [*Taking her Hand*] the fairest, and the dearest Vow——— [*Kissing her Hand.*

Con. Fie, my Lord. [*Seemingly yielding.*

Y. *W.* Your Eyes are mine, they bring me Tidings from your Heart, that this Night I shall be happy.

Con. Wou'd not you despise a Conquest, so easily gain'd?

Y. *W.* Yours will be the Conquest, and I shall despise all the World but you.

Con. But will you promise to make no Attempts upon my Honour?

Y. *W.* That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not Angels sent on Messages to Earth, shall visit with more Innocence.

Con. Ay, ay, to be sure——— [*Aside.*] My Lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*

Y. *W.* Ha, ha, ha;———no Attempts upon her Honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my Mind———Now do I feel ten thousand *Cupids* tickling me all over with the Points of their Arrows.———Where's my Deformity now? I have read somewhere these Lines:

Tho' Nature cast me in a rugged Mould,
Since Fate has chang'd the Bullion into Gold:
Cupid *returns, breaks all his Shafts of Lead,*
And tips each Arrow with a golden Head.
Feather'd with Title, the gay lordly Dart
Flies proudly on, whilst every Virgin's Heart
Swells with Ambition to receive the Smart.

Entr

Enter Elder Wou'dbe *behind him.*

E. W. *Thus to adorn Dramatick Story,*
Stage-Hero ſtruts in borrow'd Glory,
Proud and Auguſt as ever Man ſaw,
And ends his Empire in a Stanza.
[Slaps him on the Shoulder.

Y. *W.* Ha! my Brother!

E. *W.* No, perfidious Man; all Kindred and Relation I diſown: The poor Attempts upon my Fortune I cou'd pardon, but thy baſe Deſigns upon my Love, I can never forgive;——my Honour, Birthright, Riches, all I cou'd more freely ſpare, than the leaſt Thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. *W.* How! my Hopes deceiv'd; curs'd be the fair Deluſions of her Sex; whilſt only Man oppos'd my Cunning, I ſtood ſecure; but ſoon as Woman interpos'd, Luck chang'd Hands, and the Devil was immediately on her ſide.———Well, Sir, much good may do you with your Miſtreſs, and may you love and live, and ſtarve together. [*Going.*

E. *W.* Hold, Sir, I was lately your Priſoner, now you are mine; when the Ejectment is executed, you ſhall be at liberty.

Y. *W.* Ejectment!

E. *W.* Yes, Sir, by this time, I hope, my Friends have purg'd my Father's Houſe of that debauch'd and riotous Swarm that you had hive'd together.

Y. *W.* Confuſion, Sir, let me paſs; I am the Elder, and will be obey'd. [*Draws.*

E. *W.* Dar'ſt thou diſpute the Elderſhip ſo nobly?

Y. *W.* I dare, and will, to the laſt Drop of my inveterate Blood. [*They fight.*

Enter

Enter Trueman *and* Teague. Trueman *ſtrikes down their Swords.*

True. Hold, hold! my Lord, I have brought thoſe ſhall ſoon decide the Controverſy.

Y. *W.* If I miſtake not, this is the Villain that decoy'd me abroad.

[*Runs at* Trueman, Teague *catches his Arm behind, and takes away his Sword.*

Tea. Ay, be me Shoule, this iſh the beſht Guard upon the Rules of Fighting, to catch a Man behind his Back.

True. My Lord, a Word: [*Whiſpers E.* Wou'dbe.] Now, Gentlemen pleaſe to hear this venerable Lady.

[*Goes to the Door, and brings in* Midnight.

E. *W.* *Midnight* in Cuſtody!

Tea. In my Cuſhtody, ſet.

True. Now, Madam, you know what Puniſhment is deſtin'd for the Injury offer'd to *Aurelia*, if you don't immediately confeſs the Truth.

Mid. Then I muſt own, (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeping*] I muſt own, that *Hermes*, as he was ſtill eſteem'd, ſo he is the firſt-born.

Tea. A very honeſt Woman, be me Shoule.

Y. *W.* That Confeſſion is extorted by Fear, and therefore of no force.

True. Ay, Sir, but here is your Letter to her, with the Ink ſcarce dry, where you repeat your Offer of Five hundred Pound a Year to ſwear in your behalf.

Tea. Dat was *Teague*'s finding out, and I believe St. *Patrick* put it in my Thoughts to pick her Pockets.

Enter Conſtance *and* Aurelia.

Con. I hope, Mr. *Wou'dbe*, you will make no Attempts upon my Perſon.

Y. *W.* Damn your Perſon.

E. *W.* But pray, Madam, where have you been all this Evening? [*To* Aurelia.

Aur.

Aur. Very busy, I can assure you, Sir; here's an honest Constable that I could find in my heart to marry, had the greasy Rogue but one Drop of genteel Blood in his Veins; what's become of him?

[*Looking about.*

Con. Bless me, Cousin, marry a Constable!

Aur. Why truly, Madam, if that Constable had not come in a very critical Minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

True. I take you at your Word, Madam, you shall marry him this Moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel Blood in my Veins by to-morrow Morning——

Aur. And was it you, Sir?

True. Look'e, Madam, don't be asham'd; I found you a little in the *Dishabillée*, that's the Truth on't, but you made a brave Defence.

Aur. I am oblig'd to you; and tho' you were a little whimsical to-day, this late Adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a Gentleman by ill Usage; therefore, if my Lord and this Lady will shew us a good Example, I think we must follow our Leaders, Captain.

True. As boldly as when Honour calls.

Con. My Lord, there was taken among your Brother's jovial Crew, his Friend *Subtleman*, whom we have taken care to secure.

E. *W.* For him the Pillory; for you, Madam——

[*To* Midnight.

Tea. Be me Shoule, she shall be married to Maishter *Fuller*.

E. *W.* For you, Brother!——

Y. *W.* Poverty and Contempt——

To which I yield as to a milder Fate,
Than Obligations from the Man I hate. [Exit.

E. *W.* Then take thy Wish——And now, I hope, all Parties have receiv'd their due Rewards and Punishments.

Tea.

Tea. But what will you do for poor *Teague*, Maiſhter?

E. *W.* What ſhall I do for thee?

Tea. Arah, maak me a Juſtice of Peaſh, dear Joy.

E. *W.* Juſtice of Peace! thou art not qualify'd, Man.

Tea. Yeſt, ſet am I———I can take the Oats, and write my Mark——I can be an honeſt Man myſhelf, and keep a great Rogue for my Clerk.

E. *W.* Well, well, you ſhall be taken care of; and now, Captain, we ſet out for Happineſs———

Let none deſpair, whate'er their Fortunes be,
Fortune muſt yield, wou'd Men but act like me.
Chuſe a brave Friend as Partner of your Breaſt,
Be active when your Right is in Conteſt;
Be true to Love, and Fate will do the reſt.

E P I-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *HOOK*.

OUR Poet open'd with a loud Warlike Blaſt,
But now weak Woman is his ſafeſt Caſt,
To bring him off with Quarter at the laſt:
Not that he's vain to think, that I can ſay,
Or he can write fine things to help the Play.
The various Scenes have drain'd his Strength and Art;
And I, you know, had a hard ſtruggling Part:
But then he brought me off with Life and Limb;
Ah! Wou'd that I cou'd do as much for him——
Stay, let me think——your Favours to excite,
I ſtill muſt act the Part I play'd to-night.
For whatſoe'er may be your ſly Pretence,
You like thoſe beſt, that make the beſt Defence:
But this is needleſs——'Tis in vain to crave it,
If you have damn'd the Play, no Power can ſave it;
Not all the Wits of Athens, *and of* Rome:
Not Shakeſpear, Johnſon, *cou'd revoke its Doom:*
Nay, what is more——if once your Anger rouſes,
Not all the courted Beauties of both Houſes.
He wou'd have ended here,——but I thought meet,
To tell him there was left one ſafe Retreat,
Protection ſacred, at the Ladies Feet.

To